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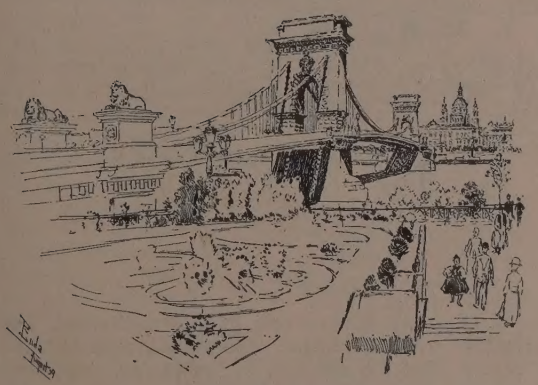
BUDAPEST.

THE RISE OF A NEW METROPOLIS.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



THE SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

TO the world at large, Budapest, the capital and metropolis of Hungary, is the least known of all the important cities of Europe. No other falls so far short of receiving the appreciation it merits. Several reasons may be assigned for this comparative obscurity; among which are remoteness from the chief thoroughfares of travel and commerce, the isolation of the Magyar language and literature, and the subordination of all things Hungarian to the Austrian name and fame. But the most important reason is the simplest of all: the Budapest of to-day is so new that the world has not had time to make its acquaintance. Its people justly claim for it the most rapid growth in recent years of all the European capitals, and are fond of likening its wonderful expansion to that of San Francisco, Chicago, and other American cities.

When Kossuth found refuge in America forty years ago, after Hungary's tragical struggle for independence, the sister towns of Buda and Pest, lying on opposite sides of the Danube, together had hardly more than a hundred thousand people. The consolidated municipality has now a population of fully half a million. But remarkable as is the increase of population, it seems to me far less remarkable than the physical and architectural transformations that have accompanied the town's growth in numbers. Budapest is not merely three or more times as populous as it was in the middle of the current century, but it has blossomed out of primitive and forlorn conditions into the full magnificence of a splendidly appointed modern metropolis. Rapidly developing cities usually have the misfortune to grow wrongly, through lack of foresight and wise regulations on the part of the governing authorities. Budapest has not wholly escaped; but it would be hard to find another large town whose development has been kept so well in hand by the authorities, and has been so symmetrical and scientific from the point of view of approved city-making. In many particulars of appointment, as well as in general plan and *tout en-*

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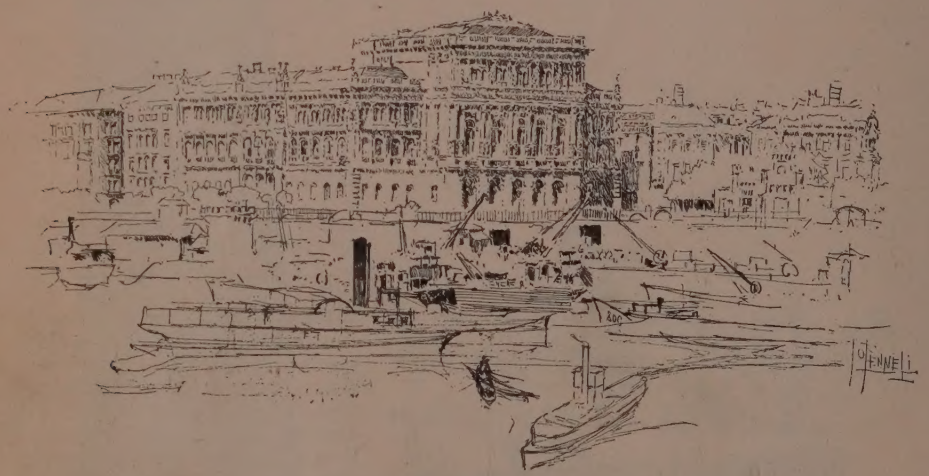
semble, American cities might learn not a little from Budapest.

Political reasons have quite as much to do as commercial causes with the making and unmaking of European cities. Thus Vienna, which may well contest with Paris the claim to pre-eminence for beauty and splendor, owes everything to the political events that followed the revolutionary movements of 1848. Vienna became the seat of government of a newly organized empire, and acquired a most liberal municipal constitution. Its prestige grew enormously, and it absorbed wealth and population from all parts of the Austrian dominions. The imperial Government and the municipal authorities vied with one another in projects of necessity as united as those of a single empire; but the delegations from the two parliaments which meet annually to vote the joint budget, and to order the joint services, sit in alternate years at Vienna and Budapest.

It is true that the Emperor's ordinary residence is in Vienna, and that Vienna is the seat of administration of the confederated empire; but the Emperor is careful to spend much of his time, with his family and his court, in Hungary. In short, politically the two capitals are as nearly on a par as it is possible to make them. This change in the political wind had a most surprising effect upon Budapest. Hungary was at last free and self-governing, and in possession of liberal institutions. The hopes

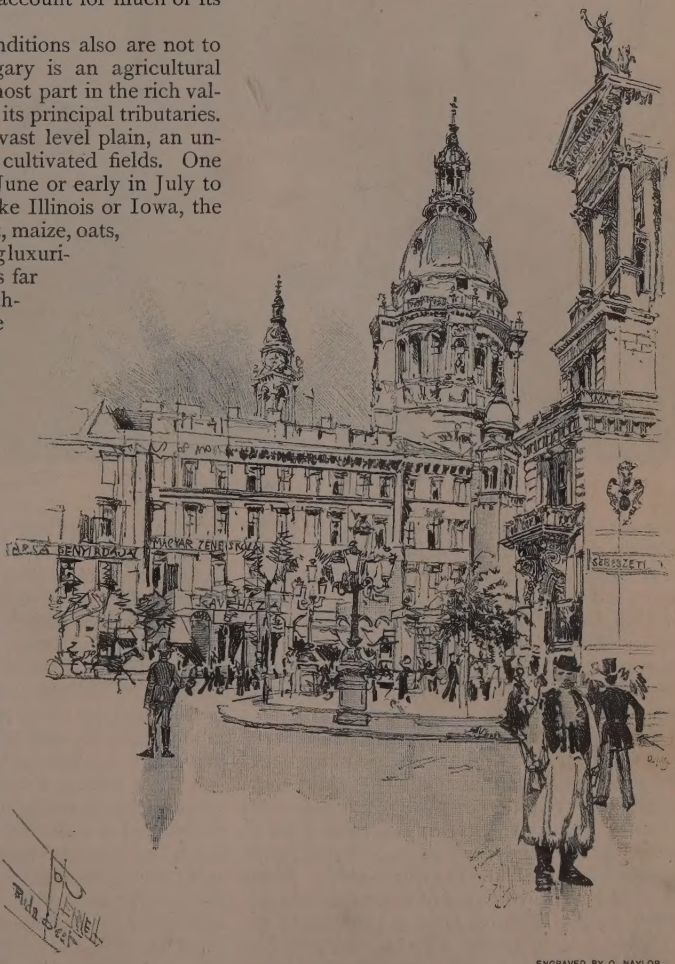


THE ACADEMY.

for the embellishment of the capital, the chief of these projects being the Ringstrasse and its incomparable array of public buildings. Meanwhile Hungary was chafing under the disappointment and humiliation of defeat, and was making little, if any, progress. But the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 humiliated in turn the so-called "oppressor" of Hungary. The Hungarians were now in a position to demand a "new deal." To the wise counsel of the Hungarian patriot and sage Francis Deák, one of the great men of modern times, is due the fact that, instead of absolute separation from Austria, Hungary accepted the form of dual monarchy that has existed since 1868. Hungary became a constitutional monarchy of the most liberal sort, having its own parliament, its own cabinet, its own entire administration, with Budapest as capital. The Emperor of Austria became King of Hungary. The two parts of the confederation were absolutely coördinate. Their military and diplomatic services were of 1848 were now to find realization. The whole life of the nation was invigorated, and that life centered in the capital. Ambitious young politicians had no longer to seek a career in Vienna. Home rule gave them full scope in Budapest. Social life was also awakened. The Hungarian nobles, who, with every other element in the population of the empire, had been contributing to the architectural splendor and social brilliancy of Vienna, were now disposed to build their palaces in their own capital; for they had acquired seats in the upper house of the Hungarian parliament, while Vienna was henceforth to be regarded as their capital hardly more than Berlin or Paris. The transformation and embellishment of Vienna as the sole capital of Francis Joseph's dominions had just begun fairly to show results, when the new order of things cut those dominions in two, and made Budapest the rival capital, with slightly the larger of the two territorial divisions. It is true that Hungary had a smaller

population, and industrially was far less advanced than the provinces of which Vienna remained the capital; but the curtailment was obviously detrimental to Vienna in many ways. Moreover, Vienna has felt the effects of decentralizing tendencies in the provinces remaining to her; for the Bohemians are developing their beautiful local capital, Prague, and the Austrian Poles are expending their energies upon their own Cracow. In Hungary, on the other hand, Budapest has no rivals; all roads lead to the capital. There is in Hungary a compactness and unity that form a marked contrast with the scattered and discordant provinces which have their political center in Vienna. Budapest is now the capital of a nation of seventeen millions of progressive and ambitious people, and this new political fact is of itself sufficient to account for much of its growth.

The commercial conditions also are not to be overlooked. Hungary is an agricultural country, lying for the most part in the rich valley of the Danube and its principal tributaries. Central Hungary is a vast level plain, an uninterrupted stretch of cultivated fields. One rides across it late in June or early in July to find it looking much like Illinois or Iowa, the chief crops being wheat, maize, oats, barley, and hay, growing luxuriantly, and extending as far as the eye can reach, without fences to break the sweep of vision. In these favored recent times the agricultural production has much increased, and Budapest is the market for the farm surplusage. As a grain-receiving point it is to the Hungarian plain what Chicago is to Illinois and Iowa, or what Minneapolis is to Minnesota and Dakota. It is hard to realize how commercially undeveloped all this Hungarian country was only a few years ago, and what meager facilities it had for reaching the markets of Europe with its surplus food-products. The new Hungarian government set itself to work to develop agriculture and trade, without any particular fear of being charged with socialistic activities. Somebody had to take the initiative. The country was poor and without capital. To secure a system of railroads it was necessary to grant heavy subsidies to English, French, and German capitalists, who formed companies and established lines. But the Government found subsequently that it could better afford to take over the roads, and put them under a consolidated public administration, than to pay annual subsidies to a dozen private companies. The results have justified its policy. In every possible way the Government has made the state railway system conduce to the development of Hungarian industries. Under the railway administration there has been established at Budapest a great government manufactory, not only of loco-



DOME OF THE CATHEDRAL. ENGRAVED BY O. NAYLOR.

motives, but of all sorts of heavy machinery, including agricultural machines, a special product being threshing-machines. It is only recently that machinery has been introduced in the farming operations of southeastern Europe, and the innovation makes headway somewhat slowly against the prejudices of the peasantry. Thus, in a recent summer, in the hay-fields of the Hungarian plain, I saw many a row of mowers, wearing the long white cotton tunics of the region, and swinging their scythes in unison, quite as described by Tolstoi in the famous mowing chapter of "Anna Karenina." Indeed, I did not happen to see a single mowing-machine at work. But I am assured that mowing- and reaping-machines are largely used in some parts of the country, and that their use is steadily increasing.

THE CITADEL. ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

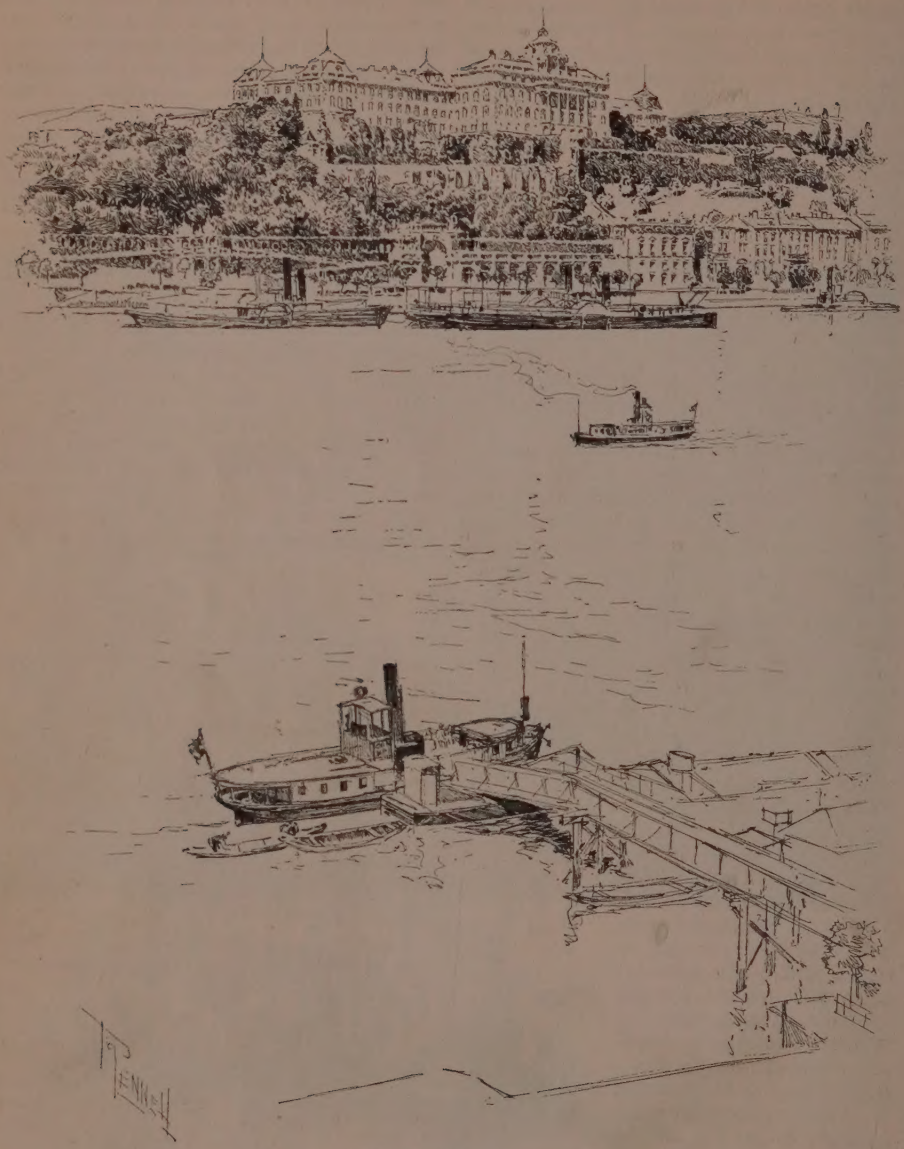
As all the railroads center in Budapest, every effort to develop Hungarian agriculture benefits the commercial capital. The grain shipments, however, are chiefly by water,—on the Danube and its tributaries,—a great fleet of roofed grain-barges plying on these waterways between Budapest and the wheat-fields. Some of these barges, which are of a construction peculiar to the Danube, have a capacity of six hundred tons of grain. The Government has exerted itself to improve navigation, and great river improvements have been made at Budapest, to which I shall again refer. While the growth of Budapest has been influenced by causes already described, it has also been aided by the development of the flour-milling industry. Within twenty years the processes of flour-making throughout the world have been revolutionized by reason of certain Hungarian inventions, of which the most important is the so-called "middlings purifier" and gradual-reduction system, and the next in importance the substitution of steel rollers of various sizes and patterns for the old-time millstones. These inventions have resulted in giving the industry of flour-making to large mills, thus annihilating small mills by tens of thousands. The new ideas were quickly borrowed by Minnesota millers, and by them were largely developed and improved; and Minneapolis and Budapest have grown contemporaneously as the two great milling centers of the world. Minneapolis leads considerably in the collective capacity of its mills and in the annual product; but it has a much larger field in which to operate, and possesses facilities which Budapest lacks. The mills of the Hungarian capital are, however, a series of magnificent establishments, fitted up with automatic machinery invented and manufactured in the city, provided with

electric lights, and well supplied with ingenious contrivances to prevent fire. Their finest grades of flour are sent to all parts of the world except the United States, and command the highest prices. They like to tell in Pest of certain mysterious individuals who came to town, found employment in the mills, remained long enough to learn all that could be learned, and then disappeared, only to turn up in the sequel as rich American millers. The industry seems not yet to have reached its maximum at Budapest, two or three new mills having been built within as many years; but the profits of the companies have suffered much from American competition, and from the recent high tariffs of Germany and France. Both the flour-product and the general commercial movement of Budapest have at least doubled within fifteen years.

Although it is to see new things rather than old that one visits Budapest, it may be well to say that the town once possessed a Roman fortress and colony, and that its commanding site has involved it in military operations from time immemorial. It is only two hundred years since the Turks were driven out of Hungary, after an occupation of a century and a half, and it was here that our own gallant Captain John Smith won renown and honors from the Christian princes of the land before his career in America began. John Smith's exploits against the Turks in Hungary are worthy the ingenious research of that hero's admirers; but it is of Budapest that I write. The fortress and rugged promontory are upon the right, or south, bank of the Danube, and pertain to Buda. Pest lies upon the flat north bank, and beyond it stretches the illimitable plain. In the old times Buda was the large town, while Pest was only an insignificant village; but all the modern conditions of growth have favored the Pest side, which is now four times as populous as the other. The Buda, or Ofen (Ofen is the German name for Buda), bank is, however, picturesque in the highest degree. The Blocksberg promontory rises abruptly, a sheer mass of rugged rock, nearly a thousand feet above the grand stream that washes its base; and it is crowned with a now useless citadel. Some day a classic pantheon in honor of Hungary's long list of great men is to be erected on this commanding acropolis. Adjoining the Blocksberg, but not so high, and rising less steeply from the river's brink, is the fortress hill, upon which stands a vast royal palace. Its cheerful buff-colored paint and long rows of green window-blinds suggest a summer-resort hotel; but it is really a very imposing structure, and its situation could hardly be more commanding. About it, on hillsides and in valleys, lies the town once called Buda. On the retreating slopes of the Blocksberg, and upon the sides of the higher mountains that lie in the rear, are many pleasant villas. Buda and its neighboring hills have been famous for their vineyards and their wines, but now the phylloxera has come as a bitter calamity. From the Blocksberg or any other of the neighboring heights, the view up and down the Danube, and over the stately city of Pest on the opposite bank, is enchanting.

It would, of course, be erroneous to say that

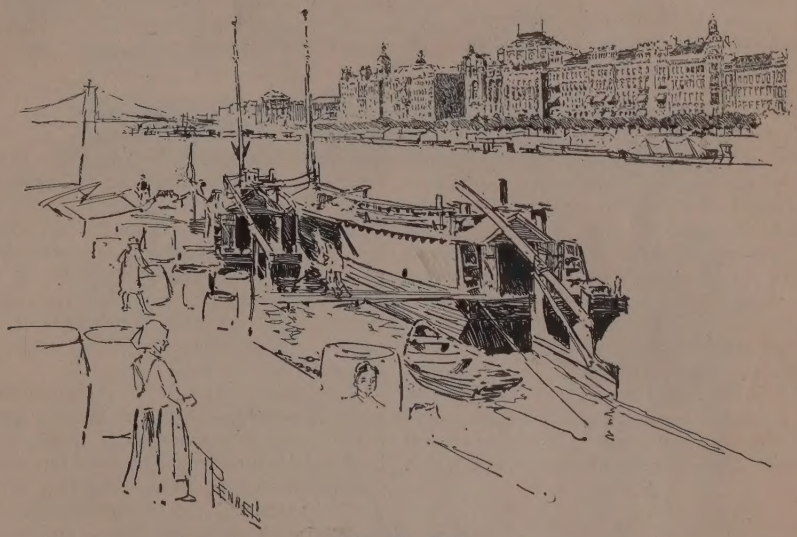
SERVITEN PLATZ.



THE ROYAL PALACE.

all the progress, all the improvements, and all the good buildings of Budapest date from the new Hungarian constitution of 1868, or from the consolidation of Buda and Pest which followed that political event, and which was consummated in 1873. Between 1848 and 1868 not a little progress had been made. The Archduke Joseph had done much for the sister towns. Population had increased materially; the magnificent suspension-bridge had been built; the patriotic Count Stephan Széchényi had founded the National Academy to foster the Magyar speech and literature, and had built for it a fitting Renaissance palace at this time, when the Germans were "in the saddle" and when even the University of Budapest was a German institution with German professors in its chairs. Although, with Russian aid, the Austrians had crushed the Hungarian movement of 1848, so that the people's leaders had to

choose between exile and the halter, and although for some years the whole Hungarian nation was made to feel the heavy weight of the Austrian yoke, it is nevertheless true that the awakening of that year of revolutions resulted in a progress which left many marks in two decades. But after this is said it remains true that nearly all the systematic, appreciable advances of Hungary have been made in the two decades that have followed the happier events of 1868. In Budapest deliberate projects were adopted for the beautifying and development of the city as a fit capital for an ambitious young state. The exiles of 1848 came back with wisdom and experience to take the helm. Count Andrássy, who had been sentenced to be hung, now became prime minister. The reaction was most energetic. For the time being all things German were at a heavy discount. The German officials were hustled out to a man. The University was reorganized on a Hungarian basis, and the whole corps of German professors was unceremoniously dismissed.



ALONG THE RIVER.

Such being the national mood, it is easy to understand that the moment was propitious for large plans. Vienna was carrying out its *stadts-erweiterung* projects in the most magnificent way; and while Budapest could hardly hope to become a Vienna, there was a unanimous determination to modernize and improve the place to the highest possible degree. The ministry and the municipal authorities coöperated, and building operations were intrusted to a mixed commission of the national and city governments. As was proper alike from esthetic, sanitary, and commercial considerations, the river was made the center of improvements, and was constituted the prime thoroughfare, the chief open space and place of resort, and, in short, the unrivaled attraction of the city. It became to Budapest what the Grand Canal is to Venice — something more essential than the Seine to Paris or the Thames to London. Magnificent stone quays and retaining-walls were built, extending for nearly three miles on the Pest side and also for a long distance on the opposite shore. These were thrown well out, the broad channel being thus compressed somewhat to secure a clean, sweeping current. Up and down along the broad promenades facing the water have been erected palatial buildings. The quays are high, and stairs, built continuously for a long distance, lead down to the lower level of the landings, upon which the heavy traffic is confined. The rows of buildings are broken at intervals by open park spaces, in which are effectively placed the statues of various Hungarian notabilities. A number of handsome public buildings are included in the row upon the quays of the left bank, and toward the upper end of the row has been built the magnificent new Parliament house. Further down are the National Academy, the city's so-called "Redout building," the old Rath-haus (city hall), the vast new Custom-house, and various other establishments. For the distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile below the suspension-bridge the quay is a shady promenade, a chair-lined *corso* upon which all driving is prohibited,

and where on summer evenings many hundreds of fashionable people congregate, patronizing the cafés and restaurants, the tables of which are set under the trees in the open air. The Hungarians are even more fond of out-of-door eating and drinking than the Viennese; and Budapest is a city of magnificent cafés.

THE FORTRESS.

But, to proceed with a description of the improvement plan, the inner and ancient Pest, known as "the city," and lying upon the river-bank, has been surrounded by boulevards in the form of a polygonal "ringstrasse"; while by demolitions and reconstructions the interior tangle of narrow streets has been brought into something like a modern system. From the sides and angles of the inner ringstrasse broad radial boulevards have been thrown out in straight, or measurably straight, lines to the outer edges of the metropolis, and the lands lying between these great spokes are divided by street systems almost as regular and rectangular as those of American cities. Handsome as is the broad inner ring of boulevards, lined with fine buildings, it is far surpassed by the newer "grosse-ring," which crosses the radials about a mile further out, and which describes an arc that, from the new Margaret Bridge to the point where it again meets the river, is four or five miles long. It is very broad and finely paved, and is already lined for the greater part of its course with massive, pretentious structures, while building operations are now busily closing the gaps all along the line. Still other ring boulevards in a concentric series are to be constructed in the future.

The finest single street in Budapest, the gem of the improvement works and the pride of the citizens, is the Andrássy-strasse, a broad boulevard connecting the inner city with the "Stadtwaldchen." The Andrássy-strasse is perfectly straight, and two miles long. It was planned with consummate art, and is one of the most beautiful and effective streets in Europe. Some enthusiastic people pronounce it

LANDING-PLACE.

without exception the handsomest of European streets, and certainly it tempts one to use superlative language. It is divided into three parts by the "Octagon-platz," where it crosses the larger ringstrasse, and by the "Rond-platz," or "circus," at a point where another encircling boulevard is eventually to cross. As it emerges from the Octagon-platz and the Rond-platz the street grows successively wider, although this would hardly be noticed by the casual passer. The first third of the distance is devoted to fine buildings, of varied architecture but general conformity, built solidly on the street line. The next third contains houses having narrow fore-gardens of a prescribed width. The last third—a distance of two thirds of a mile—is devoted to separate villa-like residences, all at equal distance from the sidewalks, and, with infinite variety of architectural detail, conforming to the regular street plan. The vista from the entrance of this street to its end in the shady Stadtwaldchen is very beautiful. The broad central driveway is paved with wooden blocks on a solid concrete foundation. The sidewalks are of asphalt, the narrower driveways next the sidewalks are paved with square-cut stone blocks, and the equestrian courses, which are between the central and the outer driveways, are graveled. Although there are no individual buildings on the Andrássy-strasse which cannot readily be matched in any other important city, the average of architectural merit is very high; and the absence of anything that can mar the general effect is an important element in the success of this public improvement. It should be said that the Buda side has also its boulevard system, and that the cost of expropriations and of construction in this remodeling of the street system has aggregated a large sum.

The Stadtwaldchen is a beautiful park of about a thousand acres, which plays a most intimate part in the life of the Budapest people. Fortunately it is not remote or difficult of access, and is to Budapest what the "Prater" is to Vienna. It contains a charming lake for skating in winter and for pleasure-boats in summer. It has its areas of deep and quiet shade, its zoölogical corner, and, above all, its collection of cafés, refreshment-stands, shooting-galleries, "roller-coasters," arenas, Punch and Judy shows, summer theaters, wax-work exhibitions, and "side-shows" in bewildering variety, all very cheap, all very good of their respective sorts, and all very delightful to the pleasure-loving thousands who resort to the park in the spring and summer afternoons. Here is located also one of the municipal government's hot sulphur-water bathing establishments. Of small parks and open spaces the city has a number, though not so many as should have been reserved. The Elisabeth Park is especially worthy of mention.

ENGRAVED BY A. NEGRI.

MORNING COFFEE.

Certainly it would be unpardonable to omit mention of the "Margareta Island." The "Margareten-Insel" lies in the Danube at the upper end of the city. In ancient days it belonged to an order of nuns, the ruins of whose convent still remain. In the fifteenth century the Turks drove the poor nuns away, and the janizary pashas established their harems there. On the expulsion of the Turks the island became city

property, but a generation ago it was given by the municipality to the Archduke Joseph for a hunting-ground. The present archduke keeps it in beautiful order as a pleasure-ground for the public. It is nearly two miles long and about half a mile wide, and it deserves the enthusiasm with which the Budapest people regard it. It is full of a variety of magnificent trees, has tasteful flower-gardens, is also the seat of mineral baths elaborately appointed, with two or three adjoining hotels, and has the restaurants without which no pleasure-ground would be complete in southern Europe. Among the hills of the Buda side, also, are parks and

DINING OUT OF DOORS.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

pleasure-grounds; and the population is blessed with much beautiful weather and a great number of holidays in which to enjoy its open-air advantages.

Budapest has a municipal council that is as large as a "town-meeting." If any other city in the world has a council of 400 members, I have not yet learned the fact. Pest began in 1868 with 200 members; but when the consolidation was effected in 1873 the plan of adding 200 members chosen from the higher ranks was adopted. It was provided that the whole body of electors, besides choosing 200 common members in the nine wards, should choose 200 more from a list of the 1200 largest taxpayers. In the making of this list men of liberal education are rated for double the taxes they actually pay, in order that brains and learning may have recognition. A standing committee makes out a list of the aristocratic 200, and it so happens that the great voting public always elects the entire list thus selected. The whole council retires *en masse* at the end of each six years' term. The body is of course much too large for efficiency. Possibly a hundred will be found at one ordinary meeting, and at the next meeting a hundred again, but quite a different hundred. The committees also are much too large to be workable, some of them having thirty or forty members. The actual executive work is performed by a magistracy composed of a burgomaster, two vice-burgomasters, and ten other so-called magistrates, all chosen by the council for terms of six years. Each magistrate has his special administrative department. These and several other high executive officials are *ex officio* members of the council. Two officials, the Director of Archives, and the Director of the Municipal Bureau of Statistics, are appointed for life. The advisability of reducing the membership of the council is generally recognized, and when the opportune moment for a revision of the municipal constitution comes, it is quite certain that the aristo-

cratic 200 will be cut off at the first stroke. But the inefficiency of the present unwieldy council is counterbalanced by the efficiency of the smaller magisterial and executive corps, so that Budapest cannot by any means be called a badly governed city.

The social aspects of municipal administration have a growing interest and importance, and Budapest's experience and undertakings are worth relating. Twenty years ago the average annual death-rate was 45 per 1000 inhabitants, and in epidemic years it reached 50. The average rate is now 29, and this remarkable reduction has been effected in the face of the rapid growth of the city's population. It means the saving of at least 8000 lives a year. The rate is still a high one when compared with western Europe or America; but it is to be remembered that Budapest is the capital of a country that borders on the Turkish empire. The death-rate in all Eastern countries is vastly higher than in Western countries. Thus in Russia, and in the Danubian and Balkan states, the rate is still higher than in Hungary. That Budapest, the crowded city, has managed to bring its death-rate to a point below that of the country as a whole is a most exceptional and noteworthy fact. It is believed that within a few years the average rate for the city can be reduced to 25. How has this gratifying improvement of the general health been effected? By a series of municipal measures not yet fully completed. The first of these measures was an improved water-supply. The Danube water was pumped into reservoirs and filtered by the natural process through sand, with good results. The town has grown so fast that the water question has again become a pressing one, some quarters being obliged to accept an unfiltered supply. It has been determined to provide a new and permanent system.

ENGRAVED BY J. A. NAYLOR.

THE ANDRÁSSY-STRASSE.

As the sequel has proved, one of the most fortunate features of the municipal system begun twenty years ago was the establishment of a bureau of statistics. Mr. Joseph Körösi was made statistician for life, and after twenty years of service he is still young and enthusiastic. His reports, monographs, brochures, and special investigations, pertaining to every conceivable municipal question capable of statistical treatment, are without a parallel in the world for their complete, exhaustive, and timely character; and the social and sanitary reforms of Budapest have followed the lines laid down by the statistical bureau. Until Mr. Körösi's work began, the high mortality of Budapest was not known. Its citizens thought it an extremely healthy place. The statistical office was denounced as slandering and injuring the city when it discovered and published the facts. But Mr. Körösi persevered, and his re-

markable census of 1871 attempted to account for the high mortality. He made a thorough study of the conditions of the population, and found overcrowding very prevalent, and, worst of all, a very large element of the population in damp underground residences. There followed a series of regulations to prevent these evils. Underground tenements were forbidden, and new quarters for the poor were constructed. But the badly housed population was too large to be shifted at once, and it became necessary to permit the reoccupancy of the drier and less objectionable subground domiciles. It is estimated that to this day nearly 10 per cent. of the population live below the street level; but on the whole there has been great improvement in the housing of the poor, through careful sanitary rules and a system of inspection. And these measures have favorably affected the death-rate.

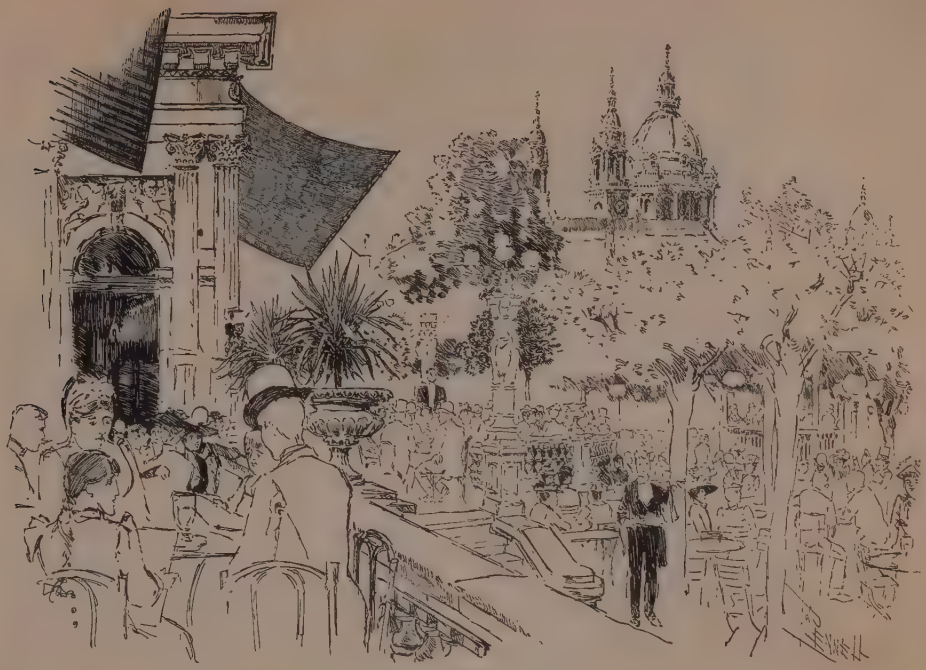
The food-supply has also been brought under suitable public control. The great municipal slaughter-house is one of the establishments in which the citizens take especial pride. It is very imposing architecturally, is finely appointed, and, as a public monopoly, is made to contribute to the municipal coffers while serving a sanitary end. Connected with it are the public cattle-markets, which well repay a visit on the weekly market-day for their splendid herds of the long-horned white oxen of Hungary and Servia. The produce-markets of Budapest, as of all other towns of southeastern Europe, are attended by great numbers of peasants in national costume, and are as picturesque as any scenes in the Orient.

To continue with the new social establishments of the municipality, some mention must be made of the magnificent general hospital, built with separate brick pavilions, according to the most approved plans, and occupying spacious and beautiful grounds. In a wooded area on the edge of the city, sufficiently isolated without being inconveniently remote, has been built the new municipal hospital for epidemic diseases, which is to conform to all the latest requirements of sanitary science. Budapest is at length bringing infectious diseases under control. The so-called "prophylactic" measures of obligatory reports by physicians, of prompt isolation of every case, of visits and instruction by the authorities to insure proper care and treatment, of control of the children of families in which are cases of such disease, and, finally, of disinfection by the public authorities, are employed with success. Attention has been given to street and domestic scavenging. The sewer system, though not complete and perfect, is greatly improved. The Danube is so large a stream that it suffices to carry off all the refuse of the city, and no separation or "treatment" of sewage is necessary.

THE OPERA-HOUSE.

Another important health-measure has been the establishment of free baths in the Danube, for summer use, —these institutions being well patronized,—and also the utilization by the authorities, for the benefit of the poor, of some of the hot sulphur springs, the curative properties of which in certain diseases are very famous. As a result of the various efforts to improve the health and social condition of the people, put forth intelligently and humanely by the public authorities, Budapest is fast exchanging its Oriental unwholesomeness for the comparative healthfulness of an Occidental city. Meanwhile Mr. Körösi's elaborate statistical analyses throw light from time to time upon every doubtful point, and his unequaled library of inter-municipal statistics enables him to present his constituency with stimulating comparative data.

An American expects to find real-



MUSIC IN A PUBLIC GARDEN.

estate speculation rife in a city growing so rapidly as Budapest; but there seems to be practically none. This state of affairs is due, at least in large part, to the fact that much of the vacant land in and about the town belongs to the municipality, having been public property for a long time. As the growth of the town requires, the authorities from time to time sell building sites to the highest bidders. The modern school of land-reformers would condemn this alienation, and would insist that the fractions of the social domain should be leased rather than sold; but the southeastern European is a firm believer in private land-holding, and loves to possess his own house and bit of garden. The municipal corporation of Budapest is fortunate in possessing all the ground that it needs for hospitals and public objects. This remark, however, does not apply to the Buda side of the river, the old town of Buda having at an early day parted with all its landed possessions.

The illumination of Budapest is a monopoly in the hands of a private gas company whose original charter expired in 1881, and whose renewed charter will terminate in 1895. The city obtains gas for street purposes at reduced rates; it obliges the company to mitigate its charge to consumers in accordance with a sliding scale based upon the increase in aggregate consumption; and moreover it collects very heavy taxes from the company. It has the right to take over the plant and business at an appraised valuation, but it is awaiting the development of electric lighting; and there is a strong probability that in 1895 the municipality will enter upon the business of manufacturing and selling the new illuminant.

Street transportation has also been kept under control by the municipality. A united tramway system pays street rentals and large taxes. The company's fares are fixed by law, and it is required that working-people shall be carried at reduced rates in the morning and evening. Five or six years ago a rival company was allowed to introduce electric street-railways, and the experiment has been so successful that the trackage is being greatly increased. Similar lines and narrow-gage roads to the neighboring villages have been constructed, and for present purposes the local transportation system is quite adequate and satisfactory. At the expiration of existing charters, the street-railway lines and their equipment will become the property of the city, without indemnity to the private owners.

The educational, literary, and artistic progress of Budapest has been as striking in the last two decades as its material progress. The educational system has been reformed and revivified from the bottom to the top. At the very apex is the University, under national auspices and support, an institution fairly com-

IN THE MARKET.

parable with the better universities of Germany. It suffered somewhat, twenty years ago, by the precipitate expulsion of the German faculty and the too sudden transformation from a German to a Hungarian basis. But it has recovered, and now has a truly national character and influence. Another important official educational establishment, the Royal Polytechnic Institute, with important technical courses in engineering and applied science, flourishes at Budapest. Then comes a series of collegiate establishments, *gymnasien* and *real-schulen*, some of which are national and municipal, while others are denominational with public subventions. Below these are the advanced schools for boys and girls, corresponding in their work to our upper grammar- and lower high-school grades, and having certain industrial and practical features. On the same level are certain mercantile and trade schools. And then come the numerous elementary schools, the accommodations of which are intended to be equal to the requirements of the Compulsory Education Act; for throughout Austria and Hungary elementary education has for a number of years been obligatory upon all. The children learn perfectly both the Hungarian and the German languages, and not infrequently they learn something of either French or English.

The Hungarians, like all the people of southeastern Europe, are ready linguists. But the ease with which they acquire other languages does not diminish their devotion to their own. The Hungarian, or Magyar, speech has no affinity with the other languages of the Austro-Hungarian empire. It is more closely related to the Turkish than to any other tongue. It is a concise language, flexible, musical, and has a rich vocabulary; and its most enthusiastic defenders are men who cannot be charged with ignorance of the capabilities of the three leading languages of western Europe. An extensive and growing Magyar literature exists, and the book-shops of Budapest teem with new productions in all fields of thought. The press of Budapest is also very active. Indeed, the Hungarians claim that nowhere else in Europe is journalism so free, and so influential in molding opinion and guiding affairs. An extraordinary number of the leading men in Parliament are or have been journalists. A Budapest writer has lately remarked that "all the men who can be regarded as distinguished and important in the field of Hungarian politics stand in close relation to the press: Louis Kossuth was a journalist; Francis Deák entered upon his work of adjusting Hungarian and Austrian relations

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

with a series of newspaper articles; and in the list of journalist statesmen stand the names of the brilliant Anton Csengery, Baron Sigismund Kemény, Moritz Jókai, Max Falk, Louis Csernátony; in a word, the most important of the public men of Hungary are journalists, for even the Prime Minister Tisza himself, in his time, when leader of the opposition, cultivated public opinion through the columns of a Hungarian journal." In Budapest alone there are now more than 230 different periodicals published in the Hungarian language, while there are at least 40 in the German tongue. And there are a dozen important daily papers.

The Hungarian people have musical and artistic talents of the highest order, and their gifted sons are constantly seeking and winning the rewards that the larger European capitals have to offer. The painters and sculptors of Budapest go to Paris. The musicians are to be found everywhere. The most distinguished violin virtuosos and professors of Europe, from Joachim of Berlin down to men of lesser note, are nearly all Hungarians. One of the ornaments of the Andrássy-strasse is the Conservatory of Music, where Liszt was formerly the presiding genius. The high honors of the Paris Exposition were awarded to a Hungarian painter, Munkacsky. The musical and artistic activity of Budapest is very considerable, and it also has received great impetus from the causes which have led to the recent expansion of all interests in the Magyar capital. The Government maintains a National Theater that has played an important part in the patriotic and intellectual life of the people, encouraging poetic and literary activity, and upholding the national speech. Even more successful, if possible, in these respects is the Volks Theater, which, supported by the municipal government and conducted upon the most popular plan, fills a prominent place in the life of the community. The most imposing structure devoted to musical and dramatic art is the new Royal Opera, supported by the Government, in the Andrássy-strasse. It is one of the two or three finest opera-houses in Europe, in magnificence hardly coming short of those in Vienna and Paris. The large German element, and indeed the whole community,—for everybody understands the German language,—is kept in touch with the musical and dramatic art of the German empire and of Austria through the Deutsch Theater, a splendid and thoroughly popular house, managed with rare tact and judgment. It is not necessary to mention any of the minor theatrical institutions. The four great ones already named would redound to the credit of any city.

If Budapest were possessed of no other attractions whatsoever, its remarkable hot springs and mineral waters, unequaled for the variety of their curative properties by any other group of medicinal springs in the entire world, should give the place great fame. Its warm spring baths are very ancient. The Romans utilized them, and they called Buda "Aquincum" (Five-waters), with reference to the five springs that were known and used. The Huns also prized the healing waters; and finally the Turks, during their period of domination, built great public baths, and regarded the waters as possessed of the highest virtue. Some of these baths now belong to the municipality and some are private property. For the most part they lie on the Buda side of the river. Especially noted are the "Kaiser-bad," the "Lukas-bad," and the "Königs-bad," belonging to the Josephsberg group, and lying at the base of that conspicuous eminence. To the same group belong the baths of the Margareta Island. Comfortable hotels adjoin these springs, and the bathing-establishments for the most part are commodious and even luxurious. A more beautiful health-resort than the "Margareten-Insel" can be found nowhere. Another group includes the "Raitzen-bad," the "Bruck-bad," and the "Blocks-bad," lying a little distance further down the river and in the vicinity of the Blocksberg promontory. On the other side of the city, in the Stadtwaldchen Park, the municipal authorities have a hot sulphur-bath establishment, supplied with water by an artesian well nearly three thousand feet deep. The saline constituents of these various sources are different, and some of the springs are recommended for one class of diseases, and some for another. The waters are used either externally, internally, or both, according to the case to be treated. There are in use some interesting old remains of Turkish bath-house architecture, notably one belonging to the municipality, the "Rudas-bad." The modern buildings are not magnificent, but they are handsome and comfortable.

Just out of Buda, in a little plain surrounded by high hills, are the well-known "bitter-water" springs which have made the name of Hungary more famous perhaps than any other article of export. These curative mineral waters are bottled in vast quantities and sent to all parts of the world. The "Hunyadi" water, the "Franz-Josef," the "Königs-bitter-wasser," and the "Rákóczy," are the best-known of these potent Budapest waters. It would be superfluous to discuss here their remedial qualities. But the baths, springs, and wells I have named, with various others in the immediate vicinity, constitute a marvelous endowment bestowed by nature upon this beautiful city, and beyond all doubt will be a source of very great wealth and fame in the future. As at Bath in England, these healing waters of Budapest may

become at some time a property yielding a direct and large municipal revenue.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to show that Budapest has become in recent years one of the best-appointed of modern cities. Its streets are handsome and clean, asphalt being the prevailing material; its drainage is good; its health-system is producing beneficent results; its water-supply is about to be enlarged and perfected; its local transportation system is fairly adequate; its building regulations are producing a well-constructed and handsome city; and its provisions for education and recreation are highly creditable. Its public buildings are of good architecture and of considerable variety. A splendid new building is about to be erected for the housing of the municipal government, the offices now being distributed among several city buildings. One of these, the famous "Redout building," is an imposing structure containing a vast public hall for balls and entertainments, the ground floor being used as a fashionable restaurant and café. Of "private-public" buildings, as hospitals, schools, academies of art or science, hotels, and the like, the city has a most creditable supply. One of the conspicuous objects on the quay in the lower part of Pest is a large grain-elevator, built of brick in a most ornamental style of architecture, and owned and operated by the municipal government with the idea of promoting the grain trade and also of introducing, by example, this modern American institution. It is perhaps the only grain-elevator in Hungary. It is a needlessly costly building, but it has proved itself a valuable adjunct to the trade of the town, and within a few years, undoubtedly, private enterprise will multiply the number of these establishments.

The prospects for Budapest's continued growth as a Danubian metropolis are very bright. As the center of the Hungarian state-railway system, its commercial importance is constantly enhanced by the development of the resources of the country and the corresponding increase of traffic. And it is no longer doubtful that the capital will be the gainer to an enormous extent by the new "zone tariff" put in operation on the state-railway system in August, 1889.[1] This remarkable innovation in railroading entirely changes the passenger-ticket system. From Budapest as a center 14 zones are described, the first having a radius of 25 kilometers. The second is a belt lying between the inner circle and an outer one drawn with a 40 kilometer radius; *i. e.*, its width is 15 kilometers. Successive zones have a radius from the Budapest center of 70, 85, 100, 115, 130, 145, 160, 175, 200, and 225 kilometers, while to the fourteenth zone are assigned all distances on any of the Hungarian state lines that lie more than 225 kilometers away from the capital. For any point in each of these zones the fare is the same. The new rates are greatly reduced, being in some cases one half and in other cases less than one fourth the former rates. The average reduction is not far from two thirds. Railway bookkeeping is of course simplified by the new system, and traveling has received an unwonted stimulus. It is now conceded that the innovation is a success from the point of view of railway financiering; and it is even more brilliant a success from the point of view of the commercial and social progress of the capital city. It has given new movement and life to the sluggish population of the outlying parts of Hungary. Thus in 1880 the entire number of persons carried by the principal transportation companies of the whole country was only 2,000,000; and in 1885, the year of Budapest's exposition, the number aggregated only about 2,800,000. But in 1889, as a result of five months of the zone tariff, the number reached nearly 5,500,000, while in 1890 it was about 6,850,000, and was considerably greater still in 1891. Taking the Hungarian state railways alone, for the three years 1888, 1889, and 1890, we find passenger traffic amounting respectively to 841,462, 1,944,588, and 2,936,771. The Austro-Hungarian system of roads was obliged to meet the new rates and methods, and its Hungarian lines, which in the half-decade preceding 1889 had carried 900,000 people per annum, are now carrying some 2,000,000 yearly. To show more clearly the local effect upon the movement of travel to and from Budapest, it may be stated that at the central station of the Hungarian state-railway system the arrivals and departures were 743,000 in 1888 and 2,740,000 in 1890, the change having been wrought altogether by the cheapened rates and the general convenience of the zone system. At the station of the Austro-Hungarian lines also the movement has fully doubled in consequence of the new policy. Great results in like manner are following the more recent adoption of zone tariffs and reduced rates for freight traffic.

Thus the Danube valley has at length begun to show development under the magic of modern industrial forces; and its progress within the coming half-century bids fair to exceed that of some newer regions of the Western world. Budapest promises to wrest from Vienna the commercial ascendency of the lower Danube valley, and it is possible that there may be in store for it a very brilliant political future as the capital of a Danubian confederation that shall include Hungary and the smaller states of the Southeast. That this is the ambition of many

[1] See "Topics of the Time" for December, 1890.

Hungarians is perfectly well known; and Hungary is preparing to play an unprecedentedly important rôle in the political life of Europe. But whatever may be the political future of the Austro-Hungarian empire and of the Balkan peninsula, it is now certain enough that Budapest is to take and hold its place among the great cities of the civilized world.

Albert Shaw.

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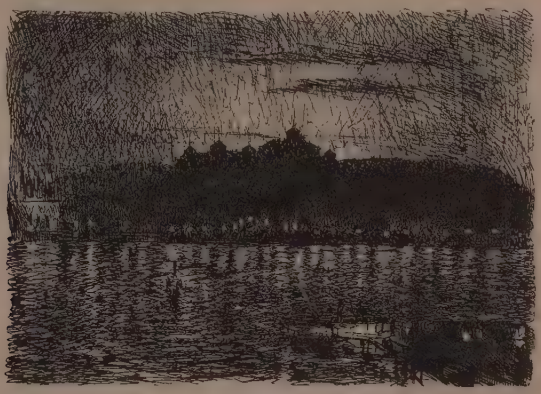

EVENING.

COMATAS.

And he shall sing how, once upon a time, the great chest prisoned the living goatherd by his lord's infatuate and evil will, and how the blunt-faced bees, as they came up from the meadow to the fragrant cedar-chest, fed him with food of tender flowers because the Muse still dropped sweet nectar on his lips.—THEOCRITUS.

LYING in thy cedarn chest,
Didst thou think thy singing done,
Comatas? And thyself unblest,
Prisoned there from sun to sun?

Through the fields thy blunt-faced bees
Sought thy flowers far and away,
And gathered honey from thy trees—
Thou a prisoner night and day.

Heavy with their honeyed store,
Seeking west and seeking east
Thee whose absence they deplore,
Late they found and brought their feast.

Grief no more shall still thy song,
Loss, privations, fortunes dire!
Servants of air about thee throng,
And touch thy singing lips with fire.

Love, art thou discomforted
In thy narrow lot to lie?
See how divinely thou art fed
By the creatures of the sky!

Annie Fields.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.

IV. MELANCHOLIA.

WE have considered ancient poetry, the Hebraic and the classic, from which we so largely derive, finding even in that of the Augustan prime a marked departure from the originative temper of the earlier literatures. Centuries afterward, in Persia, the "Shah Nameh," or Book of Kings, furnished a striking instance of heroic composition: the work of a royal genius — Firdusi, whose name, signifying Paradise, was given him by the great Mahmoud because he had made that Caliph's court as resplendent as Eden through his epic of "Rustem and Sohrab," his song of "the rise, combats, death"[1] of the Parsee religion and nationality. To produce an epic deliberately that would simulate the primitive mold and manner, in spite of a subjective, almost modern, spirit, seems to have been the privilege of an Oriental, and, from our point of view, half-barbaric, race.

The strength of the Homeric poems and of the sagas of the North betrays the gladness out of which they sprang, the joy that a man-child is born into the world. They were men-children indeed. Compared with our own recitals — with even Tasso's "Jerusalem," Ariosto's "Orlando," or the "Lusiad" of Camoëns — their voice is that of the ocean heard before the sighing of reeds along a river's brim. Nevertheless, we must note that of the few great world-poems the subjective element claims its almost equal share.

As we leave the classic garden there stands one mighty figure with the archangelic flaming sword. After Dante it may be said that "the world is all before" us "where to choose." Behind him, strive as we may with renaissance and imitation, we need not and cannot return. Heine says that "every epoch is a sphinx which plunges into the abyss as soon as its problem is solved." After a thousand years of the fermentation caused by the pouring in of Christianity upon the lees of paganism, a cycle ended; the shade of Dante arose, and brooded above the deep. From his time there was light again. A climacteric epoch had expired in giving him birth. His own age became Dante, as if by one of the metamorphoses in the "Inferno." And the "Divine Comedy" is equally one with its creator. The age, the poem, the poet, alike are Dante; his epic is a trinity in spirit as in form. Its passion is the incremental heat that serves to weld antique and modern conceptions, the old dispensation and the new.

It is said that great poets are always before or behind their ages; Dante was no exception, yet he preëminently lived within his time. Above all else, his epic declares the intense personality that must have voice; not merely expression of the emotion that inspired his minor numbers — themselves enough for fame — addressed to Beatrice, but also of his insight concerning the master forces of human life and faith and the historic turmoil of his era. It was composed when he had matured through knowledge and experience to that ethical comprehension which is the sustaining energy of Job, of the Greek dramatists, of Shakspere, Milton, and Goethe. Then he cast his spirit, as one takes a mold of the body, in the matrix of the "Divina Commedia." In this self-perpetuation he interpreted his own time as no modern genius can hope to do — and this is the achievement of personality at its highest. That he might succeed, he was disciplined by controversy, war, grief, exile, until the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw, within the glory of his Church's exaltation, the vice, tyranny, superstition, of that Church at that time, of his people, of his native state. His heart was strengthened for judgment, his manhood for hate, and his vision was set heavenward for an ideal. His epic, then, while dramatically creative, is at the apex of subjective poetry, doubly so from its expression of both the man and the time; hence our chief example of the mixed type — that which is compounded of egoism and inventive imagination. Its throes are those of a transition from absolute art to the sympathetic method of the new day.

Dante could effect this only by a symbolism combining the supreme emblems of pagan and Christian schools.

In his allegory of Hell, Purgatory, and, above all, of Paradise, he is the most profound and aspiring of ethical teachers. The feebler handling of symbolism, for art's sake and beauty's, and with an affectation of the virtues, is seen in

[1] Gosse's Introduction to Miss Zimmern's "Stories Retold from Firdusi."

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the "Faërie Queene" of our courtly Spenser, the poet's poet, yet one who never reached the mountain-top of absolute ethics. The tinker Bunyan's similitudes — and he was essentially a poet, writing in English beyond a mere scholar's mastery — are more intrinsically dramatic. But they illustrate a rigid creed, and are below the imagery that sets forth equally human crime and nobleness, the vision that illumines life, church-craft, statecraft, nationality, art, and religion. Within the eternal blazon of that saturnine bard whose

> Rugged face
> Betrays no spirit of repose,
> The sullen warrior sole we trace,
> The marble man of many woes.
> Such was his mien when first arose
> The thought of that strange tale divine,
> When hell he peopled with his foes,
> Dread scourge of many a guilty line.
>
> War to the last he waged with all
> The tyrant canker-worms of Earth;
> Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
> Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
> He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
> Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
> But valiant souls of knightly worth
> Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

THE antique charm, meanwhile, had fled to England, ever attaching itself to the youth of poesy in each new land. The English spring-time! — to be young in it is very heaven, since it is the fairest of all such seasons in all climes. It gladdens the meadows and purling streams of Dan Chaucer's Tales and Romaunts, and in their minstrelsy he forgot himself, like a child that roams afield in May. With Spenser, and the Tudor sonneteers, the self-expressive poetry of England fairly begins. They, and their common antique and Italian models, were the teachers of Milton in his youth. The scholar gave us what is still in the front rank of our English masterpieces and, with one exception, the latest of those rhythmical creations which belong to the world at large.

Milton in his epic appears less determinedly as the rhapsodist in person than Dante in the "Divine Comedy." He sees his vision by invocation of the Muse, while the Florentine is "personally conducted," one may say, on his tour through the three phantasmal abodes. Doubtless "Paradise Lost" is the more objective work; but with the unparalleled Miltonic utterance, its author's polemic creeds of liberty and religion are conveyed throughout. He also stands foremost among the bards of qualified vision, by virtue of "Samson Agonistes," a classical drama in which he himself indubitably towers as the blind and fettered protagonist.

Milton's early verse is the flower of his passion for beauty and learning, and exquisite beyond that of any young English poet then or now — his pupil Keats excepted. Had he died after "Il Penseroso," "L'Allegro," and "Lycidas," he would have been mourned like Keats; for their perfection is to-day the model (though usually at second hand) of artists in English verse. In "Lycidas" he freed our rhythm from its first enslavement: its second lasted from Pope's time until the Georgian revival. One mark of the subjectivity of his early poems often has been noted — they are none too realistic in their transcripts of nature. Milton, as in his greater work, looked inward, and drew his landscape from the Arcadian vistas thus beheld. Besides, he was such a master of the Greek, Latin, and Italian literatures as to be native to their idioms and spirit. His more resolute self-assertion came in argument and song after experience of imposing national events and sore private calamities, when the man was ripe in thought, faith, suffering, and all that makes for character and exaltation. The universe, as he conceived it, was his theme. His hero, the majestic Satan of his own creation, outvies the Æschylean demi-god. The Puritan bard, like Dante, idealized an era and a religion. In the matter and style of the sublimest epic of Christendom its maker's individuality everywhere is felt. The blind seer seems dictating it throughout. We see his head bowed upon his breast; we hear the prophetic voice rehearsing its organ-tones; and thus we should see and hear, even if we could forget that outburst at the opening of the Third Book, wherein, after the radiant conception of the "Eternal coeternal beam," the sonorous declaration of his purposed higher flight, and the pathetic references to his blindness, his final invocation enables all after-time to recognize the inward light from which his imagination drew its splendor.

> So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
> Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
> Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
> Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
> Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Milton's eventide sonnets, incomparable for virility and eloquence, are also nobly pathetic; there are no personal strains more full of heroic endurance. Not again was there a minstrel so resolved on personal expression, yet so creative, so full of conviction that often begat didacticism, yet so sensitive to impressions of beauty, until we come to Shelley — and his flight, alas! was ended, while as Arnold says, he was still "beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."

BUT the nineteenth century, complex through its interfusion of peoples and literatures, and

with all history behind it, has developed the typical poetry of self-expression, and withal a new interpretation of life and landscape through the impressionism of its artists and poets. All this began with the so-called romantic movement.

Kingsley, in his "Hypatia," brings the pagan Goths of the North, fair-haired worshipers of Odin, giants in their barbaric strength, to Christian Alexandria, where they loom above the Greek, the Roman, and the Jew. In time they overran and to some extent blended with the outer world. It is strange how little they affected its art and letters. Not until after the solvent force of Christianity had done its work, could the Northern heart and imagination suffuse the stream of classicism with the warm yet beclouded quality of their own tide. Passion and understanding, as Menzel has declared, represent the antique; the romantic — the word being Latin, the quality German — is all depth and tenderness. To comprehend the modern movement, — vague, emotional, transcendental, — which really began in Germany, read Heine on "The Romantic School," of which he himself, younger than Arnim and Goethe, was a luxuriant offshoot. It came into England with Coleridge, with Leigh Hunt and Keats, and found its extreme in Byron. Later still, it fought a victorious campaign in France, under the young Hugo and his comrades. In fine, with color, warmth, feeling, picturesqueness, the iridescent wave swept over Europe, and to the Western World — affecting our own poetry and fiction since the true rise of American ideality. Upon its German starting-ground the imperial Goethe was enthroned, but he has been almost the only universalist and world-poet of its begetting. For he not only produced with ease the lyrics that made all younger minstrels his votaries, but was fertile in massive and purposely objective work. The drama was his life-study, and he sought to be, like Shakspere, dramatist and manager in one. "Faust," the master-work of our century, is an epochal creation. Yet even "Faust" is the reflection of Goethe's experience as the self-elected archetype of Man, and is subjective in its ethical intent and individuality. Still, the master's tranquil, almost Jovian, nature enabled him often to separate his personality from his inventions. This more rarely is the case with the only Frenchman comparable to him in scope and dramatic fertility — superior to him in energy of lyrical splendor. Melodramatic power and imagination are the twin genii of Hugo, and his human passion is intense; but his own strenuous, untamed temperament compels us everywhere, even in his romantic and historic plays. He was the true creator of modern French literature, for which he furnished a new vocabulary, and he brought France out of her frigid classicism into line with the Northern world. Then came Lamartine, with his sentiment, and Musset and Gautier — children of Paris and Helen, consecrate from birth to the abandon of emotion and beauty, and equally with Lamartine to the poetry of self-expression.

Long before, in Scotland, a more spontaneous minstrel also had sung out of the fullness of the music born within him, but with a tone that separated him from the choir of purely subjective poets. Burns was altruistic, because his songs were those of his people. In his notes amid the heather Scotia's lowly, independent children found a voice. It was his own, and it was theirs; he looked out and not in, or, if in, upon himself as the symbol of his kind. Of all our poets, lyric and idyllic, he is most truly nature's darling; his pictures were life, his voice was freedom, his heart was strength and tenderness. Yet Burns,

> Who walked in glory and in joy,
> Following his plough, along the mountain-side,

is not a child of the introspective Muse. Relatively late as was his song, he stands glad and brave among the simple, primitive, and therefore universal minstrels.

No; it is in Byron, with his loftier genius and more self-centered emotions, that we find our main example of voice and vision conditioned by the temperament of their possessor. Objective poetry, being native to the youth of a race before self-torturing sophistry has wrought bewilderment, seemingly should appeal to the youth of an individual. And thus it does, but to the youngest youth — that of a wonder-loving child, whom the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," or Scott's epical romances, delight, and who can make little of metrical sentimentalism. The world-weary veteran also finds it a refreshment; his arrogance has been lessened, and he has been taught that his griefs and dreams are but the common lot.

Yet it is plain that subjective poetry, if sensuous and passionate, strongly affects susceptible natures at a certain stage of immaturity. Now that town life is everywhere, we see the Wertherism of former days replaced by a kind of jejune estheticism, with its own peculiar affectation of wit and indifference. But to the secluded youth, not yet concerned with action and civic life, subjective poetry still makes a mysterious appeal. Sixty years ago the young poet of the period, consciously or otherwise, became a Childe Harold, among men "but not of them," one who had "not loved the world, nor the world" him. He found a mild dissipation in contemplating his fancied miseries, and was a tragic personage in his own eyes, and usually a coxcomb in those of the unfeeling

neighborhood. This mock-heroic pose, so often without a compensating gift, was and is due to the novel consciousness of individuality that comes to each and all — to the over-consciousness of it which many sentimentalists, against a thousand slights and failures, retain by arrested development to the end of their days. At its best, we have poetic sensibility intensified by egotism. Keats understood this clearly, even when experiencing it. In spite of the real tragedy of his career, he manfully outgrew it; his poetry swiftly advanced to the robust and creative type, as he wasted under a fatal illness and even in his heart's despair. And what better diagnosis of a young poet's greensickness than these words from the touching preface to "Endymion"?

> The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted: thence proceed mawkishness, and all the thousand bitters which those men I speak of must necessarily taste in going over the following pages.

It was preordained that even this limbo of life should have an immortal voice, and that voice was Byron. Until his time the sturdy English folk had escaped the need of it. This came with a peculiar agitation of the national sentiment. That Byron found his fame, and the instant power to create an audience for his captivating monodrama, restricted him to a single and almost lifelong mood. This was the more prolonged since it was thoroughly in temper with an eager generation. The French Revolution led to a perception of the insufficiency and brutalism of contemporary systems. Rebellion was in the air, and a craving for some escape to political, spiritual, and social freedom. Byron pointed out the paths by land and sea to a proud solitude, to a refuge with nature and art which the blunted public taste had long forgotten, and he sang so eloquently withal that he drew more than a third part of the rising stars of Europe after him. Their leader is the typical bard of self-expression, not only for the superb natural strength, and directness, and passion of a lyrical genius that forces us to bear with its barbaric ignorance of both art and realism, but because he sustained it to the end of his career in a purely romantic atmosphere. This pervades even the kaleidoscopic "Don Juan," the main achievement of his ripest years, strengthened as it is by the vigor of which humor is the surplusage and an easy-going tolerance the disposition. It must always be considered, in so far as his development was arrested, that Byron was a lord, born and bred in the British Philistinism against which his nature protested, and that the protest was continued because the fortress did not yield to assault. And he had no Byron for a predecessor, as an object-lesson in behalf of naturalness and common sense.

Shelley, who came and went like a spirit, and whose poetry seemed the aureole of a strayed visitor from some translunary sphere, is even more present to us than Byron, with whom, by the law that brings the wandering moths of nightfall together, his life touched closely during its later years. His self-portrayal is as much more beautiful and poetic than Byron's as it is more truthful, unaffected — drawn wholly for self-relief. That it had no theatrical motive is clear from internal evidence, and from his biographer's avowal that he had gained scarcely fifty readers when he died. Byron was consciously a soliloquist on the stage, with the whole reading world to applaud him from the auditorium. Again, while nothing can be more poignantly intense than Shelley's self-delineation in certain stanzas of the "Adonais," and throughout "Alastor," selfishness and egotism had no foothold in his nature. He was altruism incarnate. His personal sufferings were emblematic of wronged and baffled humanity. Thus it was that when removed somewhat from the battle-field, and in the golden Italian clime of beauty and song, his art instinct asserted itself; his poetic faculty at once became more absolute, and he produced "The Cenci," "Prometheus Unbound," and shorter lyrical pieces more than sufficient to prove his greatness in essentially creative work. And thus it was, as we have seen, with Keats, who caught by turns the spirits of Greece, of Italy, of the North. Landor did the same, with his "Hellenics," with his "Pericles and Aspasia," "Pentameron," and "Citation of Shakspere." But Landor, with the fieriest personal temper conceivable, was, like Alfieri, though of a totally different school, another being when at work, an artist to his fingers' ends. So was Coleridge at times, when he shook himself like Samson: not the subjective brother-in-arms of Wordsworth, but the Coleridge of the imagination and haunting melody and sovereign judgment unparalleled in his time — Coleridge of "The Ancient Mariner," and "Christabel," and "Kubla Khan," whose loss to the highest field of poetic design is something for which one never can quite forgive theology and metaphysics. Of Wordsworth, the real master of the Victorian self-absorption, I shall speak at another time with respect to our modern conception of the sympathetic quality of nature. To conclude, the prodigal Georgian school, springing from a soil that had lain fallow for a hundred years, was devoted as a whole to self-utterance, but magnificently so. Of course

a reaction set in, and we now complete the more restrained, scholarly, analytic, artistic, Victorian period — a time, I fully believe, of equally imaginative effort, yet of an effort, as we shall see, that usually has taken, so far as concerns dramatic invention, a direction other than rhythmic.

Meanwhile, Heinrich Heine, of the intermediate generation, and the countryman of Goethe, began, one might say, where Byron left off. His whole song is the legacy of his personal mood, but that was full of restless changes from tears and laughter, from melody and love and tenderness, to scorn and cynicism, and again from agnosticism to faith. In youth, and at intervals until his death, his dominant key was like Byron's — dissatisfaction, longing, the pursuit of an illusive ideal, the love of love and fame. There was an apparent decline, after disordered years, in Byron's powers both physical and mental. Yet his Greek campaign bade fair to bring him to something better than his best. He had the soldier's temperament. Action of the heroic kind was what he needed, and might have led to the "sudden making" of a still more splendid name. Heine was many beings in one, a Jew by race, a German by birth, a Parisian by adoption, taste, and instinct for the beautiful. His outlook, then, was broader than that of the English poet. His writing was also a revolt, but against the age as that of a Jew, and against contemporary Philistinism as that of an Arcadian. Byron became a cosmopolite; Heine was born one. In the world's theater he stood behind the scenes of the motley human drama. He wrought its plaint and laughter into a fantastic music of his own, with a genius both sorrowful and sardonic; always like one enduring life as a penance, and suffering from the acute consciousness of some finer existence the clue to which was denied him:

> In every clime and country
> There lives a Man of Pain,
> Whose nerves, like chords of lightning,
> Bring fire into his brain:
> To him a whisper is a wound,
> A look or sneer a blow;
> More pangs he feels in years or months
> Than dunce-throng'd ages know.

Heine felt, and avowed, that the actual song-motive is a heart-wound, without which "the true poet cannot sing sweetliest." His mocking note, which from its nature was not the sanest art, was quickly caught by younger poets, and repeated as if they too meant it and for its air of experience and maturity. With real maturity they usually hastened to escape from it altogether.

I THINK that the impersonal element in art may be termed masculine, and that there is something feminine in a controlling impulse to lay bare one's own heart and experience. This is as it should be: certainly a man's attributes are pride and strength, strength to wrestle, upon occasion, without speech until the daybreak. The fire of the absolutely virile workman consumes its own smoke. But the artistic temperament is, after all, androgynous. The woman's intuition, sensitiveness, nervous refinement join with the reserved power and creative vigor of the man to form the poet. As those or these predominate, we have the major strain, or the minor appeal for human sympathy and the proffer of it. A man must have a notable gift or a very exalted nature to make people grateful for his confessions. The revelations of the feminine heart are the more beautiful and welcome, because the typical woman is purer, more unselfish, more consecrated, than the typical man. Through her ardent self-revelations our ideals of sanctity are maintained. She may even, like a child, be least self-conscious when most unrestrained in self-expression. Assuredly this was so in the case of the greatest woman-poet the modern world has known. Mrs. Browning's lyrics, every verse sealed with her individuality, glowing with sympathy, and so unconsciously and unselfishly displaying the nobility of her heart and intellect, have made the earth she trod sacred, and her resting-place a shrine. Her impassioned numbers are her most artistic. The "Sonnets from the Portuguese," at the extreme of proud self-avowal, are equal in beauty, feeling, and psychical analysis to any series of sonnets in any tongue — Shakspere's not excepted.

I have alluded to Alfieri. The poets of modern Italy, romantic as they are, still derive closely from the antique, and they have applied themselves considerably to the drama and to the higher lyrical forms of verse. Chafing as they did so long under the Austrian sway, their more elevated odes, as you will see in Mr. Howells's treatise, have been charged with "the longing for freedom, the same impulse toward unity, toward nationality, toward Italy." Poetry that has been the voice and force of a nation occupies, as I have said, a middle ground between our two extremes. It has an altruistic quality. The same generous fervor preëminently distinguished the trumpet-tongued lyrics of our Hebraic Whittier, and the unique outgivings of Lowell's various muse, in behalf of liberty and right. Those were "Noble Numbers"; and, in truth, the representative national sentiment — of which ideas of liberty, domesticity, and religion are chief components — pervades the lyrics of our elder American poets from Bryant to Taylor and Stoddard. Whitman's faith in

the common people, in democracy strong and simple, has gained him world-wide honor. Subjective as they are, few poets, in any era or country,—and historians will come to recognize this clearly,—have been more national than our own.

THE latest school, with its motto of art for art's sake, has industriously refined music, color, design, and the invention of forms. But its poets and painters show a kind of self-consciousness in the ostentatious preference of their art to themselves, even in their prostration at the feet of "Our Lady of Beauty." Their motive is so intrusive that the result, although alluring, often smacks of artisanship rather than of free and natural art. Their early leaders, such as the young Tennyson and Rossetti in England, and Gautier in France, effected a potent, a charming, a sorely needed restoration of the beautiful. But the Laureate has lived to see another example of his own saying that a good fashion may corrupt the world. The French Parnassiens, the English-writing Neo-Romanticists, are more constructive than spontaneous, and decorative most of all. They have so diffused the technic of finished verse that the making of it is no more noteworthy than a certain excellence in piano-playing. They plainly believe, with Schopenhauer, that "Everything has been sung. Everything has been cursed. There is nothing left for poetry but to be the glowing forge of words."

This curious, seemingly impersonal poetry, composed with set purpose, finds a counterpart in some of the bewildering recent architecture. How rarely can we say of the architect and his work,

> He builded better than he knew:
> The conscious stone to beauty grew.

The artist and the builder are too seldom one. The poet just quoted, when on a trip to New Hampshire, found a large building going up in a country town. "Who is the architect?" he said. "Oh, there is n't any architect settled upon as yet," was the reply; "I 'm just a-building it, you see, and there 's a chap coming from Boston next month to put the architecture into it." So it is with a good deal of our latter-day verse. It does not rise "like an exhalation." It is merely the similitude of the impersonal, and art for the artist's sake rather than for the sake of art. Its one claim to objectivity is, in fact, the lack of any style whatever—except that derived by the rank and file from their study of the chiefs. It is all in the fashion, and all done equally well. Even the leaders, true and individual poets as they have been,—Tennyson, Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris, Sully Prudhomme, Banville,—often have seemed to compose perfunctorily, not from inspired impulse. Read "The Earthly Paradise," that seductive, tranquilizing, prolonged, picturesque rehearsal of the old wonder-tales. Its phantasmagoric golden haze, so often passing into twilight sadness, has veiled the quality of youth in those immortal legends. What is this that Morris fails to capture in his forays upon the "Odyssey," the "Decameron," Chaucer, the "Gesta Romanorum," the "Edda," the "Nibelungen Lied"? Can it never come again? Has it really passed away? Did it wake for the last time in those lusty octosyllabic romances of the Wizard of the North, such as "Marmion" and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"? Careless, faulty, diffuse as they were, those cantos were as alive as Scotland herself, and fresh with the same natural genius, disdaining to hoard itself, that produced the Waverley novels. If Scott has had no successor, it is doubtless because the age has needed none. We have moved into another plane, not necessarily a lower but certainly a different one.

With respect to style, Swinburne is the most subjective of contemporary poets, yet he has made notable successes in dramatic verse—chief of all, and earliest, the "Atalanta in Calydon," with whose auroral light a new star rose above our horizon. Nothing had been comparable to its imaginative music since the "Prometheus Unbound," and it surpassed even that—for its author had Shelley for a predecessor—in miracles of rhythmic melody. The "Prometheus" surges with its author's appeal from tyranny; "Atalanta" is a pure study in the beautiful, as statuesque as if done in Pentelican marble. Its serene verse, impressive even in the monometric dialogue, its monologues and transcendent choruses,—conceived in the spirit of Grecian art, but introducing cadences unknown before,—all these are of the first order. The human feeling that we miss in "Atalanta" is, on the other hand, a dramatic factor in Swinburne's Trilogy of Mary Stuart. But in his most impersonal work his fiery lyrical gift and individuality will not be suppressed. The noble dramas of Henry Taylor and Hengist Horne are more objective, but cannot vie with Swinburne's in poetic splendor. Now, as you know, this unrivaled voice is instantly recognized in his narrative romances, or in any strophe or stanza of his plenteous odes and songs. The result is that his vogue has suffered. His metrical genius is too specific, too enthralling, to be over-long endured. Thus the distinctive tone, however beautiful, which soonest compels attention, as quickly satiates the public. The subjective poets who restrict their fertility, or who die young, are those whom the world canonizes before their bones are dust.

WHILE, then, a few modern poets, at times as absorbed as Greeks in their work, have been strenuously impulsive in temper and the conduct of life,—among them Alfieri, Foscolo, Mazzeini, Landor, Horne, and various lights of the art-school from Keats onward,—the artist's temperament usually in the end determines the order of his product: clearly so in such cases as those of Leopardi, James Thomson, Baudelaire, Poe. Sympathetic examination of the poetry will give you the poet. A fine recent instance of an introspective nature overcoming the purpose formed by critical judgment was that of Matthew Arnold. A preface to the second edition of his poems avowed and defended his poetic creed. Reflection upon the antique, and the study of Goethe, had convinced him that only objective art is of value, and that the most of that which is infected with modern sentiment is dilettantism. Art must be preferred to ourselves. Action is the main thing; more than human dramatic greatness alone saves even Shakspere's dramas from being weakened by "felicities" of thought and expression. The poet-critic accordingly proffered his two heroic episodes, "Balder Dead" and "Sohrab and Rustum"—both "Homeric echoes," though in their slow iambic majesty violating his own canon that the epic movement should be swift. These are indeed the *tours de force* of intellect and constructive taste. There are fine things in both, but the finest passages are reflective, Arnoldian, or, like the sonorous impersonation of the river Oxus, and the picture of Balder's funeral pyre, elaborately descriptive, and unrelated to the action of the poems. Now, these blank-verse structures are not quite spontaneous; they do not possess what Arnold himself calls the "note of the inevitable." The ancients, doing by instinct what he bade us imitate, had no cause to lay down such a maxim as his—that the poet "is most fortunate when he most entirely succeeds in effacing himself." They worked in the manner of their time. Schlegel points out that when even the Greeks imitated Greeks their triumph ended. A modern, who does this upon principle, virtually fails to profit by their example. In the end he has to yield. Arnold was beloved by his pupils—by those whom he stimulated as Emerson stimulated American idealists—for the poetry wherein he was in truth most fortunate, that is, in which he most entirely and unreservedly expressed himself; in verse, for the tender, personal, subtly reflective lyrics that seem like tremulous passages from a psychical journal; most of all, perhaps, for those which so convey the spirit of youth—the youth of his own doubting, searching, freedom-sworn Oxonian group—a group among whom he and Clough, his scholar-gipsy, were leaders in their search for unsophisticated nature and life, in their regret for inaction, their yearning for new light, their belief that love and hope are the most that we can get from this mortal existence. It was Arnold's sensitive and introspective temperament, so often saddening him, that brought his intellect into perfect comprehension of Heine, Joubert, Sénancour, and, doubtless, Amiel. His career strengthens my belief that the true way is the natural one—that way into which the artist is led by impulse, modified by the disposition of his time. Burns was a force because he was not Greek, nor even English, but Scottish, entirely national, and withal intensely personal. Scott's epics are founded in the true romantic ballads of the North. A few of us read and delight in "Balder Dead"; "Marmion," a less artistic poem, gave pleasure far and wide, and still holds its own. I confess that this again suggests my old question concerning Landor, "Shall not the wise, no less than the witless, have their poets?" and that, whether wise or otherwise, I prefer to read "Balder Dead"; but I have observed that poetry, however admirable, which appeals solely to a studious class, rarely becomes in the end a part of the world's literature. Palgrave, in the preface to "The Golden Treasury," significantly declares that he "has found the vague general verdict of popular Fame more just than those have thought who, with too severe a criticism, would confine judgments on poetry to 'the selected few of many generations.'"

Like Arnold, nearly all his famous peers of the recent composite period have made attractive experiments in the objective and antique fields, though less openly upon conviction. Yet Tennyson and Browning are essentially English and modern, as Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, are American and New-English, while Lowell's memorable verse is true to the atmosphere, landscape, national spirit, dialect, of his own land, and always true to his ethical convictions. Our minor artists in verse succeed as to simplicity and sensuousness in their renaissance work, but fail with respect to its passion—for to simulate that requires vigorous dramatic power. The latter is rarely displayed; its substitute is the note of Self. If this be so, let us make the best of it, and furnish striking individualities for some future age to admire, as we admire the creations of our predecessors. At all events, the poet must not dare anything against nature. Let him obey Wordsworth's injunction,

> If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
> Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,
> Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.

BUT are there, then, no dramatic works in recent literature? Yes; more than in any former time, if you do not insist upon poetic form

and rhythm. While the restriction adopted for these lectures excludes that which is merely inventive composition, you know that prose fiction is now the principal result of our dramatic impulse. The great modern novels are more significant than much of our best poetry. What recent impersonal poem or drama, if you except "Faust," excels in force and characterization "Guy Mannering" and the "Bride of Lammermoor," "Notre Dame de Paris," "Les Trois Mousquetaires," "Père Goriot," "On the Heights," "Dimitri Rubini," "Anna Karenina," "With Fire and Sword," "Vanity Fair," "Henry Esmond," "The Newcomes," "Bleak House," "The Tale of Two Cities," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Westward Ho!" "Adam Bede," "Romola," "Lorna Doone," "Wuthering Heights," "The Pilot," "The Scarlet Letter," and other prose masterpieces with which you are as familiar as were the Athenians with the plays of Euripides? Some of them, it is true, reflect their authors' inner life (but so does "Faust"), and are all the more intense for it. The free nature of the novel seems to make subjectivity itself dramatic. Certainly, the individuality of a Brontë, a Thackeray, a Hawthorne, or a Meredith does not lead us to prefer G. P. R. James, or put them on a lower plane than the strictly objective one of De Foe, Jane Austen, Dumas. Our second-rate novels are chiefly mechanical inventions turned off for a market which the modern press has created and is ominously enlarging. However, with such an outlet for the play of the invention which, three centuries ago, spent its strength upon the rhythmical drama, it is no wonder that even our foremost poets look out to rival ranges, with now and then still another peak above them; and these lectures would seem an anachronism were it not that it is a good time to observe the nature of an object when it is temporarily inactive.

Except for this prose fiction superadded to the best poetic achievements of the modern schools, the nineteenth century would not have been, as I believe it to have been, nearly equal in general literary significance (as in science it is superior) to the best that preceded it. It is difficult for critics to project themselves beyond their time; perceiving its shortcomings, they are prone to underestimate what in after time may seem a peculiar literary eminence. To all the splendor of our greatest fiction must be united the romance of the Georgian poetic school and the composite beauty and thought of the Victorian, that this statement may be sound with respect to the literature of our own language. While poetry and fiction both have to do with verities, Mill was not wrong when he said that the novelist gives us a true picture of life, but the poet, the truth of the soul.

From our survey, after granting that only a few world-poems exhibit the absolute epic and dramatic impersonality, it by no means follows — in spite of common assertion — that the worth of other poetry is determined by an objective standard. The degree of self-expression is of less moment than that of the poet's genius. Subjective work is judged to be inferior, I take it, from its morbid examples. The visits of the creative masters have been as rare as those of national demigods, and ordinary composers fall immeasurably short of their station. We have the perfect form, historical or fanciful impersonations, but few striking conceptions. The result is less sincere, less inevitable, than the spontaneous utterance of true poets who yield to the passion of self-expression.

YET we have seen that a line can be rather clearly drawn between the pagan and Christian eras, and that there has been a loss. To think of this as a loss without some greater compensation is to believe that modern existence defies the law of evolution and is inferior as a whole to the old; that the soul of Christendom, because more perturbed and introspective, is less elevated than that of antiquity. Contrast the two, and what do we find? First, a willing self-effacement as against the distinction of individuality; secondly, the simple zest of art-creation, as against the luxury of human feeling — a sense that nourishes the flame of consolation and proffers sympathy even as it craves it;

> That from its own love Love's delight can tell,
> And from its own grief guess the shrouded Sorrow;
> From its own joyousness of Joy can sing;
> That can predict so well
> From its own dawn the lustre of to-morrow,
> The whole flight from the flutter of the wing.

This sympathy, this divinely human love, is our legacy from the Teacher who read all joys and sorrows by reading his own heart, being of like passions with ourselves — a process wisely learned by those fortunate poets who need not fear to obey the maxim, "Look in thy heart and write!"

The Christian motive has intensified the self-expression of the modern singer. That he is subject to dangers from which the pagan was exempt, we cannot deny. His process may result in egotism, conceit, the disturbed vision of eyes too long strained inward, delirious extremes of feeling, decline of the creative gift. Probably the conventual, middle-age Church, with its retreats, penances, ecstasies, was the nursery of our self-absorption and mysticism, the alembic of the vapor which Heine saw infolding and chilling the Homeric gods when the pale Jew, crowned with thorns, entered and laid

his cross upon their banquet-table. It is not the wings alone of Dürer's mystic "Melencolia" that declare her to be a Christian figure. She sits among the well-used emblems of all arts, the ruins of past achievements, the materials for effort yet to come. Toil is her inspiration, exploration her instinct: she broods, she suffers, she wonders, but must still explore and design. The new learning is her guide, but to what unknown lands? The clue is almost found, yet still escapes her. Of what use are beauty, love, worship, even justice, when above her are the magic square and numbers of destiny, and the passing-bell that sounds the end of all? Before, stretches an ocean that hems her in. What beyond, and after? There is a rainbow of promise in the sky, but even beneath that the baneful portent of a flaming star. Could Dürer's "Melencolia" speak, she might indeed utter the sweet and brave, yet pathetic, poetry of our own speculative day.

Our view of the poetic temperament is doubtless a modern conceit. The ancient took life as he found it, and was content. Death he accepted as a law of nature. Desire, the lust for the unattainable, aspiration, regret,—these are our endowment, and our sufferings are due less to our slights and failures than to our own sensitiveness. Effort is required to free our introspective rapture and suffering from the symptoms of a disease. It is in modern song that great wits to madness nearly are allied. In feverish crises a flood of wild imaginings overwhelms us. Typical poets have acknowledged this — Coleridge, Byron, Heine, who cite also the cases of Collins, Cowper, Novalis, Hoffman, and other children of fantasy and sorrow. Coleridge pointed to those whose genius and pursuits are subjective, as often being diseased; while men of equal fame, whose pursuits are objective and universal, the Newtons and Leibnitzes, usually have been long-lived and in robust health. Bear in mind, however, the change latterly exemplified by Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Hugo, and our vigorous American Pleiad of elder minstrels, who have exhibited the sane mind in the sound body. But the question of neurotic disorder did not occur to the age of Sophocles and Pindar. Impersonal effort is as invigorating as nature itself: so much so that Ruskin recognizes the great writer by his guiding us far from himself to the beauty not of his creation; and Couture, a virile figure, avowed that "the decline of art commenced with the appearance of personality." Goethe, in spite of his own theory, admitted that the real fault of the new poets is that "their subjectivity is not important, and that they cannot find matter in the objective." The young poets of our own tongue are not in a very different category. The best critic, then, is the universalist, who sees the excellence of either phase of expression according as it is natural to one's race and period. A laudable subjectivity dwells in naturalness — the lyrical force of genuine emotions, including those animated by the Zeitgeist of one's own day. All other kinds degenerate into sentimentalism.

If we have lost the antique zest, the animal happiness, the naïveté of blessed children who know not the insufficiency of life, or that they shall love and lose and die, we gain a new potency of art in a sublime seriousness, the heroism that confronts destiny, the faculty of sympathetic consolation, and that "most musical, most melancholy" sadness which conveys a rarer beauty than the gladdest joy — the sadness of great souls, the art-equivalent of the melancholy of the Preacher, of Lincoln, of Christ himself, who wept often but was rarely seen to smile. The Christian world has added the minor notes to the gamut of poesy. It discovers that if indeed "our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought," it is better to suffer than to lose the power of suffering.

Commonplace objective work, then, is of no worth compared with the frank revelation of an inspiring soul. Our human feeling now seeks for the personality of the singer to whom we yield our heart. Even Goethe breaks out with "Personality is everything in art and poetry," Schlegel declares that "A man can give nothing to his fellow-man but himself," and Joubert — whom Sainte-Beuve has followed — says, "We must have the man . . . It is human warmth and almost human substance which gives to all things that quality which charms us." This fact is a stronghold for the true impressionists. The special way in which his theme strikes the artist is his latter-day appeal. And what is style? That must be subjective. Some believe it to be the only thing which is the author's own. The modern mind understands that its compensation for the loss of absolute vision is the increase of types, the extension of range and variousness. These draw us nearer the plan of nature, that makes no two leaves alike. The value of a new piece of art now is the tone peculiar to its maker's genius. Death in art, as in nature, is now the loss of individuality — a resolution into the elements. We seek the man behind the most impersonal work; more, the world conceives for itself ideals of its poets, artists, and heroes, plainly different from what they were, yet adapted to the suggestions received from their works and deeds.

My summary, then, is that the test of poetry is not by its degree of objectivity. Our inquiry concerns the poet's inspiration, his production of beauty in sound and sense, his imagination, passion, insight, thought, motive. Impersonal

work may be never so correct, and yet tame and ineffective. Such are many of the formal dramas and pseudo-classical idyls with which modern literature teems. Go to, say their authors, let us choose subjects and make poems. The true bard is chosen by his theme. Lowell "waits" for "subjects that hunt me." Where the nature of the singer is noble, his inner life superior to that of other men, the more he gives us of it the more deeply we are moved. We suffer with him; he makes us sharers of his own joy. In any case the value of the poem lies in the credentials of the poet.

It is the same with all other speculations upon art: with that, for instance, concerning realism and romanticism, of late so tediously bruited. Debate of this sort, even when relating to the Southern and the Wagnerian schools of music, or to impressional and academic modes of painting, is often inessential. It has, perchance, a certain value in stimulating the members of opposing schools. The true question is, How good is each in its kind? How striking is the gift of him who works in either fashion? Genius will inevitably find its own fashion, and as inevitably will pursue it.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

NATURE.

I MUSE on yonder barren autumn field,
Where west winds blow, birds sing,
Rains fall, comes June, comes spring,
Its secret many a year hath not revealed.

There many a dewy dawn hath writ in red
And white, and summer's feet
Left many an imprint sweet,
Yet something longed for hovers still unsaid.

Ten thousand sunsets have not waked to speech
The western slopes, nor night's
Pale flock of stars the heights;
The sea's kiss wins no answer from the beach.

Dead, silent, nature stands before our eyes.
We question her in vain,
And bootless strive to gain
Her confidence; she vouchsafes no replies.

And yet, ofttimes I think she yearns to bless
And comfort man with sheaves,
To please him with her leaves —
The wildest blast hath tones of tenderness.

And there are voices on the sea in storm
Not of the waters' strife:
Faint tones, as though some life
Amid the tumult struggled to take form.

There is an undertone in everything,
That comforts and uplifts,
A light that never shifts
Shines out of touch on the horizon ring.

I know, behind yon mountain's gloomy sides,
There 's something waits for me
That I may never see —
Some love-illumined face, some stretched hand hides.

Some spirit, something earth would half disclose,
Half hide, invites the soul
Unto some hidden goal,
Which may be death, or larger life — who knows?

William Prescott Foster.

MOUNT SAINT ELIAS REVISITED.[1]

THE National Geographic Society, in connection with the United States Geological Survey, sent a small exploring party to Mount St. Elias, Alaska, in the summer of 1890.[2] The country visited during that expedition proved to be so interesting that a second expedition to the same region was decided on. The object of the second expedition was the extension of the surveys previously begun, and the ascent of Mount St. Elias. Like the first, it was placed in my charge. My party consisted of six camp hands, but did not include any scientific assistants. The camp hands were Thomas P. Stamy, J. H. Crumback, Thomas White, Neil McCarty, Frank G. Warner, and Will C. Moore. The first three were also members of the expedition of 1890. The necessary preparations for camp life were made at Seattle, Washington, late in May, 1891. We sailed from Port Townsend early on the morning of May 30, on the United States revenue steamer *Bear*, in command of Captain M. A. Healy, and after a pleasant voyage reached Yakutat, Alaska, on June 4. Arrangements were made there with the Rev. Karl J. Hendricksen, in charge of the Swedish Mission, to meet us on our return at the head of Yakutat Bay on September 25, with a boat and some provisions which we left at the Mission.

The weather on June 5 being thick and stormy, the *Bear* remained at her anchorage until early the next morning, when she started toward Icy Bay, fifty miles west of Yakutat, the locality chosen for beginning our work. At nine o'clock we were about a mile off shore at the place designated on the charts as Icy Bay, although, as previously known, no bay now exists there. The weather was calm. Scarcely a ripple disturbed the surface of the sea, but the usual ocean swell was breaking in long lines of foam on the low sandy beach. A boat was lowered, and Lieutenant D. H. Jarvis went shoreward to examine the surf and choose a place for landing. He returned in about an hour, and reported that landing seemed practicable at a point which we found afterward was about a mile east of the principal mouth of the Yahtse River. Owing to the unfavorable condition of the surf, except at high tide, the landing of our party with its stores, instruments, etc., was not completed until early on the morning of June 8. As our landing was accompanied by a sad accident, in which the lives of six brave men were lost, I shall pass briefly over the painful incident. The boats that took us ashore were in command of Lieutenants G. McConnell, H. M. Broadbent, D. H. Jarvis, and L. L. Robinson. Three of the boats capsized, one of which was in charge of Lieutenant Robinson, and from that boat only one man reached shore alive. Lieutenant Robinson, four of his boat's crew, and Will C. Moore of my party were drowned. I cannot speak too highly of the kindness we received from Captain Healy and from the officers associated with him, or of the bravery with which the lieutenants I have mentioned, and the men under their command, faced imminent danger and suffered no small hardships in order to facilitate the work of our expedition. Lieutenant Robinson's body was recovered by his comrades and taken to Sitka for interment. The remainder of the men lost were buried near where their bodies were washed ashore.

The *Bear* steamed away to the southwest about three o'clock in the morning of June 8, leaving my party to begin the work which was to occupy us for several months. Our first effort after landing was to remove our "outfit" from the low sand-bar, where it was liable to be washed away should a high tide be accompanied by a shoreward-blowing gale, to a place of safety in the edge of the forest to the eastward. There we established a camp in a delightful spot, about a mile from the sea, and on the border of an open meadow, which was white with strawberry blossoms. West of the Yahtse, and beyond a plateau of broken ice ten or fifteen miles broad, formed by a lobe of the Malaspina glacier, rises a range of "hills," as we called them, in contrast with the greater mountains near at hand, which present abrupt precipices between three and four thousand feet high, to the south. Their northern slopes are more gentle, and are deeply buried beneath snow-fields which contribute to swell the flood of the great Guyot glacier. This splendid range has been named the Robinson Hills, in memory of Lieutenant L. L. Robinson. Our general line of march from Icy Bay was almost due north. For about five miles we traversed broad, barren openings through the forest, formed by the flood-plains of swift glacial streams. The conditions of travel were very favorable, except where the streams were too swift and too deep

[1] The pictures in this article have been drawn from photographs taken by the expedition.

[2] A brief account of the expedition of 1890 appeared in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for April, 1891, and more fully in the National Geographic Magazine for May, 1891.

to wade, or the sand in their bottoms so soft that it approached the condition of quicksand. Once while returning from a camp at the Chaix Hills to Icy Bay, not being able to find logs with which to make a raft, we had to swim one swift icy stream, and wade another that was considerably more than waist deep. A plunge into ice-water on a chilly, rainy day is far from pleasant, but can be endured if one takes it boldly. To wade slowly out from shore until deep water is reached is a torture that few can withstand. The best way is to take a heroic plunge where the bank is steep, and make the change from air to water as nearly instantaneous as possible.

From a camp at the foot of the Malaspina glacier we cut a trail, about four miles long, through the exceedingly dense vegetation growing on the moraines which cover the outer margin of the ice-sheet. This vegetation is a continuation of the forest covering the flat lands to the south, and extends without a break up over the steep face of the glacier, and thence inland in many places to a distance of from four to five miles. North of the belt of vegetation covering the border of the glacier, we crossed twelve or fifteen miles of exceedingly rough moraine-covered ice and reached the Chaix Hills, which we climbed. Their southern slope is bare of vegetation except at the base, and is buttressed by many sharp ridges, too steep to climb, which unite to form pinnacles above. Joining the pinnacles are graceful curves formed by the exceedingly sharp crest. Their topographic forms alone are sufficient to show the geologist that they have resulted from a very recent uplift. We are told that the architects of India placed outstanding pavilions from which to view the beauties of their "dreams in marble"; so in Alaska, on an infinitely grander scale, the Chaix Hills, situated ten miles in front of the vast southward-facing precipice of the St. Elias range, afford a point of observation that can not be surpassed.

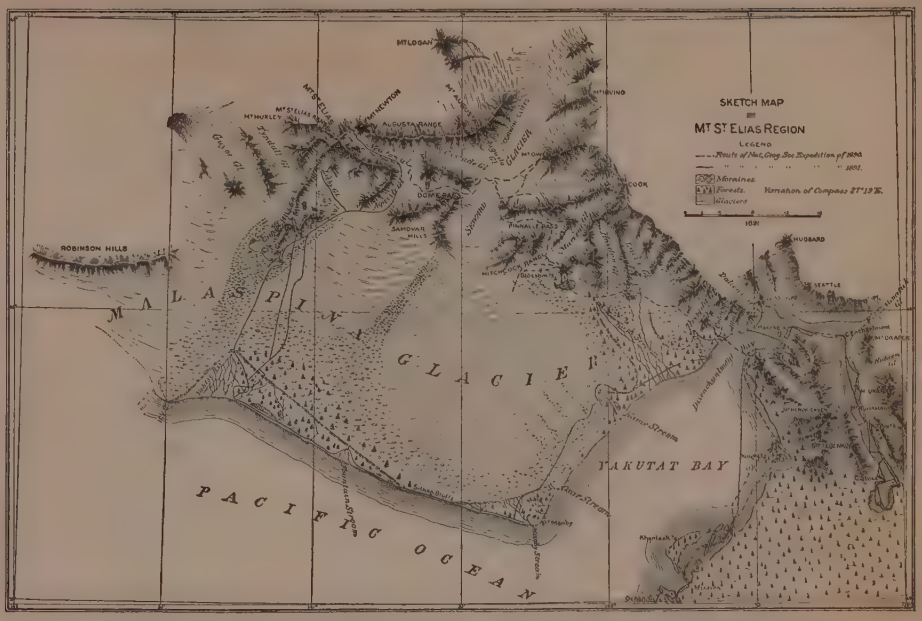
The Chaix Hills rise through a sea of ice, the limits of which can not be determined from their summits. Looking east, and south, there is nothing in sight but an apparently limitless plateau of ice, forming the Malaspina glacier. To the north there is a belt of irregular hilly ground covered by snow-fields and glaciers, and bristling with peaks, which are barren and naked during the summer season. Looking over these, the entire southern slope of Mount St. Elias is in full view. A seemingly level field of ice, forming the Libbey glacier, stretches up to the immediate base of the vast precipice leading to the top of the range. The elevation of the actual base of the mountain is about 2000 feet. The precipitous slope rising above it is 16,000 feet high. The snow breaking away near the top of the mountain rushes down in great avalanches to its very base, and is precipitated upon the surface of the glacier below. Mount St. Elias terminates at the top in a massive pyramid, from the base of which, as seen from the south, a prominent shoulder rises on each side. The eastern shoulder has an elevation of 14,600 feet at its extremity; it then falls off abruptly, and the range terminates about six miles to the east of the main summit. The west shoulder is 16,400 feet high, and beyond it to the west there is a steep descent in the crest line, but the range is continued indefinitely toward the northwest, and bristles with magnificent peaks and sharp crests as far as the eye can reach. Northeast from the Chaix Hills, across a portion of the Malaspina glacier, are the Samovar Hills, which are also, at least in part, formed of stratified morainal deposits, and, like the Chaix Hills, have been sculptured into a multitude of picturesque tent-like forms. Beyond the Samovar Hills rise the sharp peaks of the Hitchcock range, and the white pinnacles and domes of Mount Cook and Mount Irving. They are among the most attractive mountains in the entire Mount St. Elias region. Between Mounts Irving and St. Elias is the Augusta range, on which rise Mounts Augusta, Malaspina, Jeannette, Newton, and several other prominent snow-clad peaks. Far away to the southeast, beyond the Malaspina glacier, is a host of marvelous mountains, lessening in perspective, until the commanding summit of Mount Fairweather terminates the magnificent panorama. On perfectly clear days, when there is not a vapor wreath anywhere about the mountains, it is difficult to realize their full magnificence, owing to the absence of shadows and an apparent flattening of the rugged slopes. On such rare, perfect days there frequently comes a change. The cold winds from the vast ice-fields north of the mountains are beaten back by warm, moist winds from the south, and cloud-wreaths appear in horizontal bands far below the gleaming summits. Under such conditions the mountains lose their flatness, and buttresses and amphitheaters appear where before were expressionless walls. The mountains seem to awaken, and to become aware of their own dignity and sublimity. Usually the first sign of a coming change, when the weather is clear, is a small cloud-banner on the extreme summit of St. Elias. This signal is a warning that can be seen for a hundred and fifty miles in every direction and should not be ignored. Soon other peaks repeat the alarm, like bale-fires in time of invasion, and Mounts Augusta, Cook, and far-away Fairweather fling out their beacons to show that a storm is nigh.

Repairing to a cache that had been left on the border of the clearing southeast of the

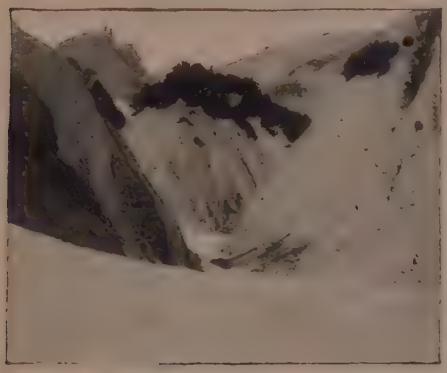
Chaix Hills, we made a camp on the glacier, having the luxury, however, of a thin layer of broken slate beneath our blankets; and on the next day, July 8, advanced about five miles northward, when we again encamped on a thin moraine composed of black slate, and the day following brought up the remainder of our supplies. On July 10 we had breakfast at midnight, and began a weary tramp through soft snow to the Samovar Hills. Strange mirage effects appeared on the vast ice-fields when the sun arose. A white mist gathered about us when the warm sunlight touched the glacier, but we traveled on, guiding our course by compass. The light shining through the mist made white halos of remarkable beauty, which lessened the monotony of traveling through the fog. The snow became very soft and every step was wearisome, but still we pressed on, hour after hour, as there was no halting-place. We finally reached the extreme west end of the Samovar Hills, and pitched our tents on a little hillock of mosses and flowers, from which the snow had recently retreated. At our camping-place the Agassiz glacier emerges from a deep cañon about three miles broad, and descending a steep slope, which is a continuation of the precipitous southern face of the Samovar Hills, forms a splendid ice-fall that bristles with pinnacles and ice-blades separated by deep blue crevasses. Late in the afternoon of July 12 we worked our way, with the sled lightly loaded, up the border of the ice-fall near camp, and, after reaching its summit and threading the maze of crevasses just above, gained the center of the glacier. The snow ahead seeming smooth and unobstructed, we left the sled and returned to camp, where each man shouldered a heavy pack and started up the ice-fall once more, while I remained in camp, having enough to occupy my attention during the next day in the neighboring hills. The plan was for the men to advance with the sled as far up the Agassiz glacier as they could during the cold hours of the night when the snow was hard; then to make a cache and return the next day.

The men regained the sled in safety, and, after packing their loads upon it, began the weary tramp; but they had scarcely gone a hundred yards when Stamy and White, who were in the lead, felt the snow give way, and fell about twenty feet into a crevasse. The snow covering the crevasse had previously fallen in, leaving a thin, unbroken dome, but had caught in the fissure and formed a kind of bridge on which the men alighted; except for this they would have gone down to unknown depths. The snow that fell in with them fortunately prevented their moving until McCarty, with great promptness and presence of mind, lowered a rope, and they were assisted to the surface. This accident came nearer being serious than any other we had while on the ice, and served as a warning. After its occurrence we did not begin our night marches until an hour or two past midnight, when the twilight had increased in brightness sufficiently to make traveling safe. On our return, in passing the same ice-fall, we had another accident similar to the one just described. We were marching in single file, and, feeling perhaps over-confident after living for weeks on the glaciers, did not attach ourselves to a life-line, as was our custom in marching over snow which might conceal dangerous crevasses. I was in the lead, and just after passing safely over a snow-covered crevasse heard an exclamation from White, who followed a few steps in my rear, and on looking back saw that he had disappeared, leaving only a hole in the snow to indicate the direction of his departure. Returning quickly, I looked down the hole but saw only the walls of a blue crevasse; a curve in the opening had carried my companion out of sight. He replied to my shout, however, and with the aid of a line was soon on the surface again, uninjured. On the night when Stamy and White came so near losing their lives, several efforts were made by the men to continue their march, but crevasses thinly covered with snow were found to bar their way in every direction but the one by which they arrived. At last they abandoned the attempt to advance, and returned to camp. Early the following day we all returned to the sled, and by skirting along the side of the glacier, and in places climbing along the steep, snow-covered hillside, managed to get around the difficult tract and make a long march ahead.

The Agassiz glacier above the fall at the Samovar Hills is remarkably smooth, and but little crevassed, except along its immediate borders. Its principal tributary is the Newton glacier, which occupies an exceedingly wild valley between the east end of the St. Elias range and the west end of the Augusta range. These two ranges overlap *en échelon*, and each is exceedingly steep and rugged. The walls overlooking the glacier on either side are seldom less than 10,000 feet high, while the peaks that bristle along their crests rise to elevations of from 12,000 to 14,000 feet. At the foot of the ice-fall over which the Newton glacier descends and becomes a part of the Agassiz glacier, the elevation is 3000 feet above the sea. The amphitheater where the glacier has its principal source, between Mount St. Elias and Mount Newton, has an elevation of a little over 8000 feet. The glacier makes this descent of about 5000 feet principally at four localities where ice-falls occur. Between the falls the slope is quite gentle, and in some places the grade is reversed; that is, the ice rises bodily to some extent when pass-


SKETCH MAP
OF
MT ST ELIAS REGION
LEGEND
Moraines
Forests.
Glaciers
1891
MT LOGAN
MT ST ELIAS
MT HUBBARD
MT HUBBARD
MT HUBBARD

deep, extending clear across the glacier. On the south there was a big wall of snow parallel with the course of the glacier, and connecting with the cliffs above in such a manner that we could not pass around it. We encamped on a table of snow surrounded on all sides by crevasses, but inclined so that we could cross to a neighboring table, and there spent the night. An examination of the broken snow ahead from the upturned edge of a fallen snow-block of great dimensions failed to show any practicable way to advance. From our elevated station we could see entirely across the glacier, but, in attempting to pick out a way through the maze of crevasses, always came to a yawning blue gulf or to an impassable wall of snow. At last, almost in desperation, we decided to cut steps up the great wall that ran parallel with the glacier, trusting that the surface above would be connected with the less broken region above the fall. This cliff of snow, which we called White Cliff, was the upper side of a great crevasse, the lower lip of which had fallen and partially filled the gulf at its base. To reach its foot we had to cut steps down a cliff of snow about fifty feet high, and work our way across a partially filled crevasse of profound depth to a table of snow forming a terrace on the opposite side. From this terrace we could cross another small crevasse on broken, angular snow-blocks which partially filled it, and gain the base of the cliff. Above us rose a wall of snow 200 feet high, with an overhanging cornice-like ridge midway up, which projected five or six feet from the face of the cliff and was eight feet thick. McCarty and Stamy were with me, and we began to cut steps, taking advantage of a diagonal crack in the cliff which assisted considerably in the task. All the way up to the cornice we had to hold on by alpenstocks while we used our ice-axes. Reaching the cornice, an opening was cut through it, McCarty and Stamy doing the greater part of the work. Once above the cornice, the slope was less steep, and McCarty, by using two alpenstocks, was able to ascend the rest of the way without using an ice-ax. Placing an alpenstock firmly in the snow at the top, and making a rope fast to it, our packs were hauled up and we were all soon at the top.



DRAWN BY JOHN A. FRASER.

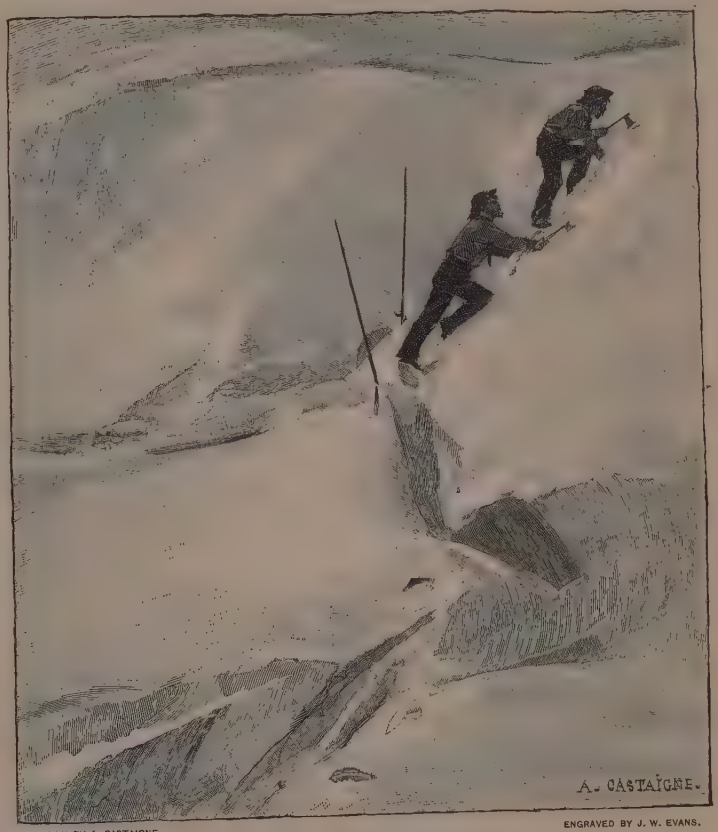
A CAÑON IN THE CHAIX HILLS.

Other great crevasses occurred above White Cliff, but they were in the bordering snow-field and not in the glacier proper, and ran in the direction we wished to travel. By following the broad surface between two of the great gorges we advanced to the point where we had our highest camp the year previous, and then began the ascent of the last ice-fall in the Newton glacier. This fall was higher than any previously encountered, but not so steep, and the blocks of snow were larger. The ascent to the amphitheater above is over 1000 feet. The day we made the climb we reached the foot of the fall about six in the morning, and found the snow soft and traveling difficult. The day was hot, and the elevation being considerable our task proved a fatiguing one. At length we reached the vast amphitheater in which the Newton glacier has its source, and pitched our tent as far within the entrance as safety from avalanches would permit. This proved to be our highest camp, its elevation being a little over 8000 feet.

During the ascent of the Newton glacier the weather had become more unsettled than in the earlier part of the season, which was due in great measure to our increased elevation. While enjoying fair weather near the coast, we did not appreciate the fact that every cloud which wrapped its soft sunlit folds about the higher mountains was accompanied by a local snow-storm. We soon learned, however, that not every cloud has a silver lining. Mist and rain delayed our progress and made our camps on the snow wretchedly uncomfortable, yet they added variety and beauty to the wonderful scenery of the snow-covered mountains, and brought out a world of beauty that would never be suspected if the air always retained its transparency and the sun always shone with blinding intensity. As we ascended the Newton glacier, and gained the summit of one ice-fall after another, the panorama of mighty snow-covered peaks and broad, crevassed glaciers became more and more unfolded, and more and more magnificent. The view eastward down the glacier is one of the most impressive pictures that even Alaskan mountains can furnish. The cliffs of the St. Elias range on the south, and of the Augusta range on the north, rise near at hand to great heights, and are as rugged and angular as it is possible for mountains to be. The snow-covered slopes are utterly bare of vegetation; not even a

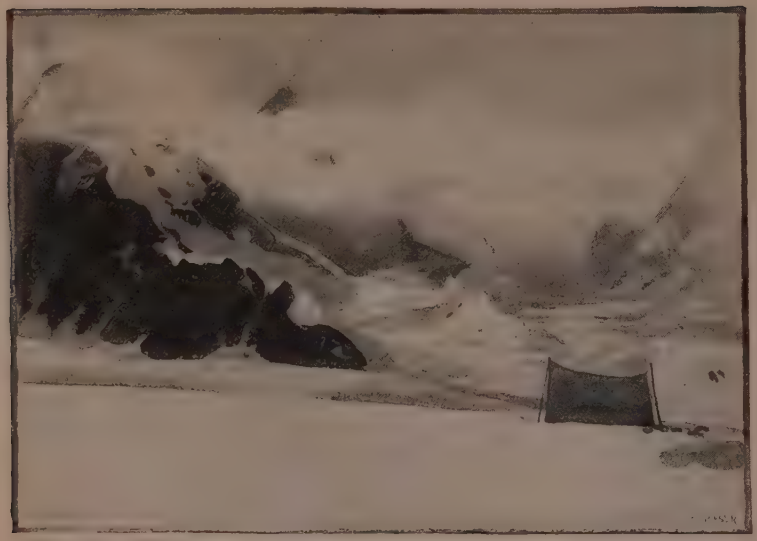
lichen tints the isolated outcrops of rock. Looking eastward between the two lines of precipices towering over a mile in height, and rising above into pinnacles and crests, the eye follows the descending slope of the glacier, which expands as new ice-streams pour in flood after flood of ice. The surface of the glacier appears rugged in the foreground, but is softened in the distance until only the broadest of the blue gashes that break its surface are visible. Five or six miles away is a heavily snow-covered group of hills, a spur of the Augusta range, which deflects the glacier to the south and causes it to disappear beyond a rugged headland of rocks and snow. Rising above the foot-hills that turn the frozen current are magnificent peaks, the like of which are seldom seen, and are utterly unknown to all who have not ventured into the frozen solitudes of lofty mountains. Mount Malaspina and Mount Augusta, cathedrals more sublime than ever human architect dreamed of, limit the view on the northeast. To the right of these, and forming the background of the picture, rise the clustered domes and pinnacles of Mount Cook and Mount Irving, two sister peaks of equal grandeur. Beyond these, glimpses may be had at certain stations of Mount Vancouver, and of still other shining summits which are not named, and perhaps were never before seen by human eyes.

The view down the glacier is a winter landscape. In the full noontide the scene is of dazzling whiteness, except where cliffs cast their shadows or clouds screen the sunlight. The snow-fields and the snow-curtained precipices, when in shadow, have a delicate blue tint that seems almost a phosphorescence. Except on rare occasions, the only colors are white and many shades of blue, with dark relief here and there where the cliffs are too precipitous to retain a covering. Sometimes the sunlight, shining through delicate clouds of ice-spicules, spreads a halo of brilliant colors around some shining summit, or, striking the surface of a snow-field at the proper angle, spreads over it a web of rainbow tints as delicate and change-



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

CUTTING STEPS AT WHITE CLIFF.



DRAWN BY JOHN A. FRASER.

MOUNT SAINT ELIAS FROM THE NEWTON GLACIER.

able as the pearly lining of a sea-shell. The sheen on the surface of the frosted snow suggests the fancy that there the spirits of the Alpine flowers have their paradise.

Beautiful as were the every-day scenes about our camps in the snow, there came at length one rare evening when the mountains assumed a superlative grandeur. We had retired to our tent early in the evening, but on looking out a few hours afterward to see if the conditions were favorable for making a night march, I was surprised to see the change that had taken place in the usually pale-blue night landscape. The sun had long since gone down behind the great peaks to the northwest, but an afterglow of unusual brightness was shining through the deep clefts in the Augusta range, and illuminating a few mountain-slopes here and there which chanced to be so placed as to catch the level shafts of rosy light. The contrast between the peaks and snow-fields of delicate blue faintly illuminated by the light of the moon, and the massive mountains of flame, made one of the most striking scenes that can be imagined. The boldness and strength of the picture, the wonderful detail of every illuminated precipice and glittering ice-field, in contrast with the uncertain, shadowy forms of half-revealed pinnacles and spires, together with the absence of light in the sky and the absolute stillness of the mighty encampment of snowy mountains, was something so strange and unreal that it bordered on the supernatural.

But the great mountains are not always beautiful or always inspiring. When the clouds thickened about us and enshrouded our lonely tent, which always seemed lost in the vast wilderness of snow and ice, and when the snow fell in fine crystals hour after hour and day after day with unvarying monotony, burying our tent and blotting out the trail which was our only connection with the land of verdure and flowers in the region below, our life was dreary enough. Camp-fires, the ingleside of tent life, were impossible, as we were over 6000 feet above the timber-line, and fully 30 miles distant from the nearest trees. During storms there was nothing to be seen from our tent but the white snow immediately around us, and the vapor- and snow-filled air above. The only evidence of the near presence of lofty mountains was the frequent crash and prolonged, rumbling roar of avalanches, which shook the glacier beneath and seemed to threaten us with annihilation. We occupied our camp at the entrance of the amphitheater at the head of the Newton glacier for twelve days, and during that time, owing to the prevalence of clouds and snow-storms, were able to advance only once.

On the morning of July 24, McCarty, Stamy, and I were early astir, and, having had our breakfast, left the tent at two o'clock and started to climb to the divide between Mount Newton and Mount St. Elias, and as much higher as possible. The morning was clear and cold, but the snow, owing to its extreme dryness, was scarcely firm enough to sustain our weight. On account of the advance of the season, we now had about four hours each night during which the light was not sufficient, even during clear weather, to allow us to travel

over crevassed ice in safety. When we started, the twilight was sufficiently bright to reveal the outlines of the great peaks about us, but every detail in their rugged sides was lost. All within the vast amphitheater was dark and shadowy. On our right rose Mount Newton in almost vertical precipices a mile in height, with great glaciers pouring down like frozen cataracts from unseen regions above. On the left stood the crowning pyramid of Mount St. Elias, its roof-like slope rising nearly two miles in vertical height above the even snow-field we were crossing. The saddle between these two giant summits is the lowest point in the wall of the amphitheater, but even that was 4000 feet above us.

During the earlier portion of our stay in our highest camp, when the weather was warm and the peaks surrounded by clouds or shut out from view by snow-storms, the roar of avalanches was frequent both day and night. Sometimes three great snow-slides would come thundering down the cliff at one time, and pour hundreds of tons of snow and ice into the valley. Avalanches of great size were frequent, both from the slopes of Mount Newton and Mount St. Elias, and from the precipices beneath the saddle. To venture into the valley when the south winds were blowing, and the lower ice-slopes were trickling with water, would have been rash in the extreme.

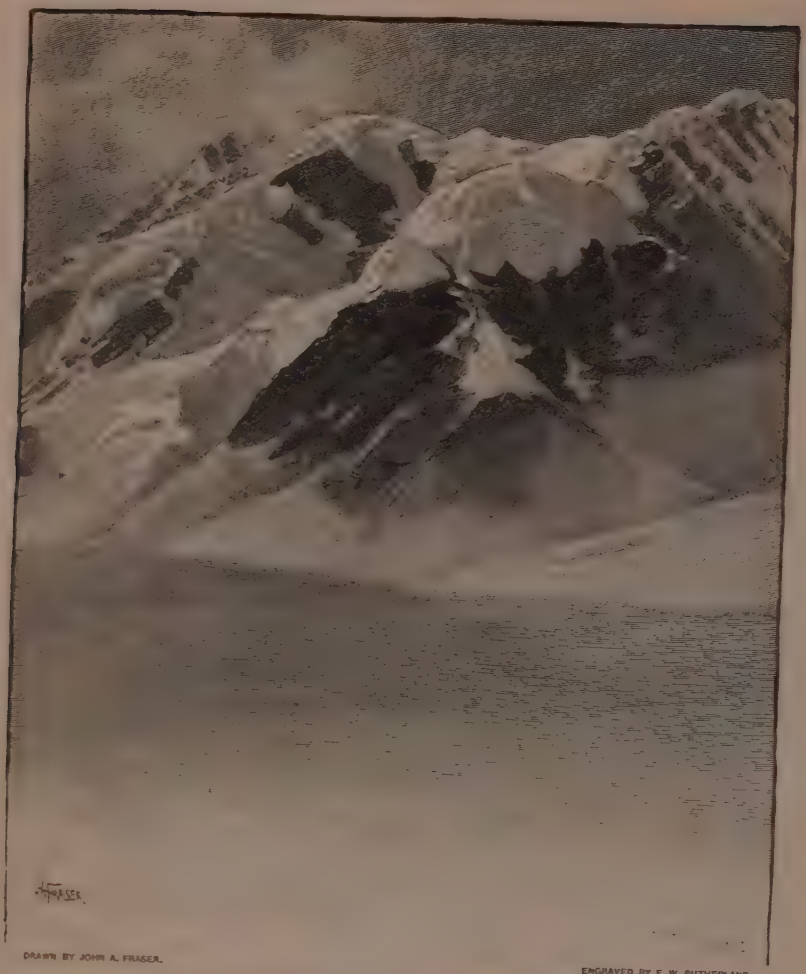
On the morning of July 24, however, all was still. Jack Frost, working stealthily throughout the night, had silenced the music of the rills, and fettered the mighty avalanches with chains of crystal. As we advanced, the soft twilight grew stronger, and just as we reached the base of the icy precipices we were to scale, on looking up, I saw the summit of Mount St. Elias aflame with the first ruddy light of morning,

> An Apennine, touched singly by the sun,
> Dyed rose-red by some earliest shaft of dawn,
> While all the other peaks were dark, and slept.

In front of us rose steep cliffs, the height and ruggedness of which appeared to increase as we approached. Across the slope from side to side ran blue walls of ice, marking the upper sides of crevasses. In several places avalanches had broken away, leaving pinnacles and buttresses of stratified snow, 200 or 300 feet high, ready to topple over in their turn as soon as the sun touched them. Trails of rough, broken snow, below the cliffs, marked the paths avalanches had taken during the day previous. On the right of the slope leading to the divide rose the frowning wall of Mount Newton, and on the left the still greater slope of Mount St. Elias. From each of these we had seen magnificent avalanches descend upon the slope we

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

MOUNT NEWTON FROM THE GLACIER.



DRAWN BY JOHN A. FRASER. ENGRAVED BY F. W. BUTHERLAND.

A SMALL GLACIER ON THE SIDE OF MOUNT NEWTON.

were to climb, and then, turning, rush down into the valley below. The grooved and ice-sheathed paths of these great snow-slides were plainly visible, and were to be avoided if possible. At first the slope was not so steep but that we could climb by digging in the long spikes with which our shoes were provided, and with the constant aid of our alpenstocks; but soon we came to a broad crevasse which we had to follow for several rods before finding a bridge by which to cross. Owing to the steepness of the slope on which the snow rested, the crevasses were really faults, their upper edges rising high above the lower. This made them especially troublesome in ascending. The bridges spanning the chasms were usually poor, and in crossing them we had to exercise the greatest precautions. In some instances, where the slivers of ice crossing a crevasse diagonally seemed too weak to hold the weight of a man, should he try to walk across, we would place two alpenstocks from the lower lip out on the central portion of the bridge, and then one of us would crawl out, and lying flat on the bridge, so as to distribute his weight, advance the alpenstock to the other side and so gain the opposite brink. In one place, where the hanging wall of the crevasse offered no ledge or foothold of any kind, we pushed the sharp end of the alpenstock well into it, and one of us, standing on the poles, cut a step in the cliff, and then, making a hand-hold with another alpenstock, cut steps to the top. Some of the way we climbed in the paths of small avalanches that had left rough snow on the slope and saved us the trouble of cutting steps. But for half the

way probably to the divide we had to cut our trail up slopes that were too steep and too smooth to climb. In this way we slowly advanced, varying our course now toward the base of the cliff leading up to Mount Newton, and again toward the great pyramid forming the summit of Mount St. Elias, according as the ascent was more gentle, or the crevasses less difficult, on one side or the other. In two or three instances our progress seemed barred by impassable crevasses, but a search always revealed a bridge or a place where the openings were narrow, and we were able to advance.

At length we could see that only one crevasse intervened between us and the smooth slope leading to the divide. This crossed diagonally downward from the south side of the slope to near the base of Mount Newton. Beyond where it ended on the right there was an exceedingly steep slope, sheathed with ice, that led to the divide. This seemed the only way we could expect to advance. The upper wall of the crevasse rose about fifty feet above its lower edge, and was hung with icicles. At the east end a curtain of ice, starting from the top of the upper wall, arched over and joined the lower brink, leaving a hollow chamber within hung with thousands of icicles. In spite of my anxiety to press on, I could not but admire the beauty of the glittering mass of fluted columns, arranged like the pipes of a great organ and fully exposed to the morning sun at the top, while their tapering ends were lost in the obscurity of the blue gulf below. Each icicle was frosted on one side with snow-flakes that had been blown against it and frozen to its surface. The play of rainbow tints among these millions of flashing crystals and burnished pendants made a scene of unusual beauty, even in a region whose wonders multiply as one advances. The lower lip of the crevasse had been built up with snow blown from the heights above, and formed a sharp-crested drift, along which we worked our way to the north end of the crevasse. I then fastened the end of a life-line about my waist, while Stamy and McCarty, placing an alpenstock deep in the snow and taking a half-turn with the line around it, slowly paid out the slack as I advanced. Where the dome of ice curved down and met the lower edge of the crevasse, there was a little ledge about six inches broad, and where this ended only the overhanging shoulder formed by the dome remained. Once around the shoulder we would be able to reach the ice-slope leading to the divide. Cutting holes through the ice-dome a little below the height of my shoulder, I thrust my left arm through, and thus had a sure hold while cutting steps for my feet. Progressing in this way, I was soon around the curve, out of sight of my companions, and in a short time gained the foot of the slope leading upward. But I found that the ascent was so steep, and composed of such smooth ice, that it would require several hours of hard work for us to cut a way to the top, and before undertaking such a severe task I concluded to search for a more practicable route. Being no longer engaged in cutting steps, I became aware that I was in a somewhat dangerous position. The dome which I had passed around curved inward just below me, leaving a sheer descent of several hundred feet to the steep slope beneath, which fell away almost perpendicularly into the valley 3000 feet below. Had I fallen, I should have gone to the bottom of the cliffs before stopping, if some yawning crevasse had not received me. I worked my way slowly back to my companions, and we then followed the crevasse in the opposite direction. Near its highest portion there was a narrow space, where the snow blown from above had built up the snow-bank on the lower lip of the crevasse until it touched the top of the cliff of ice formed by the upper wall. The snow had also bridged a deep crevasse that ran at right angles to the main one, thus rendering us double assistance. These bridges were of light snow, and were so thin that we had to exercise great caution in crossing them lest we should break through. McCarty was now in the lead on the line to which we were all fastened, and, slowly making steps up the curtain of snow that descended from the top of the ice-cliff, he made his way upward out of sight of Stamy and myself who waited below. When he had progressed about 100 feet, the length of our line, he planted his alpenstock deep in the snow and shouted for us to come up. With the aid of the line and the steps that had been made, I was soon beside him, and, detaching myself from the line, continued up the slope, leaving the men to coil up the rope and follow.

I was now so near the crest of the divide that only a few yards remained before I should be able to see the country to the north; a vast region which no one had yet beheld. Pressing on, I pictured in fancy the character of the land beyond. Having crossed this same mountain-belt at the head of Lynn Canal, and traversed the country to the north of it, I fancied that I should behold a similar region north of Mount St. Elias. I expected to see a comparatively low, wooded country stretching away to the north, with lakes and rivers and perhaps some signs of human habitation, but I was entirely mistaken. What did meet my eager gaze was a vast snow-covered region, limitless in its expanse, through which hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of barren angular mountain-peaks projected. There was not a stream, not a lake, and not a trace of vegetation of any

DRAWN BY JOHN A. FRASER. ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

LOOKING UP THE NEWTON GLACIER, MOUNT SAINT ELIAS ON THE LEFT.

The * on the upper border of the picture is placed over the highest point on the mountain-side reached by the explorers.—EDITOR.

kind in sight. A more desolate or a more utterly lifeless land one never beheld. Vast, smooth snow-surfaces, without crevasses or breaks, so far as I could judge, stretched away to unknown distances, broken only by jagged and angular mountain-peaks. The general elevation of the snow-surface is about 8000 feet. and the mountains piercing it are from 10,000 to 12,000 feet, or more, in altitude above the sea. To the northward I could see every detail in the forbidding landscape for miles and miles. The most distant peaks in view in that direction were thirty or forty miles away. One flat-topped mountain, due north by compass from my station, and an exception in its form to all the other peaks, I have called Mount Bear, in memory of the good ship which took us to Icy Bay. The other peaks were too numerous to name. To the southeast rose Mount Fairweather, plainly distinguishable although 200 miles away. At an equal distance to the northwest are two prominent mountain-ranges, the highest peaks of which appeared as lofty as Mount Fairweather. These must be in the vicinity of Mount Wrangle, but their summits were unclouded and gave no token of volcanic activity. I could look down upon the coast about Yakutat Bay, and distinguish each familiar island and headland. The dark shade on the shore, too distant to reveal its nature, was due to the dense forests on the lowlands between the mountains and the sea. This was the only indication of vegetation in all the vast landscape that lay spread out beneath my feet. The few rocks near at hand, which projected above the snow, were without the familiar tints of mosses and lichens. Even the ravens, which sometimes haunt the higher mountains, were nowhere to be seen. Utter desolation claimed the entire land. The view to the north called to mind the pictures given by Arctic explorers of the borders of the great Greenland ice-sheet, where rocky islands, known as "nunataks," alone break the monotony of the boundless sea of ice. The region before me was a land of nunataks.

The divide which we had reached was a narrow crest at the north end, but broadened to about fifty yards at the south. Along each side were snow-banks facing each other, and inclosing a V-shaped area some ten feet lower than the bordering crests of snow. We excavated a little chamber near the base of one of the steep snow-banks, in which to place a small lamp that we had brought with us, and melted some snow to obtain drinking-water. Owing to the lightness of the snow it required some time to get

water enough to quench our intolerable thirst. This allowed us an opportunity to rest and eat a light lunch, while we studied the strange scene before us.

The day of our climb was unusually beautiful. Not a cloud obscured the sky. In the lower world it must have been an exceedingly warm summer day. In the rarer atmosphere with which we were surrounded the sun's rays poured down with dazzling splendor and scorching intensity. We wore deeply colored glasses to protect our eyes, but our faces, although tanned and weather-beaten by nearly two months' constant exposure, were blistered by the heat. Those of my readers who have not climbed high mountains will be surprised, perhaps, when I say that while our faces were actually blistering beneath the intensity of the sun's heat, our shoes immersed in the light snow were frozen stiff. At noon the temperature in the shade was 16° Fahr. The snow was light and dry, and showed no indications of softening, even at the surface. The white cliffs about us glittered like hoarfrost in the intense light.

Having finished our lunch, we passed on up the steep ridge leading from the divide to the summit of Mount St. Elias. We slowly cut our way up the slope, having a sheer descent of from 5000 to 6000 feet below us all the time. The breaking away of a foothold, or the loss of an alpenstock, might at any time have precipitated us down those fearful cliffs, where not even the crevasses would have stopped us before reaching the bottom of the amphitheater in which our tent was placed, fully a mile in vertical descent below. We were now above the region of avalanches, but an occasional roar came faintly through the rarified air, telling that large bodies of snow had broken away somewhere on the slopes below. With these exceptions the only sounds that broke the stillness were from the blows of our ice-ax and the beating of our own hearts. There is no stillness more profound than the silence of the mountains. As we slowly climbed up above the divide we could see more of the country to the northeast of Mount Newton, but in other directions the great panorama remained the same, or became less distinct. A change in the atmosphere, which obscured distant objects while it slightly lessened the painful intensity of the sunlight on the cliffs about us, told that an atmospheric disturbance was in progress, and that a storm was gathering. We pressed on, although the work of cutting steps at the altitude we had reached was exceedingly laborious, and gained a second outcrop of rock. At four o'clock we had attained an elevation of somewhat more than 14,500 feet, as determined by measurements made with two aneroid barometers. The great snow-slope continued to tower far above us, and we saw with deep regret that we had not the strength to reach the summit and return to our camp, already 6500 feet below us. Concluding that the only practicable plan would be for us to advance our camp on to the divide between Mount St. Elias and Mount Newton, and from there to attempt to reach the summit, we reluctantly turned back.

The descent began at five o'clock, and we experienced but little difficulty in regaining the divide, but had to be exceedingly careful in crossing the snow-bridge on the ice-slope below. In three places the steps cut during the ascent had been swept away by avalanches. At one locality where the trail went down the face of a steep bluff for about a hundred feet, and then ran diagonally along beneath an overhanging precipice of snow, we found that the cliff had broken away, carrying with it the steps cut on our way up. Below where the cliff had been, the avalanche caused by its fall had cut across a loop in our own trail in two places, but had filled a crevasse that had been troublesome to cross on our way up, and thus proved of some assistance. On reaching the top of the cliff where our steps had been we were at a loss to tell what had become of them, until we noticed the trail of the avalanche below. Had the shadows of evening been a little more dense, our return to camp would have been delayed until the next morning. As it was, however, McCarty scrambled down the slope with a rope fastened about his waist, and cut new steps. As we neared the bottom of the valley the light faded, and we had to find our way as best we could, since it was impossible to see the trail. The slopes were less steep than above, however, and we gained the level floor of the amphitheater without mishap. We reached our tent at ten o'clock, just twenty hours after leaving it. Allowing one hour for the cooking of our breakfast and another for preparing supper, but two hours out of twenty-four remained unaccounted for. The deficiency in the number of hours for sleep was compensated, however, by the fact that it was approaching noon the next day before we awoke.

A heavy cloud gathered about the summit of Mount St. Elias on the afternoon of July 25, and on the following day a snow-storm was in full force and continued until the evening of the next day. At one o'clock in the morning of July 27, I looked out of our tent and found a dense fog filling the valley; but at three o'clock the air was clear, and the absence of cloud banners on the high peaks assured us that the day would be fine. We immediately began preparations for climbing to the divide between Mount Newton and Mount St. Elias. Our plan was to make a cache of rations on the divide, and to advance our camp during the next

favorable day. Owing to the delay at the start, we did not reach the foot of the ice-cliffs leading to the divide until the sun was shining full upon them. We began the ascent, but soon the snow, softened by the sun, began to fall in avalanches, which warned us that it was dangerous to proceed. A great avalanche starting far above us on the side of Mount St. Elias came rushing down the roof-like slope with the speed of an express-train. From the foot of the descending mass, tongue-like protrusions of snow shot out in advance, while all above was one vast rolling cloud of snow-spray. Blue crevasses which seemed wide enough to engulf the falling snow were crossed without making the slightest change in its course. On reaching the upper lip of such a gulf the base of the moving mass would shoot out into the air, and seemingly not curve downward at all until it struck the slope below and rushed on with accelerated speed. The rushing, roaring mass was irresistible. Heavy clouds of spray rolling onward, or blown back by the wind that the avalanche generated, became so dense that all beneath was concealed from view. Only a roar like thunder, and the trembling of the glacier on which we stood, told that many tons of ice and snow were involved in the catastrophe. The rushing monster, starting a mile above, came directly toward us until it poured down upon the border of the slope we were ascending; then, changing its course, it thundered on until it reached the floor of the amphitheater far below. The cloud of spray rolled on down the valley, and hung in the air long after the roar of the avalanche had ceased. When it did drift away we saw the fan-shaped mass of broken snow, in which the avalanche ended, looking like the delta of a stream, extending out half a mile into the valley.

With avalanches threatening us from the precipices on either hand, and from the slope up which we wished to ascend, it seemed foolhardy to persist in the attempt to reach the divide that day; so we left our packs in as sheltered a spot as we could find and beat a retreat. The next morning another snow-storm swept over the mountains, and the weather continued stormy for several days.

While Stamy, McCarty, and I were living in the snow, we had a single tent of light cotton cloth, seven feet square at the bottom and five feet high. Our bedding consisted of two sheets of light canvas, used for protecting our blankets, one double woolen blanket, and one light feather-quilt. Our cooking was done over a small coal-oil stove, and our food consisted almost entirely of corn griddle-cakes, bacon or corned beef, and coffee. To live under these conditions at an altitude of 8000 feet, during snow-storms and dense fogs, and especially when the snow was melting so as to wet our blankets through and through, was very trying. Fearing that if we held on too long we should not have the strength and steadiness of nerve requisite to reach the summit, should the weather permit, I decided, although with great reluctance, to abandon the undertaking and return to Icy Bay. Whether we could advance or not depended on the direction of the wind; should it blow from the north across the broad ice-fields we had seen from the divide, it would bring clear, cold weather, the clouds would vanish from the mountains, and the avalanches be silenced; should it come from the south, it would be warm and moist, the clouds would thicken, and snow-storms and avalanches would render mountain-climbing impossible. The north side of St. Elias is not too steep to climb and offers no insurmountable obstacles, but the climate is very changeable, and clouds and snow-storms are the rule. Reaching the summit depends more upon the chance of getting clear weather at the proper time than on skill in Alpine work.

We began the descent on August 1. The trail leading back had been snowed over and could scarcely be traced; but the fog had lifted, although heavy storm-clouds still enveloped the higher peaks, and we were able to descend without much difficulty. We slowly worked our way through the great crevasses in the fall just below our highest camp, and thence over a comparatively even surface to White Cliff, which we descended with some little difficulty, the steps previously cut having melted away so as to be almost useless. The next day we rejoined the remainder of the party and reached "Sled Camp" on the Agassiz glacier. During our journey down the mountain until reaching the Samovar Hills rain fell almost continuously. At the Samovar Hills we reoccupied our old camp-ground. The flowers were still in bloom, and the air had that delightful fragrance one notices when first venturing into the woods in early spring. The change from the region of eternal snow and ice to an oasis of verdure and of flowers was welcome indeed. From the Samovar Hills we crossed the broad, gently sloping snow-field extending southwest, and made our next camp on a small island in the glacier separated from the northeast end of the Chaix Hills by about two miles of rugged ice. This bright little garden of flowers and ferns we named Moore's Nunatak, in memory of our comrade who was drowned at Icy Bay.

With McCarty and Warner for companions, I again entered the snow-covered region to the north, and made a side trip to the hills intermediate between Mount St. Elias and the Chaix Hills. During this trip, which lasted three days, we had one perfect day of uninterrupted sun-

shine, the beauty of which was enhanced to us by heavy clouds along the mountain-sides, thus furnishing the contrast necessary to bring out the full magnificence of the frozen heights that towered above us. The lakes to the north of the Chaix Hills were still heavily encumbered with ice, and on the hills bare of snow the earliest of spring-flowers were just awakening. It was springtime to us also, after having been in the wintry mountains for several weeks. We enjoyed the warmth of the glad sunshine, the fresh odors that filled the air, and the delicate tints on the flower-covered slopes around us, far more than we did the stern magnificence of the snow-covered precipices of the great mountains. The storms that had recently passed had left the mountains covered with a fresh mantle of brilliant white down to a level of 4000 feet above the sea. The new snow had not yet been torn from the precipices by avalanches, but was clinging to many of the steepest slopes. In the full splendor of a blazing sun the great ranges seemed mountains of light.

Returning to Moore's Nunatak we passed a night, and then rejoined the rest of our party below at our old camp on the south side of the Chaix Hills. A day or two later we crossed the extreme western end of the Malaspina glacier, just at its junction with another vast plateau of ice stretching westward. Where these two ice-fields join there is a depression which marks the subglacial course of the Yahtse River. We encamped near the spot where this strange river emerges in a roaring, rushing torrent of intensely muddy water, and divides into hundreds of branches as it rushes toward the sea. Another short march took us into the dead forest bordering the river on the east, and partially buried by its sediments, and the following day we occupied the site of our first camp at Icy Bay. After reaching Icy Bay we measured a base-line about three miles long on the beach, and from its extremities obtained the angles necessary to determine the height of Mount St. Elias and neighboring peaks. These measurements were repeated many times in order to obtain an accuracy as great as was possible with the method employed. The height of Mount St. Elias, thus obtained, is 18,100 feet, plus or minus a probable error of less than 100 feet. From this elevation and certain observations made at Port Mulgrave by the United States Coast Survey in 1874, the position of Mount St. Elias is computed to be approximately, lat. 60° 17′ 51″, long. 140° 55′ 30″. This result is of considerable interest in connection with the position of the eastern boundary of Alaska.

In the convention between Great Britain and Russia, wherein the boundaries of Alaska are agreed upon, it is stated that the eastern boundary shall begin at the south at Portland Channel, and from there follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude. From that point north, the said degree of longitude shall form the boundary to the frozen ocean. Wherever the mountains parallel to the coast to the east of the 141st meridian are "more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the line of coast which is to belong to Russia, as above mentioned, shall be formed by a line parallel to the windings of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom." The distance of Mount St. Elias from the nearest point on the coast is 33 statute miles. As 10 marine leagues are equal to 34½ statute miles, the mountain-peak is a mile and a half south of the boundary, and therefore in United States territory. It is also 4′ 30″ longitude, or 2½ miles east of the 141st meridian. The mountain is thus practically at the intersection of the boundary of southeastern Alaska with the 141st meridian, and is one of the corner monuments of our national boundary.

Our return from Mount St. Elias was no less interesting than the journey up the mountain, but space has not permitted me to linger over its details. Nor can I give at this time a sketch of our long tramp along the margin of the Malaspina glacier from Icy Bay to Yakutat Bay, or of the exploration of Disenchantment Bay, which was fully as novel and instructive as our life above the snow-line.

Israel C. Russel.

THE FIGHT OF THE "ARMSTRONG" PRIVATEER.

TELL the story to your sons
Of the gallant days of yore
When the brig of seven guns
Fought the fleet of seven score,
From the set of sun till morn, through the long September night—
Ninety men against two thousand, and the ninety won the fight—
In the harbor of Fayal the Azore.

Three lofty British ships came a-sailing to Fayal:
One was a line-of-battle ship, and two were frigates tall;
Nelson's valiant men of war, brave as Britons ever are,
Manned the guns they served so well at Aboukir and Trafalgar.
Lord Dundonald and his fleet at Jamaica far away
Waited eager for their coming, fretted sore at their delay.
There was work for men of mettle ere the shameful peace was made,
And the sword was overbalanced in the sordid scales of trade;
There were rebel knaves to swing, there were prisoners to bring
Home in fetters to old England for the glory of the king!

At the setting of the sun and the ebbing of the tide
Came the great ships one by one, with their portals opened wide,
And their cannon frowning down on the castle and the town
And the privateer that lay close inside;
Came the eighteen-gun *Carnation* and the *Rota*, forty-four,
And the triple-decked *Plantagenet* an admiral's pennon bore;
And the privateer grew smaller as their topmasts towered taller,
And she bent her springs and anchored by the castle on the shore.

Spake the noble Portuguese to the stranger: "Have no fear;
They are neutral waters these, and your ship is sacred here
As if fifty stout armadas stood to shelter you from harm,
For the honor of the Briton will defend you from his arm."
But the privateersmen said: "Well we know the Englishmen,
And their faith is written red in the Dartmoor slaughter-pen.
Come what fortune God may send, we will fight them to the end,
And the mercy of the sharks may spare us then."

"Seize the pirate where she lies!" cried the English admiral:
"If the Portuguese protect her, all the worse for Portugal!"
And four launches at his bidding leaped impatient for the fray,
Speeding shoreward where the *Armstrong* grim and dark and ready lay.
Twice she hailed and gave them warning; but the feeble menace scorning,
On they came in splendid silence, till a cable's-length away—
Then the Yankee pivot spoke; Pico's thousand echoes woke,
And four baffled, beaten launches drifted helpless on the bay.

Then the wrath of Lloyd arose till the lion roared again,
And he called out all his launches and he called five hundred men;

And he gave the word, "No quarter!" and he sent them forth to smite.
Heaven help the foe before him when the Briton comes in might!
Heaven helped the little *Armstrong* in her hour of bitter need;
God Almighty nerved the heart and guided well the arm of Reid.

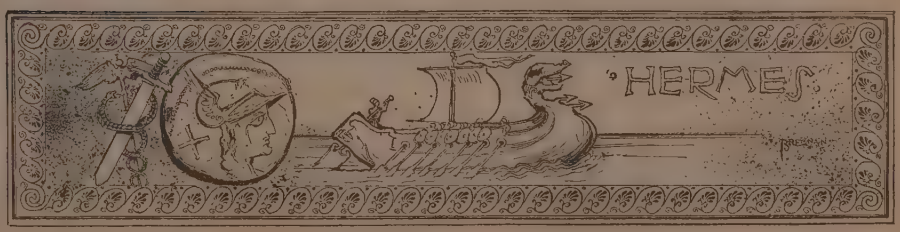
Launches to port and starboard, launches forward and aft,
Fourteen launches together striking the little craft.
They hacked at the boarding-nettings, they swarmed above the rail;
But the Long Tom roared from his pivot and the grape-shot fell like hail:
Pike and pistol and cutlas, and hearts that knew not fear,
Bulwarks of brawn and mettle, guarded the privateer.
And ever where fight was fiercest the form of Reid was seen;
Ever where foes drew nearest, his quick sword fell between.
Once in the deadly strife
The boarders' leader pressed
Forward of all the rest,
Challenging life for life;
But ere their blades had crossed,
A dying sailor tossed
His pistol to Reid, and cried,
"Now riddle the lubber's hide!"
But the privateersman laughed and flung the weapon aside,
And he drove his blade to the hilt, and the foeman gasped and died.
Then the boarders took to their launches laden with hurt and dead,
But little with glory burdened, and out of the battle fled.

Now the tide was at flood again, and the night was almost done,
When the sloop-of-war came up with her odds of two to one,
And she opened fire; but the *Armstrong* answered her gun for gun,
And the gay *Carnation* wilted in half an hour of sun.

Then the *Armstrong*, looking seaward, saw the mighty seventy-four,
With her triple tier of cannon, drawing slowly to the shore.
And the dauntless captain said: "Take our wounded and our dead,
Bear them tenderly to land, for the *Armstrong's* days are o'er;
But no foe shall tread her deck and no flag above it wave—
To the ship that saved our honor we will give a shipman's grave."
So they did as he commanded, and they bore their mates to land,
With the figurehead of Armstrong and the good sword in his hand.
Then they turned the Long Tom downward, and they pierced her oaken side,
And they cheered her, and they blessed her, and they sunk her in the tide.

Tell the story to your sons,
    When the haughty stranger boasts
Of his mighty ships and guns
    And the muster of his hosts,
How the word of God was witnessed in the gallant days of yore
When the twenty fled from one ere the rising of the sun,
    In the harbor of Fayal the Azore!

James Jeffrey Roche.



THE CHOSEN VALLEY.[1]—II.

By Mary Hallock Foote,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

IV.

THE WATER'S GECKING.

DOLLY was shelling peas in the vine-shaded corridor that lined the court. In a hammock close by swung Alan, mechanically conning his lesson, while his eye roved the blue sky-field above the house-walls, like a caged bobolink's.

"You have never said a word, good or bad, about young Norrisson." It was Alan who spoke. "And that 's what I call affectation; it stands to reason you must have thought about him."

"Oh, yes," answered Dolly, prudently; "and I have thought of the way you chose to introduce him. Whatever put it into your head?"

"Well, I knew you 'd buck at the name of Norrisson," Alan retorted, in the country slang which was supposed to be objectionable to his sister; "and so I thought I 'd present him at a safe distance."

"Why should you present him? Do you know him, and did he ask it?"

"He knows the family too well for that. I did it just to see you stare; and he 's off my conscience now."

"And on mine; is that what you mean, dear? I don't know why you should feel guilty. Would papa have us less than civil to a stranger asking his way out of the cañon?"

"My father is noted, then, for his hospitality to strangers of the name of Norrisson?"

"Hospitality is quite another thing to answering a civil question. What passed between you on the bluffs you know best yourself, and whether you 've stretched your commission as your father's son."

"Oh, my father's son! Who cares whose son I am? We 're always in some confounded attitude. It 's the fault of all proud, poky families like ours; we ought to mix up more, and be more like other people."

"You talk of the family as if you had founded it."

"I intend to found the American branch of it: and I shall go easy when my time comes; I shall not tie up to the first thing I take hold of. What 's this place to us more than another, so we get a living out of the country?"

"A living! Do you think that your father could n't get a living, any place but here?"

"He came to get what he calls a living. He came to found an estate in lands for his children, in a country where land is cheap, and men—like himself, for instance—are dear; so he told me himself."

Dolly flushed at the sneer and the flippant tone, while she could not deny absolutely the truth of her brother's words.

"Very likely; the least of his motives is the one he would put into words. Money-making is a thing even you can understand. It is not to every one he would talk of the greater thing he came for; his chosen work, the nearest to the work of the Creator. Think of that valley as it is now, with a great, useless river bolting through it, carrying away the water that should be the wealth of the land; carrying away gold, too, and hiding it in the black sands. And such an unkind land! Not a tree for miles, nor a little stream for the poor cattle to stop at, but they must travel till they reach the river: and then to think what it would be in twenty years with the water upon it! If it 's glorious to discover new lands, is it less so to make them, out of old waste places that part one State from another, and add nothing but miles of distance? And all that it means to you is a 'living'!"

"You need n't sling your blank verse at me. I know what ditches can do; but where are they? Where is this great canal we have been a dog's age building?"

"And what if it were a man's age? Ten acres of land can support one man, so they say; suppose it should take a man his lifetime to turn one hundred acres of desert into homes for ten poor men. And here is a great province given over to drought, and your father has spent fifteen years on the borders of it, telling the rich men how good it is, and how the people need it—"

"Not he!" Alan struck in. "He tells them about the dividends."

"How they want it, then. I 'm not claiming it 's a charity; but it 's turning time and money and knowledge and prophecy to as good use as they can be put."

"It 's all very fine, large talk, but we get

[1] Copyright, 1892, by Mary Hallock Foote.

'no for'ader.' 'Poor and poorer we maun be'; and the canal is no nearer than it was ten years ago. Dreams, let me tell you, are not filling at the price."

"Yes; you are always keen for the price. You had better go down to the town and get behind a counter, and then you 'll handle the price of everything, as soon as you part with it, your time in the bargain."

"There are plenty of our name who have stood behind counters, before me."

"I 'm not denying it. There is a canny chiel in every family; and there is one that sticks in the lone minorities, and fights for his dream though it may not fill his stomach. That is our father, bless him! And I love him because he is a mighty dreamer, and a prophet, and a man of faith in more than his pickle money's worth!"

"Dolly, his dream will destroy him. Don't you know that we are beaten? We have been beaten these ten years. Everybody knows it but ourselves. This location is ours only because no one is ready to take it from us."

"You may say that no one is ready! It 's not so easy to do a thing as to hinder other people. As for being beaten, I 'll believe it when I hear it from papa. Alan, lad, what hurts me is: here Mr. Price Norrisson has got his son home from Europe to help him in his schemes, so Margaret says; and where is our father's son? Casting eyes on the winning side, and crying that we are beaten!"

"My father's son is here, thank you, staked out in the sage-brush," Alan retorted sulkily; "and I 'd like to know how much help Philip Norrisson could give his father, now, if he 'd had my chances and no more."

"Bless me! the chances you talk of cost money, and I never yet heard of a son that called himself injured because his father was not so rich as some others. If our father cannot afford to buy us our teaching he can give it us, and more than we seem likely to 'get away with,' as you say. By the time you are where papa cannot help you, Alan, lad, I think there 'll be money enough to send you to school."

"Well, I wish you would n't 'Alan, lad' me. It 's well enough for Margaret, who has nothing but the Scotch; but ladies—"

"Yes; Margaret would smile to hear you talk of ladies—that nursed you on her knees and taught you to spell the word. It was when you got beyond Margaret's teaching that you went to learn English of the cowboys, I dare say."

The morning sun was creeping up the wall of the south corridor; it chased Alan out of the hammock to the step by Dolly's side.

Having come to a knotty place in his Ovid, he was not above asking help of his sister. Dolly brushed back the locks of cobweb fineness that clung to her warm forehead, using the back of her hand, her fingers being damp and ruddy with pinching the dewy pea-pods. She leaned over the book without touching it; then changed her mind, and drew back.

"Are we beaten?" she asked defiantly. "Do you say it of your own knowledge?"

"How should I know? I know how the talk goes."

"Oh, the talk! The talk is nothing; 'kintra clatter.'"

Dunsmuir had sunk in his scheme all that he had put into it, save his children and two faithful friends; plain, poor people, staple products of the older countries, proved by every form of discipline known to the new. Job Dutton was a transplanted New Englander from the Western Reserve, the last foreman left on the work from the siftings of years. Margaret, his wife, had come to the cañon as nursemaid to Mrs. Dunsmuir's children. After the lady's death there had been unfortunate insinuations, conveyed in emotional letters—those unconscious vessels of wrath—from her people in Scotland to Dunsmuir, sore with his grief. These he understood to intimate that his wife had been sacrificed to his scheme. Later the family undertook to show him his duty to his children. Dunsmuir declined the interference, and refused to send his babies home; and so the cañon kept them, and Margaret with them. The cañon was responsible for Margaret's marriage, and Job's further entanglement thereby with Dunsmuir's fortunes: for Margaret would not leave the children; the question was never raised between husband and wife, and every year they gave to the cañon life made it harder to break away.

Dunsmuir alone of the household knew its full indebtedness to the cabin; and he fearlessly accepted the obligation as one who is generous himself and confident of his ability to straighten the account. Nor is it likely he could escape from the inbred conviction that it must be a privilege for persons of Margaret's class to be connected in service with persons of his own, with or without remuneration. It is a sentiment that dies hard in the blood of those accustomed to be served, which many pleasing illusions and traditions help to keep alive, even in new countries, where it is imported under conditions often curiously the reverse of feudal.

As the master's income was eaten up by the scheme, sacrifices had to be made, and as a matter of course it was the women who made them, and thought little of it. Since Dolly had gained her growth she had been dressed in the simplest of her mother's gowns, made over to fit her transatlantic slenderness; the grand ones were locked away, up-stairs, in sweet-scented towels, and layers and stuffings of tissue-paper,

in the brass-bound trunks with foreign labels, for Dolly's use should she ever come to the full responsibilities of a young lady's toilet. It was a great satisfaction to Margaret to feel that these were had in reserve. She herself wore sacks and skirts and aprons, chiefly, and thanked the Lord that summer was long in that land, and hoarded her stuff gowns, and was never known to have a new bonnet, and washed the table-linen tenderly, and was jealous of the winds that flapped and twisted it on the lines. But Dunsmuir had his wine and his black coffee at dinner, and his loaf-sugar and lemons, with something stronger at bedtime,—which time with him was anywhere between midnight and two in the morning; those bright, electric nights of summer were ill for sleeping,—and his pipe was seldom cold, and was fragrant, always, of the best "mixture." He knew not how to economize in small details, and was not young enough to learn; but in a total deficit he could have gone without and never would have complained. He owned his weakness when Margaret sternly returned to his wardrobe garments which he had prodigally bestowed upon Job; he put them on again and wore them in a spirit of manly acquiescence in matters beyond his knowledge, not to say control. Margaret counted the silk handkerchiefs that were spared him as if they had been bank-notes, and his shirts and socks lasted in a way that was miraculous to Dunsmuir, who never looked to trace their history through a pathetic extension of darns. Had it not been for the hard wear on his clothes Margaret would sooner have seen him "howkin' stane" on the hillside with the men, than wearing out his heart over such toys as he mostly filled his time withal.

Hearts outlast the coats that cover them, and Dunsmuir's heart was yet strong in hope. But the sickening inertia of his life, the long tale of disappointment, was beginning to tell upon him. His temper was giving; he was weary of marking time; the dry summers bred in him a low fever that wasted his flesh, and quickened his pulse, and kept him thrashing about in his bed at night; and the river's mounting cry, borne past his window on the gulch wind, woke the echoes of all the sorrows he had ever known.

To-night, as usual, Dolly prepared her father's tray for his bedtime refreshment. Its place was on the corner-table by the cupboard in his study. Margaret never broke anything, and the same cut-glass tumbler Dunsmuir had mixed his toddy in, the first summer in the cañon, was still the one he used. Then she looked into the cupboard to see if the Wedgwood biscuit-jar needed replenishing; screwed down the lamp a trifle, secured the flapping bamboo shades against gusts and night insects, and went out to seek her father to bid him good-night.

A soft but mighty wind was blowing under the bright stars that sparkled in the dark, cloudless heavens as if a snapping frost cleared the air. A November night to look at—the blanched crispness on the blasted grass, the sharp dartle of the stars—but the gale blew out of the warm southwest. Dolly took it full on her bare throat and welcomed it, and lifted her arms to feel it stroke them where her thin sleeves slipped back. Behind her a great, co-radiant light spread upward from the bluffs, announcing the majesty of the moon. All the way she went, along the pallid drifts of sand, to find her father. He might, and generally did, accept her good-night kiss mechanically, but he would miss it, she knew, should it fail to come. She found him in a little cove, where the shrunken brook came down over the stones with a monotonous, vapid murmur. He lay in a trough of the sand, listening to the mingled tale of waters, "like a sick man counting his own pulse," thought Dolly; and as she looked she felt a very mother to him.

"Good night, papa dear," she chanted, while yet she was a little way off; she knew he never liked to be surprised in his silent fits. Instead of answering, he sat up, opened one wing of his sand-cloak, and signed to her to sit beside him.

"What is Alan's business down the trail this time of night?" he asked her.

"He went with the newspapers for the men. I forgot to give them to Margaret."

"Is there any need of his staying so?"

"Oh, they just delight to have him; and it 's Saturday night."

"He 's keeping them out of their beds. But how should he know, that never did a day's work in his life, when bedtime comes to a man who 's been up since five?"

"It 's not quite altogether Alan's fault, is it, papa, that he has not enough to do?" Dolly offered.

Dunsmuir kicked the plaid from his feet.

"Not enough to do? Where are his books? He has enough to do there, I think. But no; the book of the range is Alan's study, with a cowboy for his tutor. He 'd sooner be able to pick up his hat from the ground at a gallop, than take a stool in the first engineering house in London."

"I did not know there was any such place waiting for him," said Dolly, with deep simplicity.

"And if there was he is not fit for it. Let him first do well, or fairly well, at home. Where 's the responsibility he has been tried with that he has n't refused, from fetching the wood for my office-fire, which he never did faithfully for one week at a time! No, I will not take shame to

myself; child or parent, each must 'dree his ain weird.' The cañon has not hurt my girl."

Dunsmuir drew his daughter to him with an absent-minded caress. His loquacity sat strangely on him, for as a rule he was a silent man in his thoughts. She shrank from being a party to this discussion of her brother's faults, and after a little she ventured to change the subject.

"What does Margaret mean when she talks of your saving their homestead? How saved it?"

"I never saved their land. Good faith! It 's little they 've ever saved through me."

"Well, you did something. It was something about taxes, by Margaret's way of it."

"Taxes, to be sure. Why, Job missed his reckoning, somehow, and the taxes went by default. They 've a curious, inconsequent way, here, of collecting them. The claim was advertised in process of law, but Job did not see the newspaper. I happened by as the land was being cried at the court-house steps, and paid the tax, as any man would. They could have redeemed it afterward, had they been posted on the law; and I should have seen to that. Margaret's gratitude is the simplest thing about her."

"It would seem she likes to think you saved it; she has it over and over. Latterly she is always harping."

"And do you know why? To spare your pride, should you come to know they are trusting me for the best part of their wages, since two years. I have paid them as I could, a little from time to time to keep the pot boiling, and they have scraped a little off their ranch, one way and another. But there 's where it is; Margaret will not have us beholden, so she makes out there 's a debt on their side to offset what we owe them.

"It need not hurt you to know it now," Dunsmuir added gently, seeing that Dolly was more troubled even than she was touched by the ingenuity of Margaret's devotion. "These sore matters will soon be straightened. We 'll all get our pay before long. It 's a pity, though, since you speak of land, that Job took up his desert section four years ago this summer, when, as I thought, the scheme was ripe. The land is forfeit now; nobody has touched it, but it will be covered with filings as soon as word gets out the canal is to go through. It was by my advice he used his right. It is a fortune lost. And I dare say they never speak of it, even to each other. They 're honest, worthy folk. I 'd like to see them get the worth of their waiting. But what comes to one comes to all."

Dolly listened, but without the expected enthusiasm. She had heard such prophecies before. About every third year, as far back as her young remembrance went, the scheme had culminated, and always at this season, which was also the anniversary of the family's greatest sorrow. Dunsmuir's hopes had risen with the floods and waned as the river sank in its bed. The strain of these summers had been followed by dumb, dogged winters spent between the study and the "quarter-deck," as the children called the long, windy portico facing the river, where their father walked out his moods alone. Every day he would tramp down to the cabin to "count the force," as he said; "the force" consisting of Job and three men more. By spring he would come out of himself, white and worn; sort his garden-seeds, trim his rosebushes, and drive a little harder with the lessons, a sign by which the children knew when there was an inward rising to be quelled. Debarred of his own work the man loved to see things move where he had power to make them. It was fortunate for Dolly that Alan balked at his lessons; she would have gone far beyond her strength to please her father; but she hung back not to exhibit too great a distance between Alan and herself. When it was dead low water with Dunsmuir's hopes there was never a word said about the scheme, and Margaret was as tender to him as to a sick man under the doctor's sentence.

"At last!" he breathed, with the sigh of one who feels the screws relax. He turned his face toward the notch in the cañon wall, where the light of the west looked in:

"Yes; hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed."

"I dread to hear you speak it," pleaded Dolly. "If the door is open at last, let us creep through softly, and not boast we are free. I am afraid—"

Her father turned to look at her. "Ah!" she cried, "listen to that!"

The climbing waters broke with a crash on the bar; the current, racing down, hurled them bodily through the sounding strait. Out of the darkness and clamor came a small, cold, mocking laugh, distinctly syllabled, but repeated on one note devoid of human expression. It was like a cold touch laid upon the spine.

"Come, come, you hear the water clapping in the breach. You 'll hear it any night when the river is up, and the wind carries this way. Do you think it is the kelpie? We are after none of her secrets."

"But I hate it. Whatever it is, I wish it would hush."

"We will cry it hush, come high water another year. When the rife river heads into a lake, and leans its breast against the scarp of

the dam, you will hear no more of the water's gecking. The kelpie 'll be closed out, and so will the wearifu' crew of cacklers that cry 'Crank!' and 'Dreamer!' when a man is doing his best, and mostly failing at it. There, we will not speak of it. The worst of a long, slow fight is the bitterness it breeds."

His thoughts must have crowded hard upon him, for he checked himself, like one who feels that he has spoken overmuch. He took his daughter's hand and passed it gently over his face; from the steep forehead over the bony brow and sunken eyelid, down the cheek and over his mouth, breathing its softness as one inhales the cool virtue of a rose.

Tears gathered in Dolly's eyes. She made no secret of wiping them away. She loosened the beads that clung to her warm neck and choked her.

"Why do you cry, Dolly? I should be glad to see you take good news more simply. It comes late for some of us, but not for you and Alan. Can you not believe it?"

"I believe it, father, but I do not see it nor feel it yet."

"That is quite natural. Well, shall we go up now? See, the moon has swung out like a great ship from port; her course lies clear before her. God knows I am thankful this work is to be finished. I have been cruelly hampered in it."

"I knew it was for the work," said Dolly, proudly. "Some have said it was for a great fortune you have stayed here so long."

"Eh, you think your father should be above such toys as fortune-seeking? Well, there you are grandly mistaken. I am no philanthropist, and I am a man that needs money. But what matters a reason here or there?—romance it as you will. The man himself is his own best reason for what he does; and when the thing succeeds, all can see why he was bent on doing it."

"And if it fail?"

"There is no such word, my dear. Good work can wait; it never fails."

Dolly sighed tremulously. "I wish you *would* tell me why you have waited all these years. It could not have been just for money."

"Why have I waited?" he mused, with head erect and dreamy eye. "He that sees us as we are, our prideful mistakes and pitiful victories, kens why, and at what cost."

"May I ask you just this?" the girl persisted; "would you have kept on just the same had you known—"

"Ask me nothing! I gave up thinking years ago. I put my hand to the plow; the share cut deep, the furrow was long, and we are nearing the end of it. May God prosper the harvest!"

He took her by the shoulders, and shook her, and kissed her hard. Dolly laughed, with the tears in her eyes. They went up the hill together, she with her arm under her father's, trying to keep step with his long, unheeding stride. On the crest the wind caught them. Dunsmuir opened his plaid and folded Dolly in it; the rowdy blast strained it tight. At the study door he took her by the pinioned arms and lifted her over the sill, setting her down again with a mighty hug. He was gay as a boy. Dolly trembled for him, he seemed so exaltedly, perilously secure.

"Well, what is it?" he asked presently, seeing that she hung about his room, looking as if she had something still on her mind. "As well out with it now as any time."

"Would you mind showing me the letter? I 'd like so much to see the very words."

Dunsmuir smiled in the negative. "I have no right to show you a letter which relates to other people's business," he said. "And you would not understand the half of it. One thing I may tell you; there will be no expert examination of the scheme. They have looked up my record, and are satisfied that I am competent to pronounce on it, and that nothing will be misrepresented."

"You will like to work for those people!" said Dolly, beaming. "And has no one ever come to look at the scheme?"

"Several people; before you could remember, perhaps."

"Why was it nothing came of those visits?"

"O ye of little faith! Generally speaking, a sinister little cloud has appeared, no bigger than a man's hand, the hand of Price Norrisson—may the Lord find better work for him than meddling with me! I have said I would never forgive him till he stood out of my sunlight. But these are not matters for you to take to bed with you. Remember, there comes a time when the best word is the word to hold by."

Betwixt happiness and doubt Dolly lay awake long, and heard Alan's feet, about eleven o'clock, pounding on the sod past her bedroom window. At the same moment, from over the gulch, came Modoc's short, excited neigh—his call to Alan when his blood was up. It was not likely that Alan had been all this while at the cabin, thought Dolly; the conviction startled her that he had been racing over the hills on Modoc, reckless of his father's express conditions. Alan tried one and another of the rear doors; all were closed for the night. He then went around the house, quietly, to the front door; Dolly heard her father's voice in sharp tones of challenge and inquiry, followed by Alan's low, sullen replies.

She sat up in bed and rocked herself to and fro, in misery for them both.

V.

A CONFLICT OF SCHOOLS.

A TELEGRAM from Mr. Norrisson, awaiting Philip on his return from the cañon, announced the manager's return by train that night, bringing guests for whom rooms were to be prepared. The prompt wording of the despatch was like the click of a latch-key preceding his father's stamp in the hall. In his sleep that night he felt the hot breath of the cañon wind again upon his sunburned face. He sighed and tossed, and presently he was forcing his horse up those tottering rock-slides, slipping and falling, with a din of waters in his ears. Again it was along the brink of the bluffs he picked his way, and woke with a strong start as the footing dropped off and left him facing an abyss, the booming of the river confusing his senses. Later in the night he labored through a conversation with Alan that he felt to be critical, yet in which he was singularly helpless to say the right word. He attempted a comparative analysis of the genius of their respective fathers; he gave Alan good advice, and promised to assist him in his studies; to all of which Dolly seemed to listen, with sweet eyes of approval lingering upon him.

Great was Philip's relief, on waking, to find that none of these utterances were actually on record against him; yet he was loath to part with those tender dream-glances which the unconscious Dolly had given him, in the lawless travesty of sleep.

The air had changed to the chill of early morning. Carriages were rolling through the streets; one stopped, and Philip heard hushed sounds of an arrival in some distant part of the house. It was after this that he fell into his first deep slumber, which held him long past the breakfast hour. He was introduced to his father's guests only as the carriage drove up to take the party, including Mr. Norrisson, away; where, or for how long, Philip was not informed.

"Does my father give a dinner to-night?" he asked, chancing toward evening to pass through the dining-room, where Wong, in full starched panoply, was laying the table for six.

"Little dinner. Not muchee people. Two lady."

"What time dinner?"

"Same time. Ha' pa' six."

"You will take in Miss Summercamp," Mr. Norrisson posted Philip, in the library, where they met before dinner. "She is a very pretty girl, though, I suspect, a trifle spoiled. The Summercamps have had hard luck with their children — this is the last one of five, and it 's a pity, for there is plenty of money."

"Have I heard you speak of the Summercamps before?"

"Possibly not. The ladies came in with us last night; they are stopping at the Transcontinental. Summercamp wants to go in on the new scheme, and his wife and daughter will take up a desert section apiece."

"Under Dunsmuir's ditch?" Philip inquired, surprised at the progress affairs were making.

"Under *our* ditch. We shall have the contractors here next week, or week after, to look over the work. The estimates must be ready for them. I must have a talk with you about that."

"And how have you managed with Dunsmuir?"

"Have n't approached him yet, directly. Our man in London has seen the people Dunsmuir has been working with. He had got things in very good shape; but our man put them on to the situation here, and they have concluded they don't want to buy a fight. It is the game we have worked before; but Dunsmuir has never before been so near the close of a bargain. It will cinch him, I expect. These men are his own crowd. He will never get a better hearing, and he knows it. When he 's had time to think over their alternative, we will step in with an offer which he 'll be forced to take. He has banked on this scheme about as long as he can. There 's nothing left but the personal pull on men that he has n't paid; and, if I 'm not mistaken, Dunsmuir 's too proud a man to try to make that go."

Messrs. Leete and Maynard entered the room, and Philip heard no more at the time of his father's strategy.

The ladies were unfeignedly late. They had spent half an hour, they said, beating the dust from their traveling-dresses, to make themselves tolerably fit for a dinner-table. Both, in a breath, began praising the house — "Such a lovely house to be wasted on a couple of men!"

"Planned and built and furnished by men, Mrs. Summercamp," Mr. Norrisson retorted.

"Ah, but when you plan and build and furnish for yourselves, do you do it like this? You need not tell me there is no Mrs. Norrisson!"

Mrs. Summercamp approached her host on his domestic side with the fearlessness of a woman happy in her own relations.

"I hear there is a very charming Mrs. Norrisson," Mr. Maynard interposed, with flattering emphasis.

"There is," said that lady's husband, imperturbably; "but she looks upon this house as a sort of caravansary for the convenience of first-class tourists, like yourselves. It 's rather too far inland to suit her."

"But she comes sometimes?"

"Well — she is waiting till we get rid of the smoke of the sage-brush bonfires."

"Why, I don't think it is at all noticeable,"

said Mrs. Summercamp, amiably surprised at this novel objection to the country. "Is it considered unhealthy?" There was a general laugh, and Mr. Norrisson admitted that he had been somewhat figurative in his reference to the virgin crop of the desert.

The dinner went forward as the dinners of a man of experience do. It was a trifle too elaborate, perhaps, but it suited the house and the host, and the ladies frankly enjoyed the display in their honor. The men discussed locations for water-power on the line of the new canal, probable town-sites and railroad-stations, and joked the ladies about their artless behavior in the land office, when asked to declare their intentions as desert settlers. The four travelers appeared to be old friends and to know one another's plans. There were frequent references to Mr. Summercamp as "papa," in a style of easy comradeship, and Miss Summercamp openly guyed her mother with fond impertinence, as if they were girls of one age. She was a pretty little coquette, with large eyes, deceptively solemn. She looked scarcely more than sixteen, whereas in the land office she had calmly sworn to twenty-five.

"I hope we shall have a nice day to-morrow for our picnic," she remarked to Philip.

He inquired, with polite interest, where the picnic was to be.

"Now, Mr. Norrisson," exclaimed Miss Summercamp, turning from Philip to his father, "what sort of an arrangement is this you have been putting up on us? Here is your son perfectly unconscious there 's to be a picnic, still less that he 's expected to take care of us, and show us the way!"

"My dear young lady, my son was not on hand this morning in time to go with us to look at the lands; and so he was n't aware there were any charming desert settlers in the party, and could n't offer his own services; so I did what I hold to be a father's duty — put in his bid for him. Was n't that right? I 'll own it was bad of me to forget to tell him this evening before you arrived; but in the matter of the invitation my conscience is clear. Consider how seldom such chances occur! Is a poor young fellow to be knocked out because he happens to oversleep himself? Not while he has a father to look out for him."

"Well, I consider the whole business canceled from this moment," cried Miss Summercamp. "I don't accept invitations by proxy."

"As a trifling matter of fact, Estelle, it was your mother who accepted," suggested quiet Mr. Leete.

"Well, mama may go if she chooses, but she will have to leave her daughter behind. Mr. Norrisson has trifled with my vanity in a way that can't be overlooked."

Philip submitted, with all due gratitude to his father, that his own vanity was in a more trampled condition than even Miss Summercamp's; and proposed the picnic should start afresh, with invitations at first hand.

"Now you 're talkin'," said the young lady, lightly, dropping into slang; "but remember, the place must be the same. I don't know that anybody has mentioned that we are going to a place in a cañon called Dunsmuir's Location."

Nobody had, and Philip, taken by surprise, could not at once conceal his consternation; the cañon being the last place where he would have chosen to exhibit himself as Miss Summercamp's vassal, even of a summer's day. The idea struck him as a sort of comical profanation. "Behold the victim writhe," said she. "He can't hide his sufferings now the thing begins to look as if there was no getting out of it."

Neither could the young lady altogether hide the note of vexation in her voice. Her mother looked uncomfortable; and Mr. Norrisson tactfully turned to her with some commonplace about the next day's arrangements, taking it for granted that all was going forward as before.

Miss Summercamp quickly recovered herself, and graciously accepted Philip's offer to go with the party in the impersonal character of driver, since she would put no faith in his professions as a cavalier. The ladies took an early leave, escorted by their friends, who had telegrams to send out that night. The father and son were alone in the library, smoking their bedtime cigars.

"You must be tired," said Philip, observing the change in his father's features, from which the society smile had vanished, as a frugal host puts out the extra lights when the hall door closes upon company.

Mr. Norrisson passed over the remark with the abrupt question: "You were up the river yesterday, I hear, to look at the location?"

"I saw it, from a distance."

"It shows what it is — a natural dam-site, rock bottom and all."

"Is it known whether the rock bottom is continuous?" asked Philip. "There is one spot, in the middle, where the water boils up in a curious way. How does it look when the river is low?"

"The river is never so low over that spot, nor so quiet, that you can see what the channel bed is made of. Dunsmuir was never satisfied on that point. There was another — the capacity of the waste-weir. In every other particular his design for the head-works was complete. I have copies of his plans and drawings for the works. I wish you would look them over now, pretty soon, and, if you like his design, carry it out; and I 'll give you help about

working up the specifications. Or, if you can improve on it, why, of course, we want the latest advices. Engineering must have advanced some since Dunsmuir laid out his scheme."

"Do you mean, sir," asked Philip, in sheer amazement, "that you expect me to take charge of the building of the head-works in the cañon?"

"Certainly. What did you suppose I brought you over here for? To carry a chain?"

"But that is work for an engineer-in-chief of the first class; and I should not rank, on the government corps, above the grade of *ingénieur ordinaire!*"

"You are not working for the French government; you are working for me. You will have my advice in practice, and my knowledge of organization to help you, and I shall give you as good a consulting engineer as the country affords. I must have an engineer who will push things as I want him to — no buts, and ifs, and cheeky conditions. The conditions of this scheme nobody is going to dictate but myself. They are matters of finance first, and engineering afterward."

Philip was aware from a certain violence of manner that his father was arguing on a sore point, one on which he had learned to expect opposition. He got up from the table, where he felt cramped under observation, and went over to the fireplace. It was decorated with a mass of yellow and white azaleas in a blue Leeds pot, within the tiled jambs; the whole darkly reflected in the black marble hearth-slab. Philip stooped and picked up a petal that had fallen, rolling it in his cold fingers as he talked.

"I should have supposed that Dunsmuir would build the head-works. No one could carry out his plans so well as himself; and by this time he must have the facts he needed: he must have tabulated the river's rise and fall for every season he has watched it, and sounded every inch of the bottom. Those two points you speak of are the vital points in construction, I need not remind you. If time is an object, Dunsmuir has had plenty of it. No one, not the best man in the profession, could come in here and decide those two points off-hand."

"We need not discuss Dunsmuir's place on the work, my son. He is not going on it at all in a position of authority. That shall be my first condition when we come to terms on the compromise. I can't work with Dunsmuir. I could n't when he was fifteen years younger and suppler than he is now. If you are in charge I expect you will defer on practical questions to the manager, and on technical ones the manager will defer to you; but the practical questions shall come first."

"I should call the size of the waste-weir, in a country without records of rainfall, a practical question of the first magnitude in the building of a dam."

"There *are* records — just as good as public records; only Dunsmuir would never take any man's word for a fact unless he knew him to be a trained specialist in that particular line of observation. I can find plenty of old miners and log-drivers up and down this river who can give you the average flood-discharge of the Wallula for the last twenty-five years just as close as you could come to it with your scientific apparatus. Talk of training! Have n't they got eyes and ears — those fellows, trained like the beavers and the muskrats? Don't they stay on top of the earth by using the faculties nature gave them? When *they* make a mistake the penalty is death."

"Still, as a matter of experience," said Philip, pleased but not moved by his father's rhetoric, "testimony of that sort has not always been found trustworthy."

"Always, no; no testimony is always trustworthy."

"I find here among your blue-books a case in point, the chief engineer's report on the breaking of the Kali Nadi aqueduct — a most pathetic, manly document. He had no data on which to base his calculations but hearsay and the look of things; the records had been destroyed in the last Indian mutiny. And he made a mistake which cost the Government an unmentionable sum of money, and to a man of his reputation must have been worse than death."

"My dear boy, the Kali Nadi aqueduct be hanged! If we listened to all those tales of heroic failures, and counted the cost of them as so much likely to come out of our own pockets, there would n't be any need of ditches. The men who settled up this country did n't wait to hear about the failures; they went ahead, somehow, and did what they had to do. Our conditions here are no more mysterious than in hundreds of places in the West where big works have gone through — without records, without time to hunt up even such testimony as you despise — simply because they had to. The people could n't wait for a sure thing. Some of them were failures, but more of 'em have stood. I am not taking any serious chances on this scheme, mind you, though I have taken my share of chances, and maybe I 've had more than my share of luck. I know what I 'm offering you, and I am sorry you have n't the nerve to make the venture. I suppose it 's the aim of your schools to lower a man's conceit of himself, but the modest lay-out can be overdone. I am not asking you, now, how little you know about engineering."

Philip looked down and trifled with the loop of his watch-guard. "Every one must work in

his own way," he said. "I am not prepared, myself, to take the plunge in the dark which seems to be called for here. Modesty is perhaps too charitable a name for it."

"Is it partly some scruple about Dunsmuir?" Mr. Norrisson asked. Philip did not reply.

"You are too fine-spun," said his father, observing him; "but I don't blame you. The school is everything."

"I am sorry you don't like my school."

"I do like it. It is a school I could never afford to work in myself, but if my son can, why, so much has been done for the improvement of the race."

"I hope you will believe how it pains me to disappoint you, sir. I hoped to show myself equal to whatever work you intended me for; but I had n't an idea so much would be expected."

"You are wrong, Philip — thinking I expect so much; I don't place this responsibility upon you alone. Don't you understand I intend to back you, straight through, with my experience? It looks to me more like distrust of your father than of yourself, this bashfulness of yours."

It was a difficult position for Philip; but he thought it altogether due his father that he should be answered with plainness equal to his own.

"Frankly," he said, "I should prefer to make my maiden venture under a professional engineer; but a chief's place I could not take under any man. I had rather work up to it, and hold it alone. Between Dunsmuir's design and my father's experience I should be a poor figure of a chief."

"I concluded there was pride, as well as modesty, at the bottom of it. The young Westerner is a more conservative man than his father, more careful of himself in every way. He can afford to pick his steps and take his time; but, by the Lord, he owes it to his father that he can."

Philip responded with such heartiness as the conversation had left him master of. He was a prouder man than his father, although his training had made him less self-confident. It was bitter to be judged by standards for which he had not been taught the highest respect; and the fact that his father was such a power in practical affairs, had done so much where he had done nothing, made his refusal to coöperate with him seem an exhibition of stupid, irrational, boyish conceit. They shook hands for the night earnestly, dissembling the slight chill of estrangement which both felt. Each had begun to analyze the other, comforting himself for the sense of mutual unlikeness, on the old theory of types inseparable from the generation which has produced them.

"My father is a man of resources, of practical foresight, of courage in combination; in a word, a born promoter," Philip asserted, in answer to the sad whisper which said, "You can never trust him as a counselor, nor yield him unquestioning obedience as a chief."

Mr. Norrisson put away from him, as he had done many another bitterness, the discovery that his son was a man of the Dunsmuir type, a stubborn, fastidious "obstructionist," a stickler for impossible ideals. But he never allowed himself to dwell upon a disappointment; it tended to weaken that nerve upon which he depended, as a professional man depends upon conviction, and the soundness of his method.

VI.

CAPITALISTS IN THE CAÑON.

THE effect of the cañon upon Miss Summercamp was to rouse in her a vivid and very practical curiosity as to the resident family; a phase of liveliness which her mother was too indolent or too indulgent to attempt to check, although it might have been seen to annoy their young host in his unsought part of showman. Miss Summercamp had caught sight of Alan picturesquely engaged in fishing from the rocks, a boyish pretense for the sake of seeing and being seen of a very striking young lady visitor, strolling with her friends on the sands below. As the group drew near, he recognized Philip, and snatched off his cap in greeting; but Philip managed to get his party headed another way. Miss Summercamp perceived that he was bent on frustrating her whenever she manœuvered for a nearer view of the inmates of that queer, low house on the hill, the "asylum," she named it, "for victims of a scheme." Partly for teasing, and more because she resented his indifference to her pleasure, she set herself to gain her end in spite of him. She had heard, she said, that the Dunsmuirs were all cranks. The young man in the pink shirt did not look a crank; he was merely a beauty. Why could n't they ask him to show them that much-talked-of spot called "Dunsmuir's Location"? It was pointed out straight beyond her, but she could see nothing but two low, black buttes seated on opposite shores of the river. Still, it was interesting to know that a dam was "going in" there, and that water for her desert claim would eventually flow through the big cut, where they had lunched after the manner of picnickers, though without the festal paper-bag or beer-bottle left behind in token of their visit. Philip had been respectful to the place, nor did he vauntingly prophesy concerning the future canal; this he left to Messrs. Leete and Maynard, who had been posted by his father.

Miss Summercamp declined to drink the

warmish river-water; she would not accept any of the substitutes provided; apollinaris, claret, ginger-ale, she would none of them. Philip offered to fetch her some of the creek-water which came down the gulch above the house, and it pleased the young lady to go with him. The favor of her company he could not refuse, although he imagined she had an ulterior purpose in offering it. After a hot walk they rounded the wire fence, and came upon a clear pool some distance above Dunsmuir's boundaries. But this water, also, she refused to drink. It was tepid; it tasted of cattle; the pool was lined with decayed leaves.

"How very squeamish you seem to be about those people; one would think you were here to look out for them instead of us," she complained. "Are they really so peculiar that one may not ask for a glass of ice-water at the door?"

"I will ask for one, certainly. This is the first time you have mentioned ice-water."

"Are you going to leave me here to be hooked to death by wild cattle?"

"There is not a pair of horns in sight."

"A hundred will rise up the moment you get on the other side the fence. I declare, you treat me exactly as a bad brother treats a helpless little sister. I 've a great mind to be one, and just tag you wherever you go."

"Very well," said Philip; "stick to your part, and I 'll try to do justice to mine."

"But goodness! I cannot go as fast as that," she called after him, as he strode down the gulch.

"Bad brothers never wait for little sisters who tag," Philip answered. Nevertheless he did wait, and with gibes and laughter, and some ill humor on Philip's side, they arrived at length at a small gate in the fence, close to a circle of poplars which guarded some invisible retreat.

"Now," said Philip, opening the gate, "it will be perfectly safe for you to proceed. One is quite enough to ask for that glass of water, and bad brothers never wait upon their sisters if they can help it."

"You overdo the part," Miss Summercamp objected; "brothers are never so consistently bad."

"You have dubbed me; I am merely the creature of your fancy."

Miss Summercamp went through the gate alone, leaving it open, however, on the chance of Philip's changing his mind. He did so, after a little, not knowing how far her freak might carry her. The gate of the cañon garden led to the poplar alley, at the upper end of which the explorers had come out. Dunsmuir had modeled this feature of his plantation after the lady's walk at a small hacienda where he had once spent a night on one of his southern journeys. This was before he had a lady of his own, but not before he had dreams wherewith to people such a moonlighted vista as that which he paced, alone, under the black-ash trees of Mexico *templada*. He had been forced to substitute poplars for his lady of the north; otherwise he had faithfully copied the little deserted *calzada*, even to the *glorieta* at the top of it, where the trees, opening in a circle, inclosed two stone benches that faced each other, in an appealing silence and emptiness, on opposite sides of a dry fountain. As if invoked by the spell of that resemblance he had fondly sought, silence had taken possession, and the stone benches held only drifts of yellow leaves.

When Dolly Dunsmuir first set up housekeeping with her dolls in the cañon arbor, and Alan occasionally consented to visit her, the sunken tank of the fountain was filled with dead leaves, and the white-painted urn was dingy and choked with dust. The following spring saw both children busy filling up the tank with earth, and planting it with such hardy perennials as they could beg from their father's beds. These, coming up in due time, brimmed the useless basin with life and color, while the urn overflowed with garlands of white and purple clematis. When Dunsmuir saw what the children were doing, he surreptitiously added to their humble collection a regal *Lilium Auratum* for his girl-gardener, and a "giant of battles" rose for the boy. Before many seasons both rose and lily were left to Dolly's tending. Alan had stepped forth into his bold teens, and took no more interest in gardening. He had fitted up a bower of his own,—the cave underneath the bluffs,—whence he could look afar and downward, and spy the cattle on the hills, and hoot and howl to his heart's content. But Dolly remained faithful to the place of their childish trysts. It was her out-door chamber of dreams, where she sat and mused with idle hands and bright, unseeing eyes. When the dream grew too strong, and pushed her hard, she would walk round and round, like a somnambulist, her face alight, her lips moving. What she whispered at such moments she would have died, girlishly speaking, sooner than have confessed. There was little heart in these dreams and not much real imagination; only the young instinct to people empty walls with pictures of action: and Dolly's fancy was limited by the material her narrow life and her reading supplied. The cañon could not make a genius of Dolly, neither could it spoil her for a happy woman.

The morning of the picnic being a Saturday, she had given her beautiful long hair its weekly washing, and now she had retired to the arbor, with a lapful of mending to employ the

time while her damp mane was drying. She had tucked up one slippered foot under her, the stone benches being high; her hair, which had recovered its natural color, with an added luster from the bath, began to creep and curl in the dry, electric air. She was pinning it back with a long, crooked shell pin, when she first became aware of voices and footsteps, not usual in that place or at that hour. She sat perfectly still, trying to catch their direction.

"Do come here, bad brother, if you want to see the Lady of Shalott."

Miss Summercamp had caught at the first fancy that crossed her to characterize the figure of Dolly sitting alone in the green light of the arbor, her face half-hidden in her spreading hair. There came no answer to this invitation; but as the voices and footsteps continued to hover distinctly about the place, Dolly gathered her work, flaming with indignation, and left the arbor. Never before had the mob been so bold.

Part way down the poplar walk she ran almost into the arms of Miss Summercamp, who with Philip behind her had just pushed between the tree-boles. The two girls sprang apart and stared at each other; Dolly, helpless with anger and conscious of her Ophelia-like locks, facing an alert, smiling little person, in a sailor hat and a smart mountain frock of colors as bright as a kingfisher's.

"Oh, excuse me!" Miss Summercamp began. "Would you be so good—"

But Dolly interrupted haughtily. "If you are wanting anything please ask at the house. We don't receive strangers by the cow-gate." With one glance at Philip from her gray eyes, now black with anger, she hurried past them, taking a near cut through the trees to spare herself the sense of being watched.

"Did you ever!" Miss Summercamp exclaimed. "Why she popped off just like an electric light when you jerk the chain. It reminds me of the way the creatures answer in 'Alice in Wonderland.' Would they throw things at us, do you suppose, if we knocked at the front door?"

THAT evening Philip was in such low spirits that his father remarked it, and asked if he felt unwell.

"I am afraid you are fretting over your decision of last night," said Mr. Norrisson. "It need not rest a feather's weight upon you. I may have taken a little pride thinking we could patch up a team, you and I, and see this work through; but let it go! There is always more than one way of doing a thing. I expect you'd like to get to work. Tell me what you feel yourself able for, and I will put you in the way of it."

"Yes; I think I had better go to work," Philip assented.

"Well, the fact is there is nothing out here for an intelligent man to do but work. We all work too hard just because we get bilious and are bored to death if we don't."

The consultation ended in Philip's being given charge of a reconnoissance for selecting reservoir-sites in the hill country above the cañon, with orders to meet his men at a stage station on the nearest divide, called the "Summit." Mr. Norrisson gave his son a horse, a Winchester rifle, and bade him go buy himself some dark flannel shirts, a broad-brimmed hat, and a pair of camp blankets. With this equipment Philip took the box-seat of the stage one dazzling, breezeless morning, and turned his face joyously to the hills. The old immigrant trail, now the stage-road to Idaho City and the mining region beyond, makes a long detour, after leaving the valley, to avoid the bluffs, and gains a fording-place some distance above the cañon. Every few miles there is a wayside post-office for the convenience of camps or outlying ranches. Philip made sketches in his note-book of one or two of these post-boxes, nailed to trunks of trees or propped upon posts within reach of Mosely, the stage-driver's hand. They were empty candle-boxes, or other chance receptacles, with the proprietor's name rudely lettered on one end; and all were open as birds' nests to the curiosity of a wayfaring public. In one that they passed, which bore the name of Joe Mutter, a druggist's parcel was left, a soup bone, a crumpled letter, and a loose brown paper bundle exposing a pair of woman's shoes sent to town for "two bits'" worth of cobbling.

"They 've got a sick baby at Mutter's," the driver remarked. "There comes the old woman now, on the lope, after that bottle of doctor's stuff."

Philip was drowsing along, his hat pulled over his eyes, when Mosely began rummaging in the boot again after the mail "for the cañon folks." Philip straightened up, and saw that they were at the foot of a long hill, the black crests of the lava bluffs out-cropping to the right, to the left only the swell of grassy slopes cutting off the sky.

On his own side of the road, not two rods away, sat Dolly on Alan's pony, waiting for the stage.

"Ain't that just like a woman?" Mosely chuckled. "Can't never remember which side the driver sets on. Now you 'll have to hand her this newspaper truck."

"Where is their post-box?" Philip inquired.

"Don't have any. The old man don't like his letters and things hung out where everybody can handle 'em."

"Could n't they have a lock-box?"

"Well, when folks are so particular as that,

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"SHE WENT ALL THE WAY ALONG THE BEACH TO FIND HER FATHER."

the best way is to come theirselves. I can't set here and lock up people's boxes. Anything I can chuck in without gittin' down I don't mind botherin' with."

Mosely drew up the horses, and clapped down the brake. Dolly forced the pony close to the fore wheel and held up a leather satchel for the mail which Philip had in charge. She saw too late how stupidly she had placed herself on the wrong side, as if with intention, and gave him but a cold recognition. He accepted it as his meed for complicity in the Summercamp invasion. Meantime, the young people had bungled the mail business, so that a letter bearing a London postmark fell in the dust between them.

"Dear me, that 's an important one," thought Dolly, as she jumped from her saddle. Philip had his foot upon the wheel. "I 'll catch you up at the toll-gate," he said to Mosely, who nodded and drove on.

Dolly, though she was down first, allowed Philip to hand her the letter, not to cheat him of his thanks. He fastened the post-bag to the saddle, and stood at the pony's head expecting the pleasure of putting her on. But the wise lassie had no mind to attempt this delicate manœuver, for the first time in her life, with a stranger's assistance.

"Oh, thanks, I 'm used to getting on by myself," she intimated cheerfully, as one who knows what she is about. She gathered the reins and placed her hands for a spring, while Philip stood aside to see her go up. But something happened: Modoc did something at the critical moment not in the program, and instead of finding herself where she had expected to be, Dolly was hopping through the dust on one foot, clinging with both hands to the saddle, and Modoc was steadlly backing away from her. A very little of this sort of exercise suffices a proud girl on a warm day, with a sophisticated-looking stranger for spectator. When Dolly had got both feet once more upon the ground, she hauled Modoc around with a vicious pull, and stood against his shoulder, trembling with a mixture of excitements, but ready now for assistance — not that she could not have mastered the pony easily had she been alone.

"He is acting in my interest," said Philip, coming up and making Modoc's acquaintance with a horseman's touch. "Shall we try it now?" He dropped into the proper attitude, and offered his right hand; it had a new, light-colored seal-leather glove upon it. But now Dolly hung back, blushing and weak with the ordeal before her. Philip might have given a hundred guesses; he could never have come near the cause of her sudden misery. She had put on that morning her worst shoes, — her tan buskins, of all things, for riding, — and had hurried away without changing them; they were scoured by the rocks, and whitened by alkali dust. How could she place a foot so disgracefully shod into the faultless hand held out to receive it with that particular air of homage so new and confusing? The contrast was too much! It took away all Dolly's nerve for the critical attempt, and though she knew quite well in theory what was to be done, the affair went off badly. Indeed, without going into details, it could hardly have been worse, from a bashful novice's point of view.

Dolly withdrew her weight from Philip's shoulder. He gave the rein tenderly into her hand, murmuring apologies, he hardly knew for what, unless that he could not feel as unhappy as she looked, nor quite regret her sweet awkwardness. Dolly rode home burning with the resolution to get a quiet hour with Alan behind the corral at once, and to make him teach her the trick of mounting from the ground beyond peradventure of accidents. As for the tan buskins — she put them into the kitchen range before she went to dress for lessons, Margaret protesting there was "wear in them yet," and asking if shoes grew on the bushes, that she could afford to be so reckless.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

LOVE.

TWO spots in all the world there are for me:
The one bright, radiant spot
Where beams her face,
The one broad, dreary space
Where she is not —
Two spots in all the world there are for me.

Orelia Key Bell.

REDRAWN BY D. B. KEELER.

"JACKSON CLEARING HIS KITCHEN."

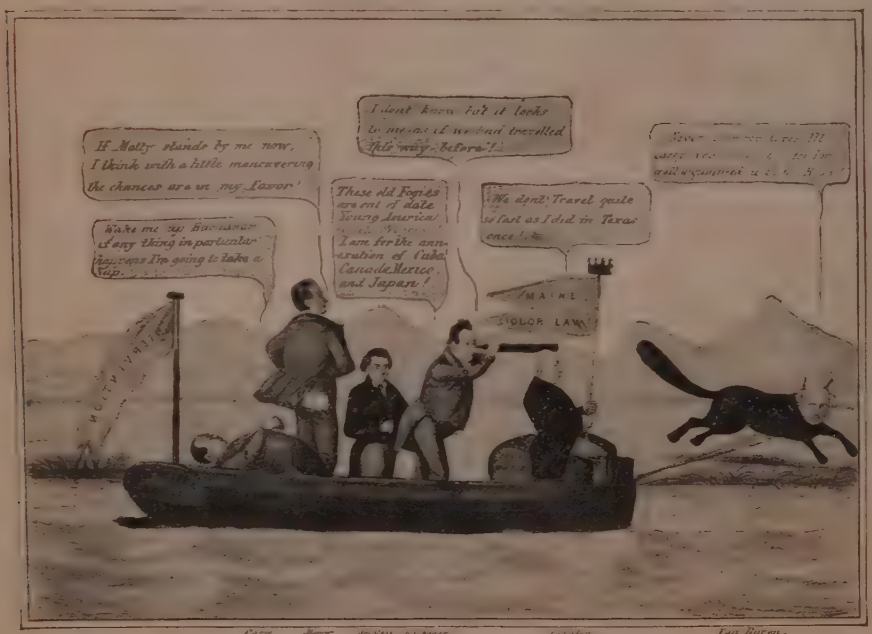
EARLY POLITICAL CARICATURE IN AMERICA.

POLITICAL caricature in the United States virtually dates from the first administration of Andrew Jackson. There had been occasional efforts to use caricature as a political weapon previous to that time, but they were too crude in execution, too spasmodic in appearance, and too indefinite in purpose to be taken into consideration in tracing the beginnings of our modern school. The advent in national politics of so robust a personality as General Jackson seems not unnaturally to have stimulated a resort to pictorial means for both assailing and defending him. He had entered the presidency as the savior of his country, a military hero of indomitable valor. His fight against the United States Bank, his vociferous and unceremonious methods of conducting controversies with political opponents, the subservient conduct of his famous "kitchen cabinet," and its dissolution when Van Buren withdrew from it, had combined during his first term to enhance greatly his attractiveness as a popular idol. He appeared before the people as their only champion against the oppressive designs of a huge money monopoly in which the whole world was joined. He was the "People's Friend" in all crises; the giant who, single-handed, was fighting their battles against enemies from all quarters. Every conspicuous act of his public life was performed amid uproar and turmoil. Even when his "kitchen cabinet" was dissolved, there was so much dramatic disturbance that one of the political caricatures of the time pictures him, armed with a churn-dasher, clearing the kitchen of all opponents as with the very besom of destruction.

Few of the earlier caricatures are to be found now. They were issued at frequent intervals, mainly in New York city, in lithograph sheets to be nailed upon walls or passed from hand to hand. They were crude in drawing, and sometimes coarse to the point of indecency. They bore evidence that their designers had gone abroad for inspiration, taking their ideas mainly from English caricaturists. In fact our modern school of caricature dates from almost the same time as that of England, and both followed closely after that of Italy, France, and Germany. In all these countries the first political caricatures were lithograph sheets, passed about from hand to hand; usually issued by the artists themselves at first, and subsequently by some publishing house. The founder of the modern school in England was James Gillray,

"A BOSTON NOTION FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.—A NEW CRADLE OF LIBERTY."

who was born in 1757, a few years before the death of Hogarth. His earlier work, which was mainly social, partook largely of the characteristics of the caricaturists who had preceded him. It was generally coarse, and it nearly always made its effect by use of exaggeration. In his


I dont know but it looks to me as if we had travelled this way before!
If Molly stands by me now, I think with a little manœuvring the chances are in my favor!
Those old Fogies are out of date Young America!
I am for the annexation of Cuba, Canada, Mexico and Japan!
We don't Travel quite as fast as I did in Texas once!
Wake me up Boys when any thing in particular happens I'm going to take a nap.
MAINE
LIQUOR LAW
VOLTIGEUR

LOCO FOCO CANDIDATES TRAVELLING.
ON THE CANAL SYSTEM.

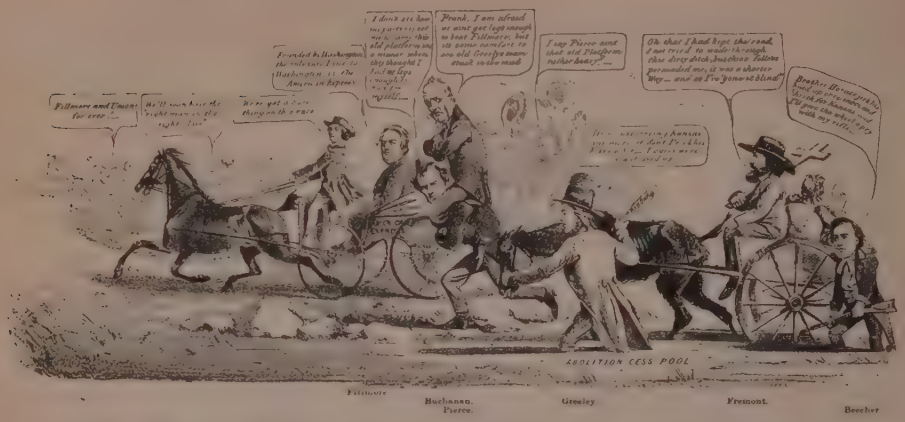
later years, however, between 1803 and 1811, he turned his attention to political caricature, beginning with Napoleon as a subject, and adopted methods from which the modern school has been developed. It would be more accurate to say that Gillray pointed the way to the founding of the modern school of political caricature, rather than that he was its founder. He never separated himself entirely from the tradition, as old almost as the art of drawing, that coarseness and exaggeration were the essential elements of humor as exhibited in caricature.

The first English artist to make that separation completely was John Doyle, father of Richard Doyle. He began to publish political caricatures in 1830, under the signature of "H. B.," and was the first caricaturist to preserve faithfully in all cases the likenesses of his subjects, and to give to them their individual attitudes and tricks of manner. He was the real founder of the "Punch" cartoon as it has been developed by Richard Doyle, John Leech, and John Tenniel. He preferred to draw single figures, though he sometimes produced groups with several figures, calling his productions "Political Sketches." It is a curious and interesting fact that the United States supplied the inspiration for one of his most successful pictures, and incidentally, perhaps, helped to lay the foundation for the double-page group-cartoon with which we are so familiar to-day. In 1836, Thomas D. Rice, the father of negro minstrelsy in America, went to London to introduce his invention. His "Jim Crow" song proved a great popular hit, and all London went to hear it and then went about singing it. Doyle, with the quick eye which is the *sine quâ non* of the true political caricaturist, drew and issued a large cartoon in which all the leading politicians of the day who had been changing their party affiliations or modifying their views were represented as assembled at a ball, and as being led forward one by one by Rice to be taught to "turn about and wheel about and jump Jim Crow."

The establishment of "Punch" in 1841 put an end to the lithograph sheet caricatures in England. The famous "Punch" cartoonists, Richard Doyle, John Leech, and John Tenniel, followed John Doyle's departure in preserving likenesses, but the double-page cartoon with many figures has been the exception with them rather than the rule. The typical "Punch" cartoon is about half the size of a central "Puck" or "Judge" cartoon, and is confined to a few figures, frequently to one. While there has been a steady advance in artistic merit since 1841, there has been little change in the general style of political caricature in "Punch."

In the United States the many-figured group-cartoon appears to have been a steady favorite since Jackson's time. Its immediate inspirers were undoubtedly Gillray and John Doyle, more especially the latter, whose sketches had been filling the shop-windows of London for two years when similar productions began to appear on this side of the water. Doyle had followed Gillray at a considerable distance, however; for he was a far inferior artist in every way, having slight perception of humor and being hard and inflexible in his methods. What Doyle did was to take Gillray's occasional act of giving a correct likeness, and make it his own permanent practice. His sketches are valuable to-day chiefly for this quality, all his drawings of leading men of the period being veritable portraits of real historical value, some of them the best in existence. Our early American political caricaturists followed Doyle's example as faithfully as their

"YOUNG AMERICA."


Frank, I am afraid we aint got legs enough to beat Fillmore, but in some respects to an old Greeley mare—don't you think?
I say Pierce aint that old Buchanan rather heavy?—
Oh that I had kept that road, I not tried to wade through those deep ditches, Judson Tolles persuaded me, it was a shorter way— and as I've gone we blind
Fillmore and Donelson for ever—
We'll soon have the right man in the right place
We've got a darn thing on the track
ABOLITION CESS POOL
Fillmore
Buchanan. Pierce.
Greeley
Fremont.
Beecher

THE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL SWEEPSTAKES OF 1856.

Free for all ages, "go as they please"

powers as draftsmen would permit. That they did not succeed very well in the beginning was not strange. Drawing was scarcely taught at all in this country at the time, and the only persons who were skilled in it had drifted here from abroad, and had little knowledge of our politics and public men. It was only in very rare instances, therefore, that a lithograph caricature of an earlier date than 1840 can be found which is even tolerable, either in conception or execution. There was a slight improvement after that period, and by 1850 a sufficient advance had been made to justify the assertion that the foundation of a school of American political caricature had been laid. In 1848 Messrs. Currier and Ives began, in Nassau street, New York city, the publication of campaign caricatures in lithograph sheets similar to those which had been issued in London and other foreign cities. This was the year of the Taylor-Cass-Van Buren campaign which resulted in Taylor's election. Few of the caricatures of that year are obtainable now, or of those issued by the same firm in the following campaign of 1852. A complete set had been preserved by the publishers, but was stolen during a fire a few years ago.

I am indebted to Mr. James M. Ives, the surviving member of the firm, for much interesting information about the entire series of early caricatures, and for several of the earlier

GOVERNMENT PIE
Oh! what a night! I can see thro' the slats and there's such lots of fodder inside that I'll it fairly makes my mouth water—
The only way I can get a sight, is by holding on to your tail—
Some how brother rats I don't exactly feel safe, I'm afraid Old Fillmore is only saving the best meat in the head after all—
Don't be afraid Rats—Old Fillmore and Don the Chart or a chain to catch us—

FANCIED SECURITY, OR THE RATS ON A BENDER.

sketches, including the original drawing of the Jackson kitchen-clearing picture printed at the head of this article. There was a contemporary caricature, now unobtainable, called "Rats Leaving a Falling House," which represented Jackson seated in a kitchen smoking, while five rats, bearing the heads of the members of his cabinet, were scurrying to get out by doors, windows, and other openings. Jackson had planted his foot on the tail of the one which bore Martin Van Buren's head, and was holding him fast. This caricature, as well as its always his garb in the earlier American caricatures. The World's Fair referred to was that held in New York in 1844. Clay is also the author of the single representative we have of the triangular contest of 1848, when Taylor, Cass, and Van Buren were the presidential candidates. Marcy, the author of the phrase "To the victors belong the spoils," appears in this with a patch on his trousers marked "50 cents," which was an invariable feature of any caricature of him. It was based on a report that he had, while Governor of New York, included in a bill

UNION TOLLGATE
Come my good People, upon the whole its all right! We are the true Union Party, because we all ride on the woolly Horse.
Ever since I mounted behind Ahold whigs Cotail Pilate sophie I find that every thing besides can be re-lied on.
Except when he waits on Little Villain, and then he can't be re-lied on.
There seems to be something in the road, but these fellows on the Horse, will swear no thought anything; so I'll keep mum.
BLEEDING KANSAS FUND
Hold up there Horses, or Brooks will be running his Express Team under his head and no rider on his Coat after lately, and I don't want an other.

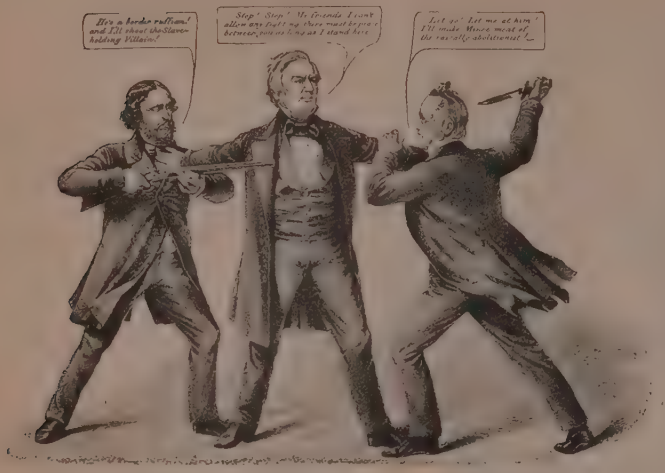
THE "MUSTANG" TEAM

companion, "Jackson Clearing his Kitchen," is believed to have been the work of an English artist named E. W. Clay. Both were published in 1831, soon after the dissolution of the "kitchen cabinet." The faces in the kitchen-clearing scene are all portraits: Van Buren, Nicholas Biddle, President of the United States Bank, and Calhoun stand nearest to Jackson; prostrate on the floor is Dixon H. Lewis, whose portly figure was a conspicuous feature of the Washington life of the time; and fleeing from the room with outstretched arms is Francis P. Blair, editor of the Jacksonian organ the "Globe."

An interesting caricature of a decade or so later is that called "A Boston Notion for the World's Fair." This was drawn by Clay, and was aimed at the Abolition movement, which was steadily making headway in Boston under the leadership of Garrison. Uncle Sam appears in this dressed in the style of Franklin, as was

against the State, for traveling expenses, a charge "to patching trousers — 50 cents," his reason being that as he had torn the trousers while on business for the State, it was the State's duty to repair the damage. Van Buren is represented as towing the boat "up Salt River" because he was the candidate of a faction which had bolted from the nomination of Cass, and was thus making the latter's election impossible. Marcy appears in the caricature of the Pierce campaign of 1852, on page 221, with his hand covering the patch, he having obviously become weary of allusions to it by this time. In this picture Pierce, of whom a striking likeness is presented, is borne upon the shoulders of William R. King, who was the candidate for vice-president, while Stephen A. Douglas assists Marcy in supporting him.

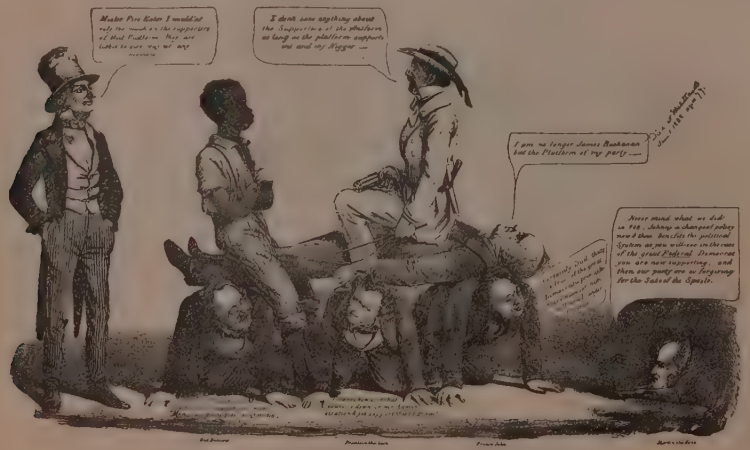
In their original form, the cartoons here given were about the size of the ordinary


"Stop! Stop! Ye Friends I can't allow any fuss! no there must be no fuss between you as long as I stand here"
"Let me at him! I'll make Mincemeat of the rascally abolitionist"

THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE RIGHT PLACE.

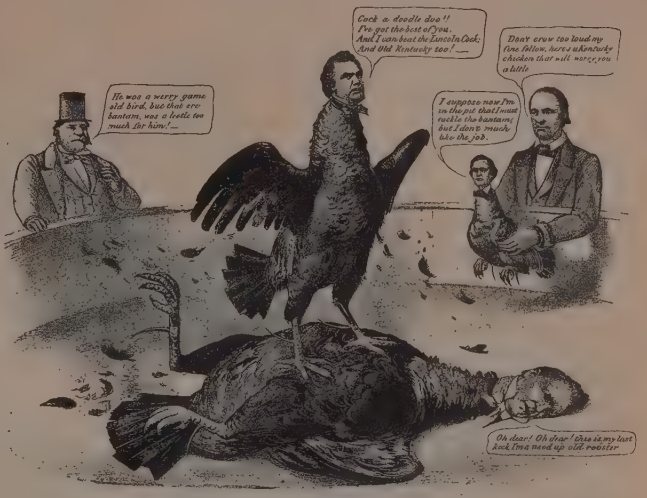
European artists abandoned the practice when they began to draw and compose their caricatures so well that they told their own story, with the aid of a title or a few words of dialogue beneath them. The early American caricaturists used the loop as generously as possible, as the specimens of their work given herewith testify. Their publishers found that the public demanded this, and that a picture without the loops would not sell. Yet the pictures told their story perfectly without these aids. In looking over a large collection of them, I did not find one whose meaning was not made obvious by the title beneath it. Take the five relating to the campaign of 1856, for example, and see how plainly their meaning appears at a glance. In "The Great Presidential Sweepstakes" Fillmore is starting well in the lead, because, as the candidate of the American party, he had been the first nominee in the field. Next to him comes Buchanan, borne on the shoulders of Franklin Pierce, whose successor in the presidency he was to be; and bringing up the rear is a cart with Fremont in the driver's seat, Jessie Benton Fremont stowed snugly in behind, Mr. Beecher lifting at the wheel, and Horace Greeley coaxing the sorry-looking horse to pull his burden through the "Abolition cesspool" in which

double-page cartoon in "Puck." With the exception of the two earliest, all of them were published by Currier and Ives. In all of them the faces are carefully drawn portraits, and the figures are presented in natural attitudes. The general style of the pictures is similar to that of the earlier political-caricature period in European countries. The figures are presented almost invariably without background, and each of them is represented as giving utterance to some sentiment which is inclosed in a loop over his head. This use of the loop had been abandoned in nearly or quite all European countries some time before its appearance here. It is to be found in some but not in all of the Gillray caricatures, in some of Doyle's, and very rarely in the earlier numbers of "Punch." The

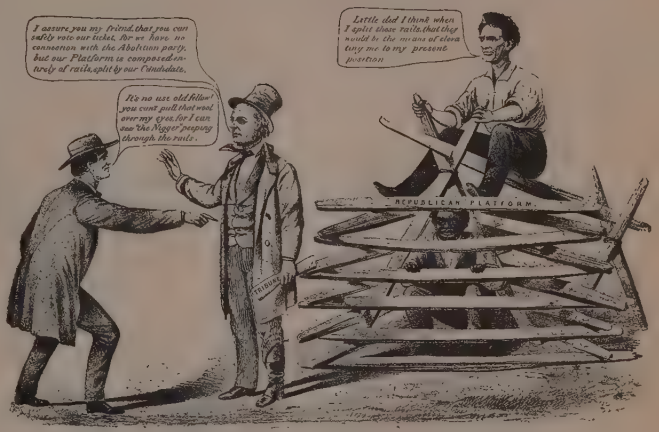

I am no longer James Buchanan but the Platform of my party —
Never mind what we did in '52 . Money is cheap and politicians must have benefits the political System as we withdraw in the case of the great Political Democrat you are now supporting . and then our party are so forgiving for the Sake of the Spoils.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

the whole party is wallowing. "The Mustang Team" tells its story with equal directness. Here we have the three editors, Greeley, Bennett, and Raymond, astride Fremont's sorry nag, while another of the chief editors of the day, General James Watson Webb, is catching on behind. This is the forerunner of the oft-repeated cartoon of the present day, in which the editors of our great journals are frequently made to figure in even less favorable attitudes. The Fremont cart has the same look as in the first picture, with the addition of a bag for the "Bleeding Kansas Fund." It is noticeable that the face of Uncle Sam, who figures as toll-gatherer in this picture and who has changed his costume since the cartoon of 1843, is drawn without the chin-beard which he wears habitually in modern cartoons. In all the pictures of this period he is clean-shaven.


Cock a doodle doo!! I've got the best of you. And I can beat the Lincoln Cock: And Old Kentucky too! —
Don't crow too loud my fine fellow, here's a Kentucky chicken that will worry you a little
He was a verry game old bird, but that ere bantam, was a little too much for him! —
I suppose now I'm in the pit that I must tackle the bantam; but I dare'n much like the job.
Oh dear! Oh dear! Ours is my last look I'm a need up old rooster

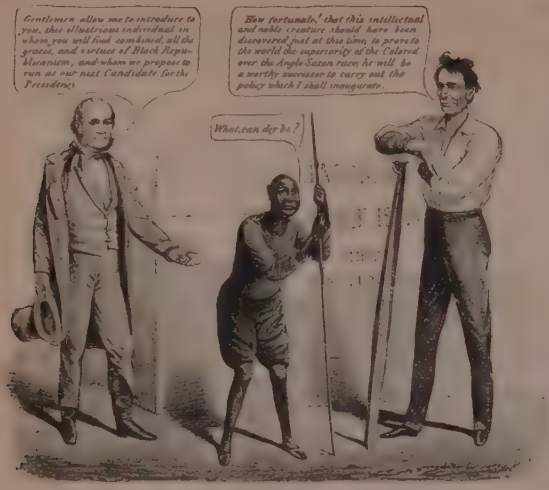
THE GREAT MATCH AT BALTIMORE.
BETWEEN THE "ILLINOIS BANTAM" AND THE "OLD COCK" OF THE WHITE HOUSE.


I assure you my friend, that you can safely vote our ticket, for we have no connexion with the Abolition party, but our Platform is composed entirely of rails, split by our Candidate.
Little did I think when I split those rails, that they would be the means of elevating me to my present position
It's no use old Fillm', you cant pull that wool over my eyes, for I can see the Nigger peeping through the rails!
REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

"THE NIGGER" IN THE WOODPILE.

No word is necessary in explanation of the picture in which Farmer Fillmore is about to scatter the rats who are swarming about the "public crib" in the hope of getting possession of its contents. As a prophecy the picture was as bad a failure as its companion,— which represents Fillmore as standing between Fremont and Buchanan keeping them from each other's throats, and as destined presumably to triumph over them at the polls,— for Buchanan was subsequently victorious. The early appearance of the "public crib" as a synonym for the spoils of office is a point of some interest. It was evidently familiar at the time this picture was drawn, and may date back to Jackson's time, possibly far beyond that, coming to us from English usage. "The Democratic Platform" (page 224) gives us a full-length figure of Uncle Sam, without the beard, but with a costume similar to that which is still assigned to him. The three supporters of the platform are Benton, Pierce, and John Van Buren. The latter was known as "Prince John," while his father, the ex-President, was known as the "Old Fox." In the caricature Prince John is talking to his father, who is presented as a fox peering from a hole. This picture, which has obvious points of strength, was a very successful one, and had a large sale.

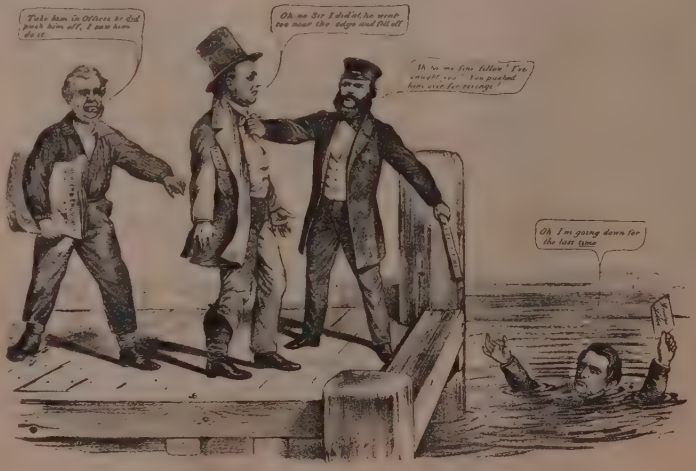
The seven caricatures relating to the great campaign of 1860 were the most successful of the kind ever issued in this country. Probably the first of the series was that which represents Douglas as the victorious cock in the pit, crow-


Gentlemen allow me to introduce to you, this illustrious individual in whom you will find combined, all the graces, and virtues of Black Republicanism, and whom we propose to run as our next Candidate for the Presidency
How fortunate! that this intellectual and noble creature should have been discovered just at this time, to prove to the world the superiority of the Colored over the Anglo Saxon race he will be a worthy successor to carry out the policy which I shall inaugurate.
What can dey be?

AN HEIR TO THE THRONE,
OR THE NEXT REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.

ing upon the prostrate form of Buchanan after the Baltimore convention, for Douglas was the first of the four presidential candidates who took the field that year. This is one of the best-drawn and most vigorous pictures in the collection, and compares favorably with the caricatures of the present day. The two pictures in which Lincoln is the chief figure, "The Nigger in the Woodpile" and "An Heir to the Throne," came out soon after his nomination, and the likeness of him which is presented in both of them seems to be based on the photograph which was taken in Chicago in 1857. It is a powerful face, full of the same sad and noble dignity which became more deeply marked upon it in later years,—the face indeed, even then, of the "kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man" of Lowell's immortal ode.

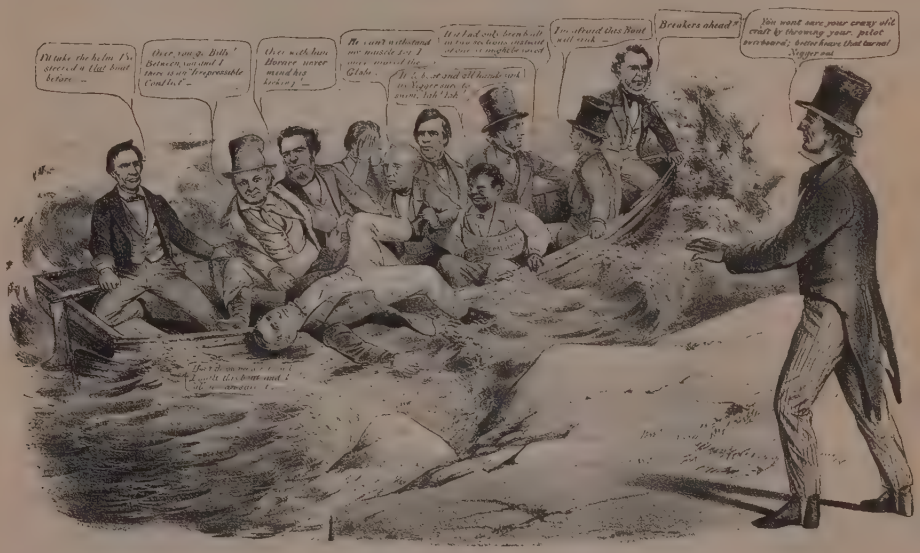
The caricaturists of the period were quick to seize upon whatever happened to be uppermost in the public mind at the moment, with which to add point to their pictures. Thus Barnum's famous "What is it?" was used to make a point against the Abolition issue in Lincoln's election. The two companion pictures of this 1860 collection, "The Impending Crisis" and "The Irrepressible Conflict," had a very large sale, exceeding 50,000 copies each. They represent the failure of Seward to obtain the Republican nomination, and in both Horace Greeley is pictured as the chief agent of the disaster. In one instance Mr. Greeley is depicted as having pushed Mr. Seward off a wharf, and as having been caught in the act by Henry J. Raymond, while General Webb gives evidence as an eye-witness. In the other, Mr. Greeley is throwing Mr. Seward overboard from a boat which Lincoln is steering, and which is very heavily loaded with the leaders of the Republican party. Mr. Seward's famous phrase, which gives the picture its title, was uttered in October, 1858, and had passed almost immediately into the political vocabulary of the people. One of the most peculiar of the caricatures of this 1860 campaign is that called "Progressive Democracy." The manner in which the heads of the Democratic candidates are placed upon the bodies of the mules in this picture is the same as that employed in all the earlier caricatures before the year 1800, and but rarely after that time. Early in the nineteenth century the caricaturists began to form the human features from the face of the animal, rather than to hang the human head in front of the animal's ears as is done in this picture. The prominent position occupied by the Tam-


Take him in Officers he did push him off, I saw him do it
Oh no Sir I did'nt he went too near the edge and fell off
Oh I'm going down for the last time

"THE IMPENDING CRISIS"—OR CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

many Indian gives evidence that the politics of that period did not differ in some respects from the politics of to-day. All these caricatures of 1856 and 1860 were drawn by Louis Maurer.

In the two specimens of the caricatures of 1861, which are here presented with those of later date, the most interesting is that called "The Secession Movement." This is an almost exact reproduction of a very successful caricature of Jackson's time. Its authorship is unknown. In its original form it represented Jackson "going the whole hog" in his quest for popularity, reaching out for a butterfly labeled "Popularity," and exclaiming, "By the Eternal, I 'll get it!" He was mounted upon the hog which South Carolina is riding in the present picture, and behind him upon donkeys rode the members of his "kitchen cabinet," with the exception of Van Buren. The latter, mounted upon a fox, was taking the course pursued by Georgia in the later picture, and was uttering a phrase which he had made public in one of his letters, to the effect that, while he generally followed his illustrious leader, he had thought it advisable in the present emergency to "deviate a little." This fixes the date of the original picture at the beginning of the campaign of 1832, after Van Buren had resigned from the cabinet. The other specimen of the year 1861, "Running the Machine," shows Lincoln's cabinet in session, and gives us a poor portrait of him. The greenback-mill, which Fessenden, as Secretary of the Treasury, is turning, shows a productive capacity which will attract the interest, and may excite the envy, of the fiat money advocates of the present time. But the caricature which outstripped all others in popularity in the early war period was that drawn by Frank Beard, called "Why Don't You Take It?" (page 231). This had a sale exceeding 100,000 copies, and went to all parts of the North. It was reproduced, in a weakened form, and placed on envelops among the count-



"THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT".
ON THE REPUBLICAN BARGE IN DANGER.

less other devices which were used in that way to express Union sentiment. An interesting collection of these decorated envelops is among the archives of the New York Historical Society. Mr. Beard's formidable bull-dog was intended to represent General Scott, and in some of the reduced reproductions Scott's name was placed upon his collar. The caricature hit the popular fancy when the Confederate army was threatening to advance upon Washington, and streets were made impassable wherever it was exhibited in shop-windows.

The publication of these lithograph caricatures was continued through the Lincoln-McClellan campaign of 1864, one specimen of which is presented on page 230, showing General McClellan as a peacemaker between Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. This likeness of Lincoln is so inaccurate as to be almost unrecognizable, and is by John Cameron, the artist who drew the cabinet group. Caricatures were issued also during the campaigns of 1868 and 1872, some

PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY—PROSPECT OF A SMASH UP.

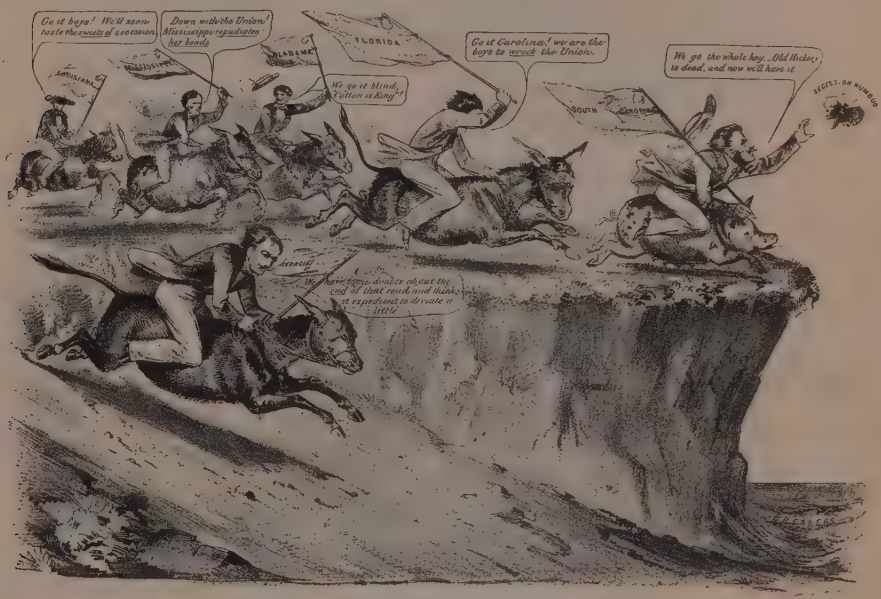
of which are to be had now. They did not differ materially from the earlier ones, showing very little progress in either design or drawing.

The death-knell of the lithograph sheet caricature was sounded when the illustrated newspapers began to publish political caricatures. They did not do this till the close of the war, though Thomas Nast made his first appearance in "Harper's Weekly" while the war was in progress. His pictures during the war were serious in purpose, and cannot be classed as caricatures. He began his career as a political caricaturist when Andrew Johnson started to "swing round the circle," but his fame rests on achievements of a later period. His series of about fifty cartoons upon the Tammany Ring, during and following the exposures of 1871, constitute a distinct epoch in American political caricature. He was unlike any caricaturist who had preceded him, and his successors have not followed his methods. He gave to the satiric art of caricature a power that it had never before known in this country, and seldom in any country. It is impossible to look at this work of his, in the light of what had preceded it and of what has come after it, and not say that Nast stands by himself, the creator of a school which not only began but ended with him. He had drawn political caricatures before he had Tweed and his allies for subjects, and he drew other political caricatures after his destructive, deadly work with them was finished, but his fame will rest on his work of that period. While he had no successor in artistic methods, the success of caricature in the pages of an illustrated newspaper was so clearly demonstrated by him, that he pointed the way to the establishing of the weekly journals devoted to that purpose which have since sprung up, and which have so completely occupied the field

LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG!!

that "Harper's Weekly" and other similar competitors have practically withdrawn from it.

The founder and chief developer of contemporary political caricature in America, as we behold it in the many-colored cartoons of "Puck" and "Judge," was a young artist and actor from Vienna, named Joseph Keppler, who reached St. Louis in 1868 in search of his fortune. He had studied drawing under the best teachers in Vienna's Academy of Fine Arts, but a strong

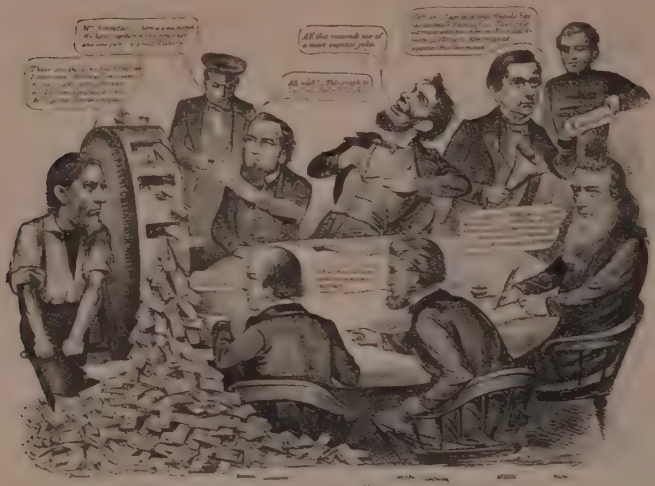

Go it boys! We'll soon taste the sweets of secession.
Down with the Union! Mississippi repudiates her bonds
LOUISIANA
MISSISSIPPI
ALABAMA
FLORIDA
We go it blind, Cotton is King
Go it Carolina! we are the boys to wreck the Union.
We go the whole hog...Old Hickory is dead, and now we'll have it
SOUTH CAROLINA
SECESSION HUMBUG
SECESSION
We have some doubts about the end of that road, and think it expedient to deviate a little

THE "SECESSION MOVEMENT".

for a time, and also reappeared upon the local stage as an actor. In September, 1876, the first number of "Puck" of the present day was issued in German, and in March, 1877, the first number in English made its appearance. The "Puck" of those early days was a very different thing from what it is now. Its cartoons were drawn on wood, and were in white and black. The drawing was strong, but the composition of the pictures was almost as crude as that of the old lithograph sheets. Keppler at first followed the French and Italian schools of caricature, exaggerating the size of the heads and the length of the legs. He very soon abandoned this, however, and began to feel his way toward the gradual unfolding of what under his guidance has become a distinctly American school of caricature. In 1878 he began to draw on stone, and in order to brighten the effect of his pictures he commenced to tint them slightly with a single color. In 1879 two colors or tints were used, and from that time on the growth has been steady and rapid until the bright and multicolored cartoon of the present day has been reached.

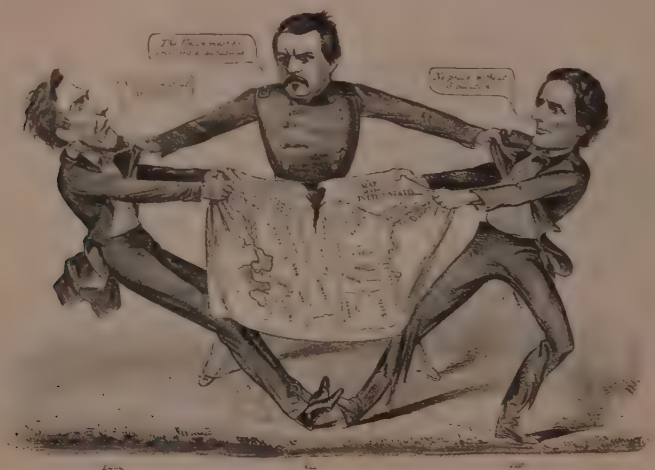
inclination for acting had taken him upon the stage. During the first year or two after his arrival in America he went about the country as a member of a traveling theatrical troupe, appearing in the theaters of many cities, including those of St. Louis, New Orleans, and New York. His hand turned naturally to caricature, and after vain attempts to sell some of his drawings to daily newspapers in St. Louis, he started in that city in 1869 an illustrated lithographic weekly, in German, with the title "Die Vehme." The subject of his first caricature was Carl Schurz, at that time a conspicuous figure in St. Louis. The paper had a short life, and was succeeded in 1870 by a new venture called "Puck." Two volumes of this were issued, that of the first year being in German alone, and that of the second in both German and English. The enterprise was doing fairly well, when Keppler was compelled to abandon it. He went to New York city in 1873, where he did some work for a weekly illustrated paper

No one can look at the lithograph sheet caricatures of 1856 and 1860 and not be struck with the strong general resemblance which they bear to the cartoons of to-day. There is the same use of many figures in both, and the same mingling of editors, politicians, and other prominent personages in groups and situations illustrating



RUNNING THE "MACHINE".

and ridiculing the political developments of the day. Instead of using the overhead loops to explain the meaning of the picture, however, our contemporary artists build up elaborate backgrounds and surround the central figures with details which, if the cartoon be a success, help to tell its story at a glance. The artistic merit of the modern cartoon is, of course, far in advance of its predecessors. The style is very different from that of the "Punch" cartoon, which has been developed from the same original source as the American. Both trace their pedigree straight back to Gillray and Doyle, but the development has been in different directions. The "Punch" cartoon of to-day is confined in almost all instances to a few figures, and, except in the great advance made in artistic merit, does not differ in general style from the "Punch" cartoon of fifty years ago. The American cartoon, on the contrary, is a modern creation. It has taken the old group idea of Gillray and Doyle, has made it gorgeous with colors, has built it up and fortified it with backgrounds, and has imparted to the figures and faces of its personages a freedom of humor and a terrible vigor of satire which are peculiarly American. The author and gradual unfolder of this cartoon is Keppler, who has the honor



THE TRUE ISSUE OR "THATS WHATS THE MATTER".

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT?

not only of founding a school of American caricature, but of establishing successful comic journalism in America. He has had able disciples and coadjutors in Gillam, Taylor, Opper, Dalrymple, and others, and an invaluable associate and helper on the literary side in H. C. Bunner; but he was the pioneer, and it is to the constantly growing power of his strong, sure hand that the cartoon of to-day, and the success of the comic journalism which embodies and surrounds it, owe their existence. It is an interesting fact that among the many imitators of "Puck" which have appeared in various places during the past few years, one is established in Berlin. It is modeled closely after the original, is named "Lustige Blaetter," and, after an existence of three years, is now regarded as an established success.

Joseph B. Bishop.

THE ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP.

I SAW thee stride upon the tossing sea
What time the pinions of all sail-borne craft
Were buffeted by mocking gales that laughed
And beat them down into the spumy lee;
But onward thou didst urge, erect and free,
In the gale's teeth; and streaming far abaft,
A league-long, darkling banner thou didst waft,
Signal of elemental victory.

A demiurgic triumph thou dost gain;
An equal god within thy breast is pent
To him who moves upon the whitening main;
Thou thronest with great Neptune, and art bent
To quell the empire of the stormy rain,
And work old ocean's utter vanquishment!

Titus Munson Coan.

The Chatelaine of La Trinité

By Henry B. Fuller.[1]

Author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani."

I. NEUCHÂTEL: LAKE-DWELLERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE Chatelaine of La Trinité had laid her parasol on the churchyard's rugged little parapet, and her glance, ranging across the red-roofed town beneath her and the shimmering lake beyond, now rested fondly on the long line of snow-peaks that faintly finished the prospect toward the south. No sound mingled with the odorous freshness of a serene June morning save the jolting of a single wagon over the stony little street far below, and the decorous diversions of half a dozen children under the big walnut-tree that rose from the grass-plot before the cathedral door. Neither of these, however, had interfered with her brief inspection of the shiny little red book which she still held in her hand, and which she was just on the point of passing back to her companion with a smile that was more or less arch, and which a shade of deference prevented, perhaps, from being a trifle quizzical. This person, a young lady whose general effect was that of bright and restless elegance, took back the volume with the least shade of embarrassment, laid it on top of the parasol, and, giving the Chatelaine a quick interrogatory glance, seemed to put herself unreservedly into her friend's hands. She had purchased the book three days before in Paris; it contained a list of acceptable inns, a sectional map capable of being extended far beyond the cover inclosing it, a thoughtful essay on Alpine geology, and other features of interest to the conscientious and determined tourist. But Miss West now promptly and definitively renounced it, with an instant apprehension that the Chatelaine had tacitly undertaken to make any such commonplace assistance superfluous. And this, in effect, was what the Chatelaine's smile really amounted to. She lightly threw the book of ready reference aside, picked up her parasol again, gaily extended it toward the long-drawn panorama of the Bernese Oberland, in discreet burlesque of that didactic person through whom pointer and blackboard complement each other, and proceeded to an immediate redemption of her promise.

Now, as a matter of fact, the learner — who had come through the Val Moutier only yesterday, and was totally guiltless of Switzerland, aside from the Jura — might have got much the same instruction from a certain mute mentor within the town itself; for there is a quiet old quay in Neuchâtel, bordered by a row of ancient, high-bred mansions, and shaded by a generous growth of chestnut-trees, where a sturdy

1 Copyright, 1891, by Henry B. Fuller.

little brass-plated dial enjoys a close intimacy with all the points of the compass, and faithfully indicates the name and quality of every peak that rears itself above the low foot-hills that close in the lake on its farther side. But Miss West, of course, knew nothing as yet of this fount of information; besides, what platform could be more advantageously placed than her present one, or what pedagogue more capable and sympathetic? So the voice and the sunshade of the Chatelaine went on in perfect accord and understanding as she marshaled the whole snowy host with conscientious exactitude: the Mönch, the Eiger, the broad-bosomed Jungfrau; the Breithorn, the Schreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Finsteraarhorn; Mont Blanc, the serrated Dent du Midi, the sharp tip of the Matterhorn; and finally, best and grandest of all despite its sixty miles of distance, her own Mountain. And her eye sparkled, and her manner took on an added warmth, for beneath those spreading snow-fields stood her ancestral home, and in her mind's eye she saw again the high and rugged valley where her ordinary courtesy title took on a tinge of actuality, and through whose confines she swayed it, in a certain modest, graceful fashion, as chatelaine indeed.

All this time a sedate, serviceable, middle-aged person was pacing with a kind of steady shuffle along the walk at the back edge of the plateau, whence she varied an occasional glance toward her charge by a comparison of the twin spires of the church as they rose before the huddled roofs of the château just behind, or by now and then catching a sidelong glimpse, through the battlements of the wall she grazed, of the foundations of the château itself, as they rose from the vineyards that covered the slopes of the ravine; and to her it became apparent, as the Chatelaine stepped hither and thither with her firm, springy, self-assured tread,— Miss West following with her wavering high heels and her rattling passementerie as best she might,— that something, out of sight, indeed, but still at just the present moment more engrossingly interesting than anything actually *en evidence*, was the matter that her young mistress had set herself to elucidate. The matter was simply this: the Chatelaine's godfather, the Governor, had a little plantation between Morat and Avenches,— a trifle of eight or ten acres,— where, in such intervals of leisure as his scientific employments permitted, he engaged in the cultivation of Roman antiquities; and it was her effort precisely to locate this interesting tract, which was shut out from view by the range of hills which separates the Lake of Morat from the Lake of Neuchâtel, that thrust out the Chatelaine's arm and brought such an expression of painstaking peering to the face of her guest. And when, as her guest, this young American had been received on the previous evening in one of those dim, fatigued, reticent old mansions down there on the edge of the water, the Governor, winding his way into the dusky drawing-room through numerous cases filled with specimens and preparations, and gazing down upon her with the benevolent interest which the professor is sometimes observed to show for his subject, had told her of his little farm and its perennial crop of antiquities, and had assured her of the pleasure it gave him to be able to start their brief course of instruction so nearly at the beginning.

This kindly old gentleman, who was ending his life at Neuchâtel, had spent the beginnings of it at Potsdam and Sans-Souci amidst a certain circle whose extreme altitude I must leave to your conjecture. He had considered himself born to *la haute politique*, and one of his early efforts, more daring than discreet, had ended in a banishment, more or less honorable, to Neuchâtel, then under Prussian rule. But even in this circumscribed field political activity was practicable enough for him; he harassed a succession of North German governors with suggestions and advice, and once, on the occasion of a sudden and unexpected interregnum, himself held the château a few months as acting governor. For all this, however, he never wore the title officially, and he was seldom addressed in such manner to his face; but any one who had a point to gain, or an ax to grind, never lessened his chances of success by whispering behind the old gentleman's back some such word as, "Yes; but would this please the Governor?" or "Perhaps so; but what will the Governor say to anything like that?" He might properly have been called the Professor; but when it comes to a question of title the one bird in the bush may be preferred to any number in hand.

The Governor might have returned to Berlin years and years ago, but Neuchâtel pleased him well enough; besides, where was the ideal cosmopolite to be found if not in a German with French affiliations? In the governor's chair he had attempted a military severity, and in his correspondence he was inclined to aim at an acidulous wit— Frederick and Voltaire rolled into one, you understand; but, when all 's said, he remained simply a genial old gentleman, with an inordinate fondness for butterflies and a keen relish for his joke. In earlier years— years when he had regarded himself as quite a piece on the board, years a backward glance toward which almost revealed him to himself in the murky guise of a conspirator— he had been accustomed to read all the most ponderous political publications of the Continent; but in the course of time he tired, as everybody must, of those journalistic Jeremiahs who saw the

heavens falling every time two emperors came within fifty miles of each other, and most of his reading of late had been of a lighter nature. He had a sympathetic familiarity with most of the comic sheets from "Kladderadatsch" to "Pungolo," and found them, he declared, quite as trustworthy as the more serious ones, and infinitely more amusing. And if, as the years rolled on, the politician was overshadowed by the naturalist, it was not that he loved man less but nature more, and his conspiracies against the powers that be were diverted toward the Power that immemorially has been. He delighted in the insect world — when the insects were impaled in rows and correctly labeled; he exulted in the winged creation — when the creatures themselves were properly stuffed and mounted; he was overjoyed to bask in the great smile of nature — when that smile could be modified a trifle by the use of a little geological hammer. And the Chatelaine, who had passed an educational youth at Neuchâtel, and had accompanied her learned relative on many a scientific tramp, was as familiar with the various implements employed in the cosmical toilet as was the old gentleman himself.

Now on this very morning, and at the precise time when the Chatelaine was giving Aurelia West her introduction to the Alpine world, the Governor, with a crumpled letter in his hand, was pacing his library in a state of extreme excitement. This letter had come from the steward of his little inclosure on the Lake of Morat, and though the Governor's reading of it caused the immediate summoning of his chief neophyte from his own study, yet it is gratifying to recall that on receipt of it he was entirely alone. For within two minutes after tearing open the envelop he had abandoned himself to an ecstasy of joy such as might have been considered extreme even in one fifty years his junior. While he did not actually jump out of his slippers, he did give his head a triumphant wag that sent his skull-cap tumbling to the floor; and he started in a rapid walk to and fro through the big room, keyed up to a pitch of excitement that made him all regardless of a certain succession of reflections in the long mirror at the end of it — a fortunate circumstance, since where there are no eyes there is no spectacle, just as where there are no ears there is no sound.

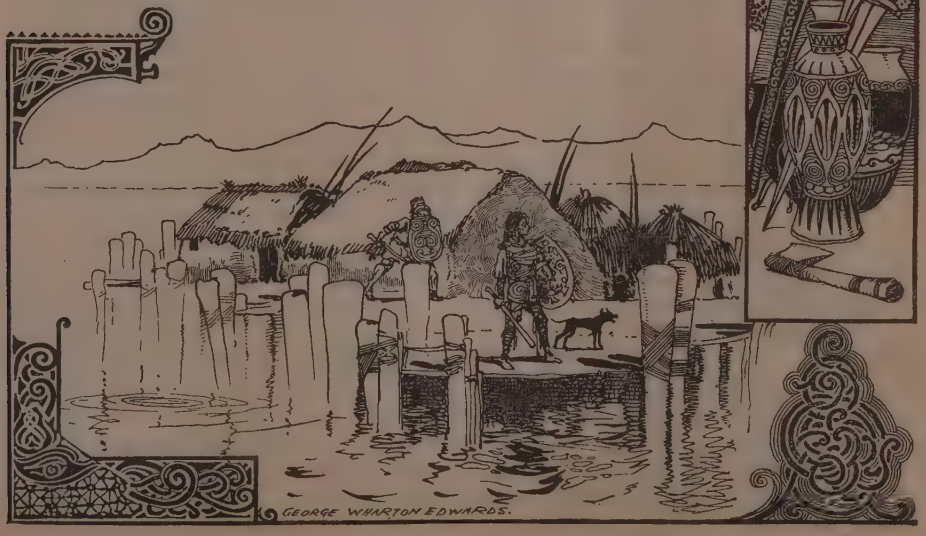
As I have said, the Governor's cultivation of Roman ruins was carried on within a mile or two of Avenches; and Avenches is simply the ancient Aventicum, the capital of the Helvetii, the city beloved of Vespasian, and the most considerable of the Roman settlements in Switzerland — the tale of whose amphitheaters and temples, and basilicas and towered walls, you will find told, since you may never meet the Governor personally, in any reputable work on Swiss antiquities. Well, the Governor read this old volume from the classic past, and read it very carefully; then he re-read it; then he began to edit it, with emendations and annotations; and at length the day came when he felt himself impelled to add an appendix to it — an appendix, like the original work, in stone and mortar. And the material for this was close at hand. If you have ever spent any time around Neuchâtel you may recall some of the more striking peculiarities of the Jurassic formations. A little scrambling over the Chaumont, or even a ramble on the slopes above St. Blaise, will show you how readily these rocks, block-shaped and lichen-grown, may take upon themselves the aspect of the antique, or even of the prehistoric. Heap a hundred of these upon one another in separating two pastures, and you have the relics of some human habitation antedating history. Pile another lot a little more liberally and judiciously and with a little more of conscious art, and you produce a something which the alert and sympathetic mind has no difficulty in connecting with the first historic civilization known to the land. And the mind of the Governor was a mind of this order. Beginning in a somewhat tentative way, he came in the course of a few years, with the help of a kindred spirit, a fanciful young stone-cutter at Morat, to be the possessor of such an array of baths, barracks, villas, and temples, — overlapping, outcrowding, — that only one other tract of equal size in all the world, the Roman Forum itself, could parallel this instance of infinite riches in a little room.

One year Aventicum Novum would be a wealthy and favored suburb of the older and larger place, when villas would spring up and spread around, and bas-reliefs and mosaic pavements were likely to develop. Another year it would be simply an extreme military outpost from which to keep a sharp eye on the aborigines on the opposite side of the lake, a state of things calculated to produce little beyond barracks and mile-stones. On a third year the same quarter was likely to be given over to the worship of some particular divinity especially affected by old campaigners; and to such a period as this was due a certain temple consisting of two and a half Corinthian columns and an ell or more of entablature; and along with the temple went a single strayed pine which had been partly persuaded, partly coerced, into a semblance of the flat-spreading Southern type, as well as a fractured marble bench set in a bower of laurel. You will judge from the Governor's temple that most of his edifices consisted of ninety-nine parts of imagination to one part of reality — a proportion that I would most earnestly recommend to any

propagator of ruins. Indeed, one who is unable to see a complete basilica in a short, low ridge of battered masonry hardly rising above the surface of the ground, or to pave an entire forum in the course of one forenoon, should avoid this particular department of husbandry.

During this current season the Governor's energies were bent on nothing less than a *marmorata* on the edge of the lake, a wharf at which the stone used in the construction of Aventicum the Elder had been landed after a rafting across from the shore below Mont Vully. To confess the exact truth, the Governor's purpose here was less esthetic than practical; he wished to enlarge his little property at the expense of the shallows before it, and he hoped that the building of a suitable landing-place might come to make Aventicum Novum an occasional port of call. Operations had been going on for two or three days with a greatly enlarged force of workmen, as many as five being occupied at one time — a necessary increase when the manual part of the undertaking so nearly equaled the imaginative part of it. And it was the director of this little force who had sped those startling tidings to his master in his library at Neuchâtel.

On receipt of these tidings, the Governor lost no time. He shook off his dressing-gown, shrugged himself into his street-coat, called loudly for his hat and gloves and walking-stick, detached his chief disciple from a case of beetles, and with him sallied forth. His first impulse was to find his confrères at the college; his second led him in search of the Chatelaine. She would know, would feel, would sympathize. For when you possess a little foothold on a lake in western Switzerland, and when your men report that excavations have developed rows of rotting piles deeply embedded in the slime and marl of the shore, it means one thing, and only one — lake-dwellings. Let him but communicate this simple fact to his godchild, and her mind would start up into throbbing activity as had his; like a rocket her thought would rush forth over a hundred yards of narrow, spindling causeway to explode brilliantly far out above the water in all the coruscations that must envelop a newly discovered lake-village through the imagery instantly conjured up in the scientific mind when fired by fancy. She, too, would instantaneously drive down a hundred thousand tree-trunks — oak, beech, fir, all trussed and wattled, which would quickly become overspread with a broad acreage of rude planking, which in turn would be covered over with a layer of beaten earth and embedded gravel. From this platform a multitude of huts would rise, built of brush and saplings, smeared over with clay, and roofed with bark and straw and rushes. The cattle would be stabled between, and the free-running pigs would feed their fatness on acorns and beechnuts. The women would grind their wheat and barley between their mealing-stones, and each would bake her cakes and boil her bison-meat on her



own hearthstone. The children, tethered by the foot to a post, would angle through the trap-doors for turtles, or twiddle derisive fingers at the wolf or boar that peered hungrily through the twilight from the strand; the hunter would toil over the causeway with his spoil of stag, or urus, or aurochs; the husbandman, on the main, would mind his wheat-field or his sheep-fold; the potter, with wheel or without, would pile up his product of jar and pipkin; the weaver at her clay-weighted loom would manipulate her hunks of flax; and the worker in skins, or arrow-heads, or fish-hooks would pursue his industrious way. Then some careless maid — oh, joy! — would let slip a bowl or jug through a chink in the rude flooring, or an impatient artisan would hurl a faulty hatchet-head far out over the water, and each would fall, and sink in the marl below, and wait there patiently three or four thousand years for a worthy old antiquarian to come into his own. And his new guest, instead of starting in with Roman readings in one syllable, might now begin with the very A B C of Swiss history, as rightfully she should. Such images as these churned in the Governor's excited brain as, accompanied by his secondary sympathizer, he rustled through the town and scaled the height behind it in search of his primary one.

But what pleasure is complete? The Governor, panting and perspiring, told off the last step of that stony incline, and gained the turf and shade of that churchly little rectangle only to find the field already in possession of another. This was a lithe, graceful, self-assured young man of twenty-five, whose manner seemed a perfect epitome of urban elegance, and whose fantastic costuming, blossoming into every sort of vernal wantonness, affronted those serene presences across the water with a jauntiness that approached blasphemy. Or so it seemed to the good Governor, whose balked impatience was hastening on to the discovery of other affronts more deadly still, when Miss West presented the new-comer as the young Fin-de-Siècle. The Count, she hastened to add, with a certain accent of complacent relish, was just twenty-four hours from Paris. The Governor found it impossible to maintain a complete rigidity before this suave and smiling young man, and therefore unbent sufficiently to present his own companion, the Baron Thus-and-So, mentioning one of the oldest, most famous, and most unmanageable names in all Tyrol, a name which for ordinary use the Governor unceremoniously metamorphosed into "Zeitgeist." The Baron Zeitgeist wore Tyrolean grays and greens, and had hastily slung a *jägerhut*, with one curling cock-feather, across his blond head; and the Governor, whose eye, indeed, was not altogether dimmed to pictorial effect, thought that this was as far as any young man need go when posturing before the Alps.

The Chatelaine had not yet recovered from the shock which had come to her with the dawning of this brilliant Parisian apparition beneath the shadowed arch of the church door, and to the Governor the sight of that bright and knowing face lighted up a million gas-jets in competition with the blessed light of day, while every foot-fall of those dapper boots helped to spread a field of asphalt over the green churchyard turf; but Aurelia West had often seen the like before, and she lost no time in demanding of the Count, with an aggressive audacity, and a seeming consciousness of the superfluity of the question, what he was doing in Switzerland. Well, he was there as a fictionist; he was picking up material. This he said with the air of a man who thought one answer would do as well as another. No interest, he declared, was equal to the human interest. And humanity was never so interesting as when at a disadvantage. And it was never more at a disadvantage than when amusing its leisure; nor at a more supreme disadvantage than when this leisure found it disporting before the great front of nature. He looked calmly around the little group, waved his hand in a businesslike way toward the Jungfrau, and presently retired into the shrubbery to jot down this little string of epigrams. Not every one would think them worth saving, but the appreciation of values differs, and they were saved, and appeared in print in Paris in the autumn. I simply mention this fact here because the "Étude d'une Âme" may never have come to your notice.

The Governor, who inwardly confessed himself a little put out, but who hardly fancied himself as figuring to any great disadvantage, opined that for this sort of note-taking their own quiet little town might not be so good a field as Lucerne, for example, where a brass band might be listened to on the Schweitzerhof Quay, whence the Rigi might be ascended for the sunrise, and where, as he understood from the prints, Mlle. Pasdenom, also from Paris, was shortly expected to open out with an Offenbachian repertoire on the stage of the Casino. This last chance shot found lodgment somewhere, for the Count, a trifle dashed, hastened on rapidly to another set of reasons. This time he was merely winging his flight across a corner of the country on his way down to Italy; he was going to see his friend, the Marchese of Tempo-Rubato, who had a hunting-box in the mountains above Bergamo, and his father, the old Duke of Largo — everybody knew the Duke. All this, and much more, to Miss West; and that young lady, thankful to have gone no farther beyond bounds, and inwardly resolving hereafter to keep within bounds still more circumscribed, astutely started out on a little course

of thought quite her own. For one thing, she should beware in the future of any reason that seemed too plain, too simple. For another thing, she should certainly hear the band play on the Schweitzerhof Quay.

If Fin-de-Siècle, during his winter's acquaintance with Aurelia West, had given that undiscriminating young woman more admiration than respect, he was now bestowing on the Chatelaine a considerable degree of respect, no particular degree of admiration, and an insufferable degree of curiosity. He began his note-taking on the churchyard terrace with all the ardor that a new type inspires, and he continued it on the steamer deck, as they sped in all haste toward Morat, with an absorption that thrust landscape and antiquities equally into the background. The Governor had collected his little party with the least possible loss of time, and his satisfaction as to its composition was complete; for among the group of quiet, suave, well-fed old gentlemen aft was his great confrère and rival, Professor Saitoutetplus, whose complacency since the discovery of a lake-dwelling or so on his own frontage near Cortaillod had been a thorn in the Governor's side for many a year past. And the others, if less prominent as landed proprietors, were equally eminent as scientists; every one of them, at some reunion or other, had laid his "paper" on that dusky damask table-cover of the Governor's, and had contracted his eyebrows to stop the tinkling of the prisms on the tarnished candelabrum at his elbow. And now they sat there together on the shady side of the paddle-box, conversing amiably enough, but ready at any moment to sink the friend in the controversialist with a suddenness and completeness that would throw a stranger into a panic of apprehension. But the friend, although he sank, never failed to rise again; and the Chatelaine, when contentious voices began to rise, knew that conversational life-preservers were close at hand, and gave no evidence of being in any great degree disturbed. She, with the other young people, was well up toward the bow; and thus the *Hirondelle*, with youth at the prow and learning at the helm, sped on her way.

The Chatelaine, whose wardrobe was doubtless small and simple, wore for this excursion just what she had worn upon the terrace—a gray woolen gown, a small bonnet of brown straw, not altogether unlike a poke, and a garment which I venture, with some diffidence, to term a pelisse. To have called her aspect archaic would have been unjustly severe; yet to have called it wholly unfashionable would have been quite within the bounds of truth. But as this strong, serene, cool-eyed young woman trod firmly from one side of the boat to the other, her glance ranging freely over lake and mountain, and her head raised finely to catch the freshening breeze that swept athwart the bow, Aurelia West could not but speed one shaft of envy toward this young creature set so high that she was able to ignore all current conventionalities and yet become in no degree absurd. As soon request the Alps themselves to change their robe of snow and pine-boughs as to ask the "taste for nature" to wax or wane or vacillate.

Meanwhile Fin-de-Siècle pursued his inquiries with an unabashed directness that a complete gentleman might well have hesitated to employ. When he learned that the Chatelaine's idea of dissipation was San Remo, he felt that he had made a point; when he discovered that her ideal of splendor was Geneva, he felt that he had made another; when she said that she had never witnessed a real dramatic representation, he squeezed his own elbows in ecstasy; and when she avowed that little in her reading had been more recent than "Paul et Virginie," he was almost charmed into silence. The Chatelaine was able to meet all his inquiries with serene composure, and at the same time to give some heed to the painstaking little profundities with which the young Baron Zeitgeist was trying to chain the wandering attention of Aurelia West; and once, too, when a group of peasant girls, who were attired in the sober holiday finery of the district, and who sat huddled together in an obscure corner not far away, began modestly to croon some old folk-songs, she added her own voice to theirs. Zeitgeist had been in America, as he had lost no time in informing the new arrival on meeting her in the Governor's salon, and his talk referred to a time and place quite other than the present. So did the talk of the Governor's friends, occasional bits of which floated now and then to Aurelia's ears. But she was giving very little heed to either the one or the other. Now and then she heard a word of the stone age, indeed, and again of the bronze age, and again of the age of iron; but she herself knew only one age—the age of flesh and blood. To the Chatelaine, of course, the proper study of mankind was antiquity; but from her own point of view the proper study of mankind was man, and the particular man now in her thoughts was the one who had followed her, or some one else, from Paris.

The steamer had now left the Lake of Neuchâtel, and was bumping on, as best it might, through the narrow channel of the Broye. The motion had become too violent and irregular for the singing peasantry, and they lapsed into silence. The steamer presently jarred against a scowful of mowers whose work grazed the edge of the stream; a boy who was knocked overboard from the stem of the scow was

brought up by a big boat-hook, and the intervention of the officer in command prevented the boarding of the *Hirondelle* by a horde of angry agriculturists. A quarter of a mile farther the boat grazed bottom, and a rod beyond this it stuck fast, and nothing but the straining, writhing, pushing, and shouting of the entire crew made the accomplishment of the trip a possibility. But none of these minor mishaps had cast a single drop of water on the flames of controversy now raging among the savants of Neuchâtel. The Chatelaine, looking back, observed that her godfather was quite red in the face, and that the worthy Saitoutetplus was moving his umbrella in a fashion totally foreign to the usual manipulation of the olive-branch. Monsieur was being requested to recall how it had turned out not merely at their own Concise or Yverdon, but also at Wauwyl, at Wangen, at Robenhausen, where by no chance could the potter's wheel have been employed. And again, would monsieur be pleased to remember that the jar had not been found in the peat itself, but in the first stratum beneath it — a consideration that rendered necessary a reconstruction of the entire theory. But, on the other hand, the *cher professeur* must not lose sight of the important fact that the jar had been clearly shown to contain not carbonized acorns, but beechnuts, which permitted an entirely different interpretation of the matter. Meanwhile the Chatelaine watched for the appearance of Morat's high-set castle-tower, with its pair of attendant poplars, and, seeing them, felt that deliverance was nigh.

Morat, rising steeply from behind its frontage of ruined sea-wall and its rounded clumps of willow, is a compact, bustling little place, and as picturesque, in a hearty, downright fashion, as a purely Protestant town can be. For a touch of the pensive and forlorn thriftlessness that the Church may bestow our friends waited for Estavayer, which had a place in the circuitous route that took them home. But Morat possesses two features which even the most troublesome esthete must appreciate — an inn which offers at once a good dinner and a good view across the lake from its high back windows, and a town-wall which, more than any dinner, must make the mouth of the discriminating visitor water. Our friends despatched their lunch in the big public room, crowded with a jostling, good-natured fair-throng, and then, in deference to the visitor from over sea, made a little excursion on the wall, a tiny semicircle of less than half a mile, all told, with a huddle of steep roofs within and a fine spread of gardens and open meadows without. It is a rugged old fabric, broken through by a dozen awkward towers, and covered for its whole length with a rude peaked roof that rests on a rough timber framework, set with wabbling lines of coarse old tiles; but it deserves a place among the minor promenades of Switzerland, it is so authentic, so accessible, so abounding in pleasant and ever-shifting glimpses of lake, town, mountain, and country-side.

But the Governor's impatience over Aventicum left very little time for any other place, and his guests presently found themselves seated under his famous old pear-trees near the Temple of Mars, while his chief Roman was offering them by way of refreshment the choice between gooseberries and buttermilk. Then they were shown the remains of the basilica of Aulus Perfidius, whose treachery to the Roman cause, as explained by Zeitgeist, was the reason for the removal of a good part of this structure in favor of a barrack for the Thirteenth Legion: a row of *cippi* commemorating various members of that body now formed a border for the asparagus-bed. They saw numerous other novelties and rarities, and on the way home they stopped at Payerne to glance at the old Benedictine abbey, from the broad archway of which half a hundred shrill-voiced school-children were being scattered broadcast, and to look in at the old church where the saddle of good Queen Bertha is to be seen, with its hole for her distaff. And they took time at Estavayer, while waiting for the homeward steamer, to run over the causeways and through the courts of the fine old brick château; and they glided into the port at Neuchâtel as the stars were coming out and the dews were making it worth while to feel a new seat before taking it; and Aurelia West was fain to acknowledge to the Chatelaine, as they walked home along the darkling quay, that not for many a day had she been more completely filled with panorama, medievalism, and classicality. But the lake-dwellers? Yes, yes — that is a question I can answer; but it is one that I had hoped you might forget to ask.

Well, none of us need to be told that a single whiff of real fact may quickly dissipate a whole bushel of antiquarian chaff. And all of us can understand that the humbler the fount of information the harder it is to gulp down its gushings. There are certain features connected with that afternoon at Aventicum Novum which the Governor never cared to linger on, and which were never afterward referred to in his presence. The plain facts are these: the Governor's steward had a father; this father, an octogenarian down in a cottage by the shore, had a memory; and this memory was able to connect the work of the lake-dwellers with certain work of his own lost both to sight and recollection for fully fifty years. That was all. The Governor's fancy had gone up as rockets do, and had come down as rockets will; and now, when the worthy Sai-

toutetplus is minded to take a bit of a stroll among the lacustrine relics at the college, he does it without the company of his friend.

The Governor, before returning to Neuchâtel, left directions with his steward — the same to be forwarded at once to Morat — for a handsome sarcophagus in which suitably to inter a young lady whose biography he had just improvised, and with whose monument he wished to begin a prospective Street of Tombs. The name of this fair unfortunate was Julia Placidia, and she had accompanied her father, the commander of the Thirteenth Legion, from Rome. The general, who was no great novel-reader, was at a loss to understand why his daughter should have insisted upon following him to so remote and inhospitable a region; but we of this modern day know without the telling that she was secretly attached to one of her father's subordinate officers, a very handsome and promising young man. The Governor hesitated whether to make the cause of her death pulmonary or pectoral; had she died of consumption or of heart-break? Most of the young people — so near to the end of the century are we come — pronounced in favor of delicate lungs, but the old gentlemen from the college pleaded unanimously for a broken heart. I do not know what decision was reached, or, indeed, whether the inscription specified the cause of her demise at all, my Latin is so indifferent; but be that as it may, the soft-hearted young sculptor at Morat was able to give to the sarcophagus the last refined touches of pathetic mutilation, and the untimely taking-off of this fair young thing filled the Governor himself with a pensive complacency for fully a fortnight.

II.

THE JURA: BOUND TO THE CHARIOT-WHEELS.

After the obsequies of Julia Placidia the Chatelaine and her friends set about the recovery of their spirits by means of a series of little fêtes and excursions, not too hilarious and not too suddenly begun. They started with a sedate ramble over the heights of the Chaumont, and they continued with a little run, partly by rail and partly on foot, up through the glories of the Val de Travers. One day came a picnic on the grassy slopes above the towered and gabled old manor of Cornaux, whence the Lake of Bienne, along with red-tiled Neuveville and the inviting Isle of St. Peter, spread out a soothing little sonatina in quietly blended blues, reds, and greens; and on another day they betook themselves up to La Chaux-de-Fonds to spend a few hours among the watchmakers, much to the delight of Aurelia West, in whose breast the shopping instinct, like hope, sprang eternal, and in whose eyes the pleasant peculiarities of the Jura landscapes had not yet lost their charm. And in the course of a week they had so far left their grief behind as to attempt a quiet little fête in the prim old garden behind the Governor's house. They summoned hither half a dozen shy young students and a corresponding number of straight, self-conscious maidens,— the daughters and nieces of professors,— and attempted a bit of dancing *en*

plein air to the music of a flute, a violin, and a violoncello. The cello was manned by Zeitgeist, and the flute was looked after by the Governor himself, who would have resented the least imputation of rheumatic finger-joints as the worst of insults; and the efforts of both were directed by the violinist,—a townsman and a professional,—a nervous, elderly little man whose interest in the occasion rather overshadowed the deference that he should have shown to such distinguished amateurs, whose slightest slip he rebuked and corrected with Draconic severity. The Governor was brought to book half a dozen times or more, and at last was smilingly obliged to confess himself rather out of practice; but Zeitgeist, whose instrument was his constant traveling companion and in almost daily use, escaped with merely a rap or two. Miss West, who had observed the peregrinations of the cello with some amusement and little less concern, once made bold to ask its owner why he had not chosen something smaller; but she learned at once that nothing else could quite meet his particular requirements. The violin was too shrill and shrieking; the viola was too robust and rampageous; only the soulful sonority of the violoncello could give adequate expression to his passion and his pain. But to the Chatelaine there was nothing that required special comment in the journeyings of that big green bag; for more than once she had seen an unwieldy sitz-bath bumping its way up the Nicolaithal to Zermatt, and last year she had made the acquaintance of an elderly *Anglaise* who had carried a parrot in an enormous cage all the way from Plymouth to Pontresina and back again.

The days went on quickly and pleasantly, and Aurelia West was pleased to find herself slipping more easily and more completely into the round of cheerful serenities that marked the course of life at Neuchâtel. This was precisely what she had come for, and it would be agreeable enough for a few weeks, after the distractions of Paris and the diversions of the Riviera. It was on this southern shore that the two young women had first become acquainted, during a month passed between Mentone and San Remo, and the Chatelaine had left La Trinité for Neuchâtel in order to meet her guest, as I may say, upon the threshold. Yet, while the Governor's little fêtes and excursions had half rubbed the Rue de la Paix from her memory, and had jostled the last Battle of Flowers two or three degrees along the road to ancient history, still they had not done much to quiet the feeling of doubt and surprise and general uncertainty which rose and fluttered whenever she looked back on that day's journey of hers from Paris to the Alps.

She had made the journey alone. When I say "alone," I use the word in a narrow, technical sense; she was accompanied by no friend, no relative, no chaperon. The relatives in whose care she was to have gone were obliged to give up their idea of Basel at the last moment, and to this independent young woman the eight-hour trip across France by daylight did not present itself as an undertaking of any extreme difficulty. But as for company unrelated,—company in the plain, ordinary sense,—she had enough and to spare, as you shall see.

She had made all her arrangements to depart with the éclat proper to one of the colony who was so fair, so young, and of a position so assured. Her costume was distinctly in the mode, and that mode at its highest. Her traveling-wrap was in a large, light plaid, which, even in the piece, looked striking enough; her hat showed a width of brim and a wealth of adornment that more than met the necessities of the case; and the handle of her parasol was incredibly long and ornate. Still, whatever her aunt may or may not have said, before or after, there was nothing in her get-up—as she invariably insisted when looking back upon this curious day—that was not completely justified by the plates in "La Mode Illustrée." Her bags and other belongings were equally modish, a dozen people of consequence had assembled at the Gare de l'Est to see her off, and nothing in the world had been wanting to give her departure the proper effect except a minute or two of time. But a wretched accident had delayed her five or more, and when her uncle hurried her through the *salle d'attente* to the platform, a dozen apprehensive friends, who had bought tickets to the first station out that they might pass the guard, had given her up; the porters were running along swiftly as they slammed the doors of the carriages, and her attendant, wrenching open one of the compartments, had only time to push her in when the train started, even before she had found her seat. No bonbons, no flowers, no hand-shaking, no kisses; but as the train pulled out she was solaced by a momentary glimpse of a traveler more unfortunate still. A young man—a *boulevardier*, it seemed—came struggling through the crowd with a new portmanteau in one hand, an immense bouquet in the other, and an evident intention on the carriage before hers in his every movement. His figure seemed familiar enough, but his hat was jammed down over his eyes and nose. He stumbled and fell. The portmanteau burst open. The bouquet flew to pieces. What became of the youth himself she had no time to see. Nor was she disturbed by the spectacle which her uncle presently offered to those remaining behind—rushing after the train with outstretched arms, as if to pull it back by main

force, and finally being carried off to the waiting-room to quiet down and to pull his scattered wits together.

She found herself in a third-class compartment; it was none too clean and it was very crowded. The occupants were both men and women — about half and half. They were not old, nor were many of them exactly young. None of them, taken singly, would have caused a second thought, perhaps; but their associated effect was peculiar. In the mass there was a singularity of attire, a curious, intimate, democratic, though half-smothered, familiarity of association, and a certain noticeable sameness in physiognomy not to be overlooked. Nor did they, on their part, ignore her own attire and physiognomy. They scanned her, studied her — men and women both — with a stealthy, furtive, insistent interest which presently began to annoy and even to alarm her. After a little time one or two of them spoke to her, and with a certain civility; but it was a civility that came more from policy than from good will. And before long they showed less of civility and more of a sense of restraint and injury, and she began to feel that she was the discordant element. This discovery pained her; she had no wish to act as a wet blanket on anybody's holiday. But doubtless these good people would be getting off after another five or ten or fifteen miles, and if she could stand it, they might, too. But they did not get off after five or ten or fifteen miles. They went on as long as she did — and longer.

Presently sounds of joy began to issue from the compartment next behind. There were two or three shrieks of laughter in high female voices, and the tones of a big bass voice, which must have proceeded from a head thrust out of the next window, came bawlingly into theirs. Then there was a noise as of some one pounding on the partition close to her head with a bottle — a sign of greeting, as it seemed, to the people locked in with her. She started; but of those around her more frowned than smiled, and she realized bitterly that she was a kill-joy indeed. A large, round-shouldered man, who had not shaved himself that morning, and whose taste in neckwear she could not approve, sat opposite her. He was humming a jerky little tune under his breath, and was accompanying himself by strumming on the window-pane with a set of fingers adorned with a large and valueless ruby. At the first stoppage he ceased his impatient exercise, left the carriage, and forgot to come back again. And a woman, whose oily black hair was laid in great scollops against her temples, and whose full throat was encircled by a coarse-meshed collar of dubious point, looked after him as if she would like to follow.

The forenoon wore on, and other stops now and then gave Miss West glimpses of other passengers. The most conspicuous of these were certain gentlemen — quite a number of them, too — who were dressed in an exaggeration of the prevailing mode, and who were most active whenever a stop gave easy access to a restaurant or a buffet. They carried little glasses of cognac or kirschwasser, or anything else that offered, and their steps invariably led them to one particular carriage — the first or second ahead of her own. She saw them again and again; and presently it occurred to her that none of the old passengers were leaving the train and that no new ones seemed to have boarded it. Many of the station-masters, too, were showing an interest more personal than was common to that indifferent gild, and that interest followed close on the convoy of kirschwasser and cognac.

The hours dragged on wearily and uncomfortably enough. They passed Nogent, Troyes, Bar-sur-Aube, and in due time they reached Chaumont, where there was a longer wait than usual. Here she saw the window-strummer on the platform, and noticed that he was pointing to her compartment. And presently one of the bearers of kirschwasser came walking down past the long succession of open doors, and paused at hers. He wore a dark, pointed beard, his trousers-legs had the sensuous, undulating swing so dear to the Parisian tailor, and his collar displayed the low cut so beloved by artists of a certain circle. He carried a little glass of liqueur in a hand on which the manicure had exercised an exaggerated care, and he offered his refreshment with a smile whose intent was that of the most attentive assiduity. As he approached her the women opposite bridled most self-consciously, and when she drew back with alarm and offense so plainly in her face that he could only retire with a stare and a shrug, her traveling companions finally lost all patience with her. The people in the next compartment were trolling the drinking-song from "Giroflé-Girofla" with a spirit and precision that quite surprised her, and now the people in her own threw off all restraint, and joined in with them.

She retired into her book, and the loosened tongues around her began to do a little wagging. They talked brokenly, abruptly, of a variety of things that she found herself unable to follow; it seemed to be the phonetic shop-talk of some established but exceptional profession. They spoke now and then of la Duchesse. Once a reference to this personage was attended by the throwing up of a thumb over a shoulder in the direction of the carriage ahead, and Miss West found herself wondering whether it was the Duchess whose thirst was so unquenchable and required such constant ministrations.

Presently one of the women stooped down, thrust her hand under the seat, and pulled up a package of sandwiches and a bottle of *ordinaire*. She studied the situation for a moment, and then, with a manner which she could not make non-committal enough to meet her own views, tendered a share in these refreshments to our uncomfortable traveler. Miss West was hungry enough to accept food and drink even at the hands of a duchess's tirewoman or kitchen-maid, and it seemed to be the general sentiment of the compartment, as she bit into her sandwich, that she was coming to her senses.

At the next stop she ventured to alight and to take a few steps up and down, for she felt very tired, cramped, and uncomfortable. The deserter from her own compartment pointed her out to two or three of his fellows, who followed her movements with a curious interest, and now and then some other man from a higher social stratum seemed half prompted to the tender of some civility which in the end he reconsidered and withheld. She glanced along the train. There was one goods-van more than might have been expected from the limited number of carriages, and it was noticeably larger than the average. Yes; the great lady, whoever she might be and wherever going, was moving along *en grande tenue*, and was carrying her whole household with her. But why not have added a few extra carriages to the train? Why compel one who was accustomed to the drawing-room to travel, as it were, in the kitchen? She looked toward the carriage that she fancied to be occupied by the *grande dame* herself, but the door was closed, and the kirschwasser was handed in through the half-curtained window by a garçon who came tripping out from the buffet, and who carried back a five-franc piece with the empty glass. How pitiful, thought Miss West, for an elderly lady to become so confirmed in such a habit; though, to be sure, almost every member of the aristocracy had some engaging little eccentricity or other.

The afternoon was wearing on. The long, straight white roads, and the long, straight, interminable poplar-rows of mid-France had been left behind some time since; the country had become broken, hilly, even mildly mountainous — at least there were suggestions of the mountainous that made the passing show worthy of more attention; most of the ducal retainers had dropped off to sleep, lying back in uncomfortable and unprepossessing attitudes; but from somewhere or other above the ceaseless click-click of the wheels came faintly and intermittently the squeaking notes of a violin. Then it seemed as if there might be two of them, and that they were running informally through a little passage in thirds and sixths; and presently above the dull b-r-r-r from the rails there seemed to beat itself in on her fast-dulling ear a familiar snatch from "La Jolie Par — La Jolie — La Jol —" She nodded, caught herself, the train slacked, and they were at Delle, on the Swiss frontier.

She decided to do what she could toward getting the Duchess and her vast establishment through the customs, and so left her compartment once more. But the examinations were not so searching as she had expected, nor was she herself as alertly wide-awake as she had judged; and but for a strong arm, dexterously exercised, she might have been left behind altogether. This arm belonged to a gentleman whom she had seen only once before during the day, but to whom she had assigned a high position in the ducal household — the eldest son, in all probability. He, as the train was moving off, seized her firmly, thrust her into the nearest open door, promptly followed her himself, and gave the door a slam behind them.

She found herself in a first-class compartment, comfortably spaçed and luxuriously appointed. The velvet rug was littered with broken biscuits and crumpled rose-leaves, and four people already occupied the four corners: a lady, her maid, and two gentlemen, one of whom held a bird-cage containing a pair of parrakeets, while the other was trying to amuse a pug-dog whose harness was set off with bells and blue ribbons. The third gentleman, her rescuer, signed her to a seat between the dog and the birds, and placed himself between mistress and maid. He was a man who was approaching thirty — he was twenty-eight, let us say. His aspect was one of richness and distinction; his manner had breadth, freedom, mastery. He seemed a patrician who could hold his high estate, or lapse away from it and gain it again, all with equal ease, grace, and elasticity, and wholly uninjured in the opinion of himself or his associates. He had a devil in each eye; one was laughing, the other — not. It was the laughing one that flickered before Aurelia West as he presented her with an off-hand informality, difficult to describe or to endure, to the lady opposite her, whom he simply designated as the Duchess. As to her own identity, that appeared to be understood by everybody, the Duchess included.

In this personage Aurelia West was surprised to find a woman not more than a year or two older than herself, though a first casual glance might have made her four or five. With her feet crossed she lolled back against the quilted head-rest in a costume in which Miss West found ample justification for her own. She wore her hair in a bold, original fashion, which was much too eccentric and unauthorized for

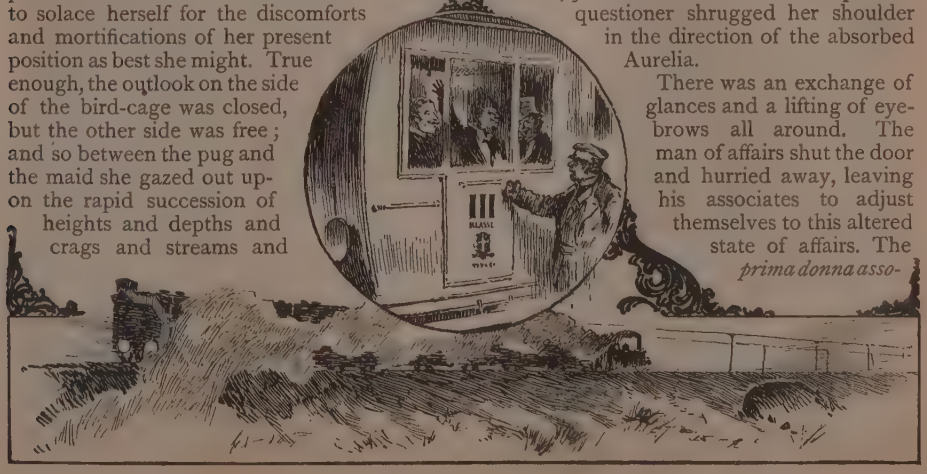
anything like imitation, and her elaborate complexion was applied with a careless frankness that only a very great lady would have dared to employ. She did not suggest the Faubourg St. Germain, by any means; but Compiègne, in the later days of the Empire, was not altogether beyond the pale of consideration. She turned a pair of big, dilated eyes on this new and sudden arrival, made an indifferent effort to extend a hand, and carelessly asked her, in an accent not completely Parisian, how she was standing the journey. Then, with an air of knowing everything and everybody and all about them, she brought back her wandering attention and chained it to her own personality. Her conversation was chiefly with the athlete who had made the immediate continuation of Aurelia West's Swiss journey a possibility. She addressed him sometimes as *cher Marquis* and sometimes as *caro Marchese*, and at irregular intervals she mumbled bits of Italian at him without turning her head. Her associates took as much for granted and gave as little heed; the gentleman with the bird-cage was the one who had made the offer of refreshment, and he gave even less. He ignored the newcomer completely, and Aurelia West began to feel even more uncomfortable and out of place than she had felt in her other quarters. She was tolerated only because she was there, and there unavoidably; and the more assured they seemed as to her identity the more uncertain she became about it herself.

They had left Porrentruy and its castle a few miles behind, and the scenery, now that they were fully within the Juras, was taking on its most acutely characteristic aspect. And with this Aurelia West was fain to solace herself for the discomforts and mortifications of her present position as best she might. True enough, the outlook on the side of the bird-cage was closed, but the other side was free; and so between the pug and the maid she gazed out upon the rapid succession of heights and depths and crags and streams and fleeting shadows that marks this entrance into Switzerland. At Ste. Ursanne the train crosses loftily over the picturesque valley of the Doubs, and pauses long enough for a brief look at the quaint old town and its ruined castle set high up on a precipitous steep, and the suddenly doubling river winding far below between its craggy banks. Aurelia West was taking this first glimpse as an earnest of other glories yet to come, and she gave no great heed to the person who stood there with his hand on the carriage door in low-voiced conversation with the Duchess. He was of middle age, and his face expressed a fairly successful union of the practical and the esthetic. He looked, too, as if he had the weight of the universe on his shoulders—the universe plus the Duchess. And the Duchess was adding to the weight by a series of sharp, insistent questions. Where, for example, had he been all this time? Why must he bestow so much time on Mlle. La Rossignole and her needs. Was n't she old and experienced enough to look out for herself? And why had there been no kirschwasser for poor Chou-Chou back there at Porrentruy?—the little beast, meanwhile, thrusting out his pop-eyes and jingling his bells as if insisting on an answer, too. And why—why was it necessary to have the new contralto in this particular compartment? Could no other place have been found for her? And how was anybody to get along with one so glum, so rude, so unsympathetic?

Eh, Mademoiselle, the new contralto? *Mais, oui;* surely a place *had* been found for her—one in his own carriage.

In monsieur's own carriage? Then who, *juste ciel!* was—? and his puzzled questioner shrugged her shoulder in the direction of the absorbed Aurelia.

There was an exchange of glances and a lifting of eyebrows all around. The man of affairs shut the door and hurried away, leaving his associates to adjust themselves to this altered state of affairs. The *prima donna asso-*



luta exchanged a few words with the Marquis in Italian, and Miss West presently found herself the object of a slightly increased interest. The less she belonged to them, the more, it seemed, they cared for her; and when they learned that her destination was not Basel, but Neuchâtel, their interest quickened still a little more. For in that event Mademoiselle must change at Delémont, and Delémont was barely ten miles ahead, a change presently made to the easing of all involved. The gentlemen civilly assisted her to alight, her luggage was bundled out from her former quarters with a hearty good will, and as their train sped away in the twilight the words of a deplorable couplet from "Le Petit Faust" floated back from the raucous throats of a score of men packed in the last carriage.

(To be continued.)

Henry B. Fuller.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

VITTORE CARPACCIO.— 1440 (?) – 1520 (?).

CARPACCIO is one of those masters of the great period of Venetian art about whose lives we know the least. We know that he was born in Istria, then one of the possessions of Venice; and we first hear of him as a painter in connection with Lazzaro Bastiani (of whom Vasari makes two persons, brothers of Carpaccio), who was a member of the school of S. Girolamo, in Venice, in 1470. It is a rational conjecture that as the two were friends so close as to be reported by Vasari to be brothers, they were of approximately the same age and could hardly have been admitted painters earlier than thirty. As Cavalcaselle points out, Carpaccio's later works show the decay of his powers, and were painted about 1519; so he may be accepted as having lived till 1520, and to have died at a ripe age, which, for want of any clue, we may guess to be eighty. We have no more precise indications of the date of either his birth or his death. He was a pupil of the elder Vivarini, and afterward of Giovanni Bellini. He is reported to have accompanied Gentile Bellini to Constantinople, to which experience may be attributed his fondness for Oriental costumes in his pictures. The great series of subjects from the life of St. Ursula, now in the Academy at Venice, which gives the best as well as the most favorable conception of his work, was executed after 1490. The series of pictures in S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni, which Ruskin has brought into great prominence in the history of art in Venice, was painted by order of the confraternity of the Hospital of St. George. This confraternity, founded in 1451, received from the prior of the monastery of St. John of Jerusalem a hospice from among the buildings of the priory, and this building having become ruinous, the confraternity replaced it by a more splendid one, with a chapel which was completed in 1501, and dedicated to St. George and St. Trifon, a Dalmatian saint and martyr. An early historian of the principality of Montenegro, then the principality of the Zeta, says that its last sovereign, George Cernoievitch, married a noble Venetian lady, who, tired of the bleak seclusion of the rugged home to which she had come, persuaded her husband to return with her to Venice. Accordingly he took up his permanent abode there, and, finding no orthodox church in the city, had one built which he dedicated to St. George. His name appears for the last time in the records of Cettinje, the capital of Montenegro, in 1495, and his will exists, dated at Milan in 1499. The association of St. George of the Slavonians and St. Trifon, an orthodox and Slavonic saint, with the avowed purpose of making a refuge for the mariners at Dalmatia, which was then as now mainly an orthodox country in its lower provinces, and the coincidence of times and names, leave no room for doubt that S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni is the church of George Cernoievitch, since it is the only one to which we can refer the data. There had been for several generations an alliance between the Zeta and Venice against the Turks. The sea-coast along the part of Dalmatia opposite the Zeta was in the possession of Venice, and the Zetans served as guards to the caravans from the Adriatic across the Balkans to the Black Sea and Trebizond. Before taking a wife from a noble Venetian family, George Cernoievitch had been inscribed in the Golden Book of the nobility of the state.

The pictures in S. Giorgio were painted between 1502 and 1508, in the early portion of Carpaccio's most masterly period; but I cannot agree with Ruskin's laudation of the art in them, considered in relation to the other works of Carpaccio, any more than with what seems to me his extravagant praise of the art of Carpaccio in relation to the rest of Venetian art.

A DETAIL FROM THE LEGEND OF ST. URSULA, BY CARPACCIO.

Speaking of the "St. George and the Dragon" in the series, and especially of the distant figures of the sultan and his daughter, Ruskin says:

For truly,—and with hard-earned and secure knowledge of such matters, I tell you, through all this round world of ours, searching what the best life of it has done of brightest in all its times and years,—you shall not find another piece quite the like of that little piece of work, for supreme, serene, unassuming, unfaltering sweetness of painter's perfect art. Over every other precious thing, of such things known to me, it rises, in the compass of its simplicity; in being able to gather the perfections of the joy of extreme childhood, and the joy of a hermit's age, with the strength and sunshine of mid-life, all in one. Which is indeed more or less true of all Carpaccio's work and mind; but in this piece you have it set in close jewellery, radiant, inestimable.

No one can dispute Ruskin's enjoyment of this phase of art, or his right to establish his own standard of art for his own enjoyment and teaching. I can only point out that the standard is one which does not conform to that of the greater experts in art, the painters themselves, or with my view of a healthy definition of art itself. The infirmity of his judgment is further shown in what he says of some little pictures in the church of St. Alvise, which he attributes to Carpaccio, but which the highest living authority in that particular line of judgment,—not only in my opinion but in that of Cavalcaselle, and whose knowledge is even admitted by Mr. Ruskin,—C. F. Murray, distinctly declares to have no trace of the workmanship of Carpaccio beyond the evident imitation of some of his peculiarities of drawing by a follower whose inherent feebleness Ruskin mistakes for the youth of the master. But he says, with that peremptoriness of opinion which leaves no chance of modification, except in confession of ignorance, that "in all these pictures the qualities of Carpaccio are already entirely pronounced; the grace, quaintness, simplicity, and deep intentness on the meaning of incidents." It is true that Crowe and Cavalcaselle enter these pictures in the catalogue of works of Carpaccio, but as "school pictures," a term at which Ruskin inveighs, but which is in precise accordance with the opinion of Mr. Murray. To give the best view of such an extraordinary estimate of the qualities of Carpaccio, I can only say that Ruskin forms his opinion of the painter (and to a great extent of all art) on the quality of story-telling, which I hold is not, properly speaking, the art at all, but is the thought of the man, and is always to be held utterly distinct from the manner in which the story is presented, which is his art.

The "History of St. Ursula" gives higher proof of Carpaccio's preëminence as a story-teller than do the pictures in S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni. Though he afterward painted some pictures which are to be ranked higher as art, they are more under the technical influence of the greater painters of the school in which he had his training—a training which, like that of Tintoretto, was interfered with by what must be considered as a refractory originality. He had the Venetian sense of color in a high degree, but in his use of the material he never attained the technical perfection of the secondary masters, such as Palma and Lotto. The telling of his story was evidently more important to him than his technic, and the painting in the Slavonian series is thin and in parts slovenly. What is said of his method by Cavalcaselle, referring to his best work, I accept as proof that he had never attained the complete mastery of oils that some of his contemporaries gained. He began like Bellini with tempera, but unlike Bellini he never rid himself of the influence of his original method of working.

That a glowing, ruddy, perhaps uniform tone was habitual to him in these days, is proved by the "Christ at Emmaus" preserved in San Salvatore at Venice, under the name of Giovanni Bellini; a picture in which we neither notice Bellini's types, nor his feeling as a colorist, nor his line as a draughtsman. If we look at the contrasts of tints and their harmony, we detect the art familiar to Carpaccio in pitting one shade against another to make up the chord; there is no subtle agency at work to blend tints together, the flesh is not broken up or varied to produce effect. Warmth, on the contrary, is obtained by an even red film thrown over all, and without partial glazes.

This is the method of a painter whose mastery of the technical appliances is incomplete. A great colorist would never be obliged to complete his harmony by a general glaze warming the entire scheme, this being a rude device to cure a recognized crudeness.

As a story-teller Carpaccio has had no superior in the school of Venice, and perhaps none in Italian art. His imagination is wayward, subtle, full of minute inventions and happy surprises, and his originality is distinct and, in his most matured and characteristic work, almost separates him from the contemporary Venetian art, though in his methods he at times adheres to one or another of the teachers with whom he was associated in his early training. He leaves upon me the impression of an artist in whom the subject had always overpowered the art, in whom invention ran so far ahead of the power of delivery that he had no time to wait for his brush to do its work completely. To the dilettante who studies him completely, and who is not led aside from the

intellectual conception by the critical study of methods and technical mastery, he offers more intense satisfaction than some of the greater painters — a satisfaction which I must hold to be apart from the purely artistic standard. It is on this ground that Ruskin does him honor. Living and dying as he did in the midst of a community in which the technical appreciation of art had been fed to the utmost by daily study of the greatest triumphs of color the world has seen, his life and his exit from it, as well as his works, attracted less attention than they merited. Thus it is that we know nothing of Carpaccio personally, and know not when or where he was born and died.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE.

THE Carpaccio detail is taken from the large picture in the Venice Academy, which is itself one of a series of nine large works showing scenes from the legend of St. Ursula. The entire picture represents the ambassadors of the king of England before the king of Brittany to prefer their prince's request for the hand of his daughter Ursula. The compartment to the right of the picture, separated from it by a pillar and showing conventionally another room of the palace, is the detail that I have chosen. It is in itself a complete composition, and very charming it certainly is.

Much embarrassed, the king has retired from the council to his private chamber; for he knows that his daughter has made a vow of perpetual chastity and has dedicated herself to Christ, yet he fears to offend the powerful monarch of England by refusing his suit. He has delayed the answer till the morrow, and now sits meditating his reply. He leans his head upon one hand. The other, gloved, still holds the letter of the king of England. While in this mood his daughter Ursula enters, and, learning the cause of his melancholy, bids him be of good cheer, and proceeds to detail to him the conditions under which she will wed the king.

First, he shall give to me as my ladies and companions ten virgins of the noblest blood in his kingdom, and to every one of these a thousand attendants, and to me also a thousand maidens to wait on me. Second, he shall permit me for the space of three years to honor my virginity, and with my companions to visit the holy shrines where repose the bodies of the saints. And my third demand is [we can imagine the maid in the picture as in the act of telling this, for she is touching her third finger] that the king and his court shall receive baptism; for other than a perfect Christian I cannot wed.

The size of the entire work is 8 feet 9½ inches high by 19 feet 3 inches long. That of the detail given is 3 feet 3 inches wide by 5 feet 6 inches high. It is painted on canvas, and is very rich and soft in color. It is broadly and simply treated, though upon close inspection we find it full of the most exquisite detail. The king's robe, for instance, is richly worked in embroidery too delicate to allow of engraving on so small a scale. I have stippled it, and have thus given some impression of its rich effect. It is of a glowing, soft tone of yellow like old gold. This is relieved against the white bedspread and the canopy above, which is of a rich, soft red. The background is warm gray, and appears to be of marble. Through the grating above is seen the ceiling of another room. The Madonna on the wall is enshrined in a yellow frame like gold. The casing of the window is of a soft, dull red, the book beneath it of a brighter red, and under all there is a charming dado of flowers. The head of the princess is relieved against a dark panel. Her complexion and hair are fair. She is clothed in a delicate, soft, neutral blue, draped with a mantle of rich, bright red. The combination of the whole is most harmonious and pleasing.

St. Ursula is the patroness of young girls, particularly school-girls, and of all women who devote themselves especially to the care and education of their own sex.

T. Cole.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

In mare multa latent.
OPPIAN.

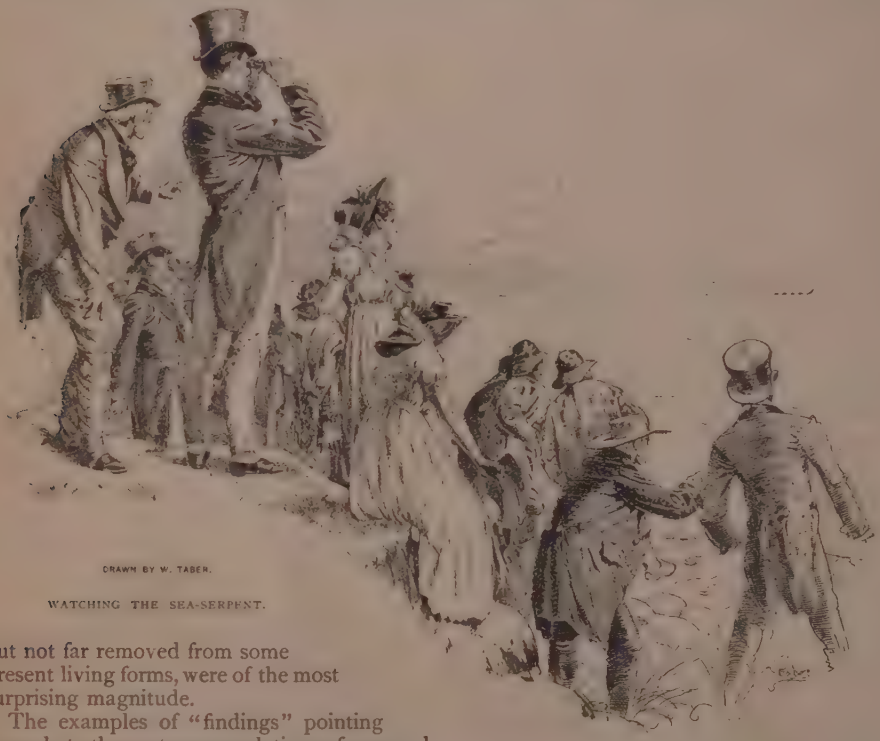
SIR CHARLES LYELL, the eminent geologist, and a most intelligent observer of natural phenomena, while in this country asked his friend Colonel Perkins of Boston what he knew of the so-called sea-serpent. The latter replied, "Unfortunately, I have seen it." The guarded qualification of his remark betrays the chronic condition of wounded sensibility entertained by the eye-witnesses of the "strange occurrence" at that time.

Ridicule had dealt most bitterly with the gentle souls who in the innocence of their well-assured integrity had given a heartless world their simple "word for it." It was now a temptation to forswear, or at least to ignore, all knowledge of any strange creature, marine or terrestrial; though all the while, in mental reserve, they were ready to affirm with Galileo, "E pur si muove"; or, perhaps, with the righteous old negro preacher, in equal faith and with like spirit, to insist that "the sun do move."

Students of the present day have become so familiar with the remarkable remains of extinct reptilian forms, of species differing essentially in size and aspect from those of the present, yet evidently nearly allied, that it has come to be a rational and legitimate thought that

> . . . Such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
> Without our special wonder.

It is a well-known scientific truth that races of terrestrial and aquatic animals now extinct, but not far removed from some present living forms, were of the most surprising magnitude.



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

WATCHING THE SEA-SERPENT.

The examples of "findings" pointing strongly to the coetaneous relations of man and mastodon are accumulating with much significance. In the phosphate beds of South Carolina, and in the greensands of New Jersey, lie the bones of gigantic reptiles, cetaceans, and sharks. The "Bad Lands" of Kansas and the adjacent Territories teem with buried forms, all strange and all gigantic. The halls of Princeton, Yale, and Columbia, and the Central Park Museum of Natural History, contain many a "cross-bone" and cranium, pelvis and vertebra, whose restored relations would greatly astonish us. The great mosasaurs, plesiosaurs, ichthyosaurs, and numerous other sea-reptiles, whose bones are found buried along the Atlantic shores and represent creatures of gigantic proportions, correspond so nearly to the living ocean creature which has been seen in various parts of the Atlantic Ocean and is known as the "sea-serpent," that it is tolerably well settled among zoölogists that the existence of such an animal in the present geological time is not improbable.

Up to the present our recorded knowledge of such creatures, quite aside from the idle tales that periodically appear in print, has originated from the most respectable sources; and it is most fortunate that in several instances the observers chanced to be practical zoölogists. Small wonder, therefore, that the theme, albeit peculiarly susceptible to misconstruction, should be held by zoölogists as involving great possibilities.

It is the all but actual discovery lately of a great creature evidently allied to the "Unknown" that has prompted the gathering of these scraps of history appertaining to the subject.

Having been familiar with the early testimony concerning the appearance on the New England coast of the so-called sea-serpent, and having had personal acquaintance with some of the eye-witnesses,—now all passed away,—and having personal knowledge of the views

of the elder Agassiz, and some other eminent zoölogists, whose faith in the probable existence of such was well known, I have recorded from time to time any facts tending to elucidate the theme. Some recent developments, to be referred to anon, tended to strengthen the interest, and it seemed most advisable that whatever has borne the semblance of truth in the several remarkable testimonies should be brought to the archives of science for preservation.

At a recent session of the New York Academy of Sciences I had the pleasure of presenting a résumé of the subject, which was subsequently published in the Academy's "Transactions," with some appropriate remarks by the president, Dr. J. S. Newberry, and others, eliciting the fact that a general feeling exists favorable to the views herein expressed.

The subject is interesting, and tempts one to give a historical presentation, but the valuable pages of THE CENTURY cry aloud for conciseness. It is necessary, therefore, to present the historical connections "by title."

As in all that appertains to human book knowledge, Aristotle forms the starting-point of this history. Pliny follows, and tells some startling, if not altogether reliable, things. Then follow the usual learned authors whose ponderous folios and great copper-etchings, elaborate and costly, picture all that is told about sea-monsters with a latitude sufficient, perhaps, for the liveliest imagination.

Some of the later of the ancient authors speak of sea-serpents that inhabit the Indian Ocean and some parts of the Pacific. These records have been verified, but the length of the creatures is never more than twelve feet. It is now well known in scientific ichthyology that there are several species of the genera *Pelamys*, *Hydrophis*, and *Platurus* inhabiting the oceans mentioned, that they are true ocean-snakes, and are more or less venomous. Several small forms of the genera are in the collection at Central Park. The tails are flattened vertically, and serve the purpose of oars, "sculling" being their true method of propulsion. In the Catacombs of Rome several sarcophagi were found containing remains of early Christians. On one of the inscriptions is a likeness of a great serpent swallowing a man, though it is entitled "Jonah and the Whale." The oldest chronicler of "sea-serpent" lore, independent of the purely imaginary tales, is Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsala, who devotes an entire chapter to the subject. Bishop Pontoppidan, whose "Natural History of Norway" is so well known, fills a notable place in the literature of our theme. His descriptions and figures, so much like those of modern times, have been preserved in his great folio.

All the above-mentioned authors gravely refer to the fact that they have carefully procured "affidavit," and "from the proper authorities," but the requirements of science in those days were not hedged about by the keen vision of profound, exacting research which obtains at present.

DRAWN BY J. SMIT. ENGRAVED BY J. DALZIEL.

HYDROPHIS CYANEICINCTA.

It is not altogether the fact that few or many good people subscribe under oath to what they have seen that can satisfy the modern zoölogist. It is the fact that the actual bony remains of precisely such creatures as have been described as "sea-serpents" are found in various places on our coast. It is this more than all else that induces a belief in the probable existence of similar creatures in the great depths.

Near the close of the second decade of the present century there appeared off the coast of Massachusetts Bay one or more strange creatures, differing essentially in general aspect from anything hitherto observed. They were evidently sea-going creatures, oceanic ones, and impressed all of their many observers as serpentine or saurian-like in shape and movements.

Colonel Perkins of Boston communicated his observations of one of these "appearances" to the "Boston Daily Advertiser" at the time.

Wishing to satisfy myself on a subject on which there existed a great excitement, I visited Gloucester, Cape Ann, with Mr. Lee. We met several persons returning who reported that the creature had not been seen during several days. We, however, continued on our route to Gloucester. All the town, as you may suppose, were on the alert, and almost every individual, both great and small, had been gratified, at a greater

DRAWN BY J. SMIT. ENGRAVED BY J. DALZIEL.

PLATURUS FASCIATUS.

or less distance, with a sight of him. The weather was fine, the sea smooth, and Mr. Lee and myself sat on a point of land overlooking the harbor, and about fifty feet from the water. In a few moments I saw on the opposite side of the harbor, at about two miles' distance from where I had been sitting, an object moving with a rapid motion up the harbor on the western shore. As he approached us it was easy to see that his motion was not that of a common snake, either on land or in the water, but evidently the vertical movement of a caterpillar. As nearly as I could judge there was visible at a time about forty feet of his body. It was very evident that the length must have been much greater than what appeared, as in his movements he left a considerable wake in his rear.

I had a fine glass, and was within a third of a mile of him. The head was flat in the water, and the animal was, as far as I could distinguish, of a chocolate color.

There were a great many people collected, many of whom had seen the same object. From the time I first saw him until he passed by where I stood, and soon after disappeared, was about twenty minutes.

One of the revenue cutters, whilst in the neighborhood of Cape Ann, had an excellent view of the animal at a few yards' distance. He moved slowly, and at the approach of the vessel sank, and was not seen again.

In 1817, the Linnæan Society of Boston, Massachusetts, published a "Report relative to the appearance of a large marine monster, supposed to be a sea-serpent, seen near Cape Ann, Massachusetts, in August of that year." A good deal of care was taken to obtain evidence, and the depositions of eleven witnesses of marked integrity were taken. There was great uniformity in the testimony.

The Hon. Amos Lawrence, one of the most eminent of Boston's citizens, gave similar testimony from personal observation. His cottage was situated on high ground overlooking the bay, within less than a mile of the creature at times.

Colonel Harris, commanding at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, stated that such a creature had been seen and reported by his sentinels, while it was swimming around the fort in the early hours.

Many other accounts were stated and recorded, agreeing in the main with the above. I select that of Mr. Nathan D. Chase of Lynn, Massachusetts, as especially trustworthy and valuable from the fact that he was one accustomed to observe closely, and to record his observations in the light of much reading on semi-technical subjects. I am inclined to give unusual weight to his statement, also, from having known him intimately through life as a neighbor and friend, and, as such, having heard from him the "oft-told tale." The following refers to the second appearance of the sea-serpent, in 1819, at Lynn. In a letter written in 1881 for the purpose of conveying concisely all he knew of the circumstances, with reference to recording them, Mr. Chase says:

In relation to the account given by myself of a strange fish, serpent, or other marine animal, I have to say that I saw him on a pleasant, calm summer morning of August, 1819, from Long Beach, Lynn, now called Nahant. The water was smooth, and the creature seemed about a quarter of a mile away; consequently we could see him distinctly, and the motion of his body. Later in the day I saw him again off Red Rock. He then passed along about one hundred feet from where I stood, with head about two feet out of the water. His speed was about that of an ordinary steamer.

What I saw of his length was about sixty feet. It was difficult to count the humps, or undulations,

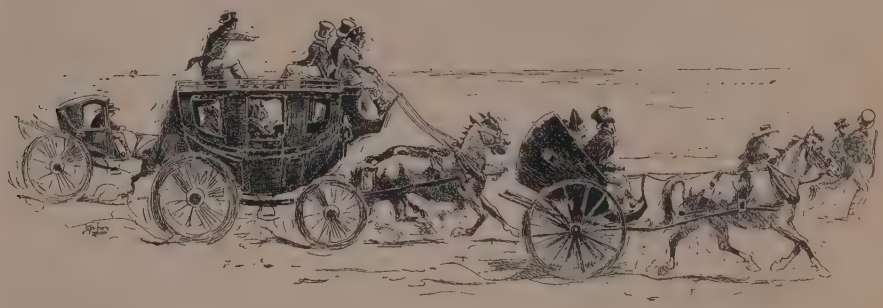
DRAWN BY J. SMIT. ENGRAVED BY J. DALZIEL.

PELAMYS BICOLOR.

on his back, as they did not all appear at once. This accounts in part for the varied descriptions given of him by other parties. His appearance on the surface was occasional and but for a short time. The color of his skin was dark, differing but little from that of the water, or the back of any common fish. This is the best description I can give of him from my own observation. I saw the creature just as truly, though not quite as clearly, as I ever saw anything. I have no doubt that this uncommon, strange rover, which was seen by hundreds of men and boys, is a form of snake, Plesiosaurus, or some such form of marine animal.

Five other persons have given definite testimony besides myself. Hon. Amos Lawrence of Boston, James Prince of Boston, Benjamin F. Newhall of Saugus, and John Marston of Swampscott.

(Signed) NATHAN D. CHASE.



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

FOLLOWING ALONG THE BEACH.

The Hon. Amos Lawrence of Boston writes of the same occurrence:

I have not had any doubt of the existence of the sea-serpent since the morning he was seen off Nahant by old Marshal Prince, through his famous spy-glass.

Mr. Benjamin F. Newhall, one of those who testify to the same circumstances, was an especially reliable person, a citizen of the highest character, well known to me for many years, and one accustomed to observe correctly and to record his observations. He says:

As he approached the shore about 9 A. M., he raised his head apparently about six feet, and moved very rapidly. I could see the white spray on each side of his neck, as he plunged through the water. He came so near as to startle many of the spectators, and then suddenly retreated. As he turned short, the snake-like form became apparent, the body bending like an eel. I could see plainly what appeared a succession of humps upon the back.

The testimony of Mr. John Marston is of value as coming from an experienced fisherman. As in the case of the individuals whose testimony I have given, I was well acquainted with Mr. Marston, and knew him to be a truthful and skilled seaman. He says:

While walking over Nahant Beach in common with many others who had been aroused by the excitement, I saw in the water, within two or three hundred yards of the shore, a singular-looking fish in the form of a serpent. His head was out of water, and he remained in view about twenty minutes, when he swam off toward King's Beach. I should say that the creature was at least eighty feet in length. I saw the entire body, not his wake. It would rise in the water with an undulating motion, and then all his body would sink except his head. This would be repeated. The sea was quite calm at the time. I have been constantly engaged in fishing since my youth, but never saw anything like this before.

The eminent geologist, Dr. Dawson of Montreal, Canada, gives an instance which ranges near the above in the circumstances.

A sea-monster appeared at Maringomish, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, judged to be a hundred feet in length. It was seen by two intelligent observers, nearly aground, in calm waters, within two hundred feet of the beach.

Several other prominent Boston and Lynn names are recorded in this connection, but the following is, perhaps, most important on account of its circumstantial details.

James Prince, Marshal of the district, wrote to Judge Davis as follows:

MY DEAR JUDGE: I presume I have seen what is generally called the "sea-serpent." . . . I will state that which in the presence of more than two hundred other witnesses took place near the Long Beach of Nahant on Saturday morning last.

Intending to pass a few days with my family at Nahant, we left Boston early on Saturday. On passing near the beach, I was informed that the sea-serpent had been seen that day at Nahant Beach, and that vast numbers of people had gone from Lynn. I was glad that I had with me my

DRAWN BY FREDERICK A. LUCAS. FROM AUTHOR'S SKETCH-BOOK.

CARCASS FOUND AT INDIAN RIVER, FLORIDA.

famous masthead spy-glass. On our arrival at the beach, we associated with a considerable number of people, on foot and in carriages. Very soon an arrival of the fish kind made an appearance. His head appeared to be about three feet above water. I counted thirteen bunches on his back. My family thought there were more. He passed three times at a moderate rate across the bay, but so fleet as to occasion a foam in the water. We judged it to be from fifty to eighty feet in length. . . .

As he swam up the bay, we, as well as other spectators, moved on and kept nearly abreast of him. He occasionally withdrew himself under water, remaining about eight minutes.

Mrs. Prince and the coachman, having better eyes than myself, were of great assistance to me in marking the progress of the animal. They would say, "He 's now turning," and by the aid of a glass I could distinguish the movement. I had seven distinct views of him from Long Beach, and at some of them the animal was not more than a hundred yards distant. After we had been at the beach about two hours, the animal disappeared.

On passing over to the beach of Little Nahant, on our way homeward, we were again gratified by a sight of him beyond even what we saw in the other bay. We concluded he had left the latter place in consequence of the numbers of boats that were chasing him, the noise of whose oars must have disturbed him. We had here more than a dozen views of him, and each similar to the other; one, however, so near that the coachman exclaimed, "Oh, see his glistening eye!"

We will now place in order some testimony derived from English sources. That delightful English writer on zoölogical subjects, Philip Henry Gosse, F. R. S., in his "Romance of Natural History," devotes a long chapter to what he terms "The Unknown," or so-called sea-serpent. He gives us an exhaustive consideration of the subject, mostly, however, by means of European examples. We are impressed, however, with the fact that the occurrences of this nature, as related by the New England observers, are vastly more striking than the others, as they were witnessed from the mainland.

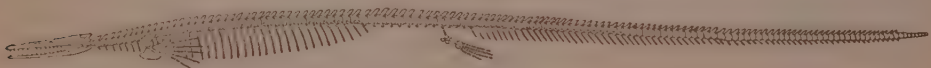
The eminent Captain Beechey, of the Royal Navy, gave testimony to the appearance of a sea-serpent near his vessel. Several officers of the Norwegian navy have placed on record similar testimony. A writer of distinction in the London "Times" of November 2, 1848, suggests affinity of the so-called sea-serpent with the *Enaliosauria*, and, particularly, with the fossil genus *Plesiosaurus*. The Bombay "Times," in the year 1849, contained a valuable note of occurrences touching this subject, by R. Davidson, Superintendent-Surgeon, Indian Army. Lieutenant-Colonel Steele, Coldstream Guards, British Army, *en route* to India, "saw a serpentine form corresponding closely to those described by other observers."

Mr. Gosse sums up by saying: "Carefully comparing these independent narratives, we have a creature possessing the following characteristics: The general form of a serpent, as seen by many observers; great length, by all"; etc. The author continues, after considerable detail: "I express my confident persuasion that there exists some oceanic animal of immense proportions which has not yet been received into the category of scientific zoölogy; and my strong opinion that it possesses close affinities with the *Enaliosauria* of the Lias."

That some undescribed vertebrate animal has been seen at various times, and by many individuals, several of whom fortunately were versed in zoölogy, is indisputable.

The presence of so large a creature off the New England coast, and within the comparatively narrow bays of Lynn and Nahant; the fact of its presence there during several days, and its being visible during many hours; its presence near so many people as spectators,—well nigh the entire populace,—who even without glasses were enabled to inspect it at leisure —all these are circumstances sufficiently convincing to any rational mind; and are worth more to us in forming our judgment than all the other relations of such occurrences extant.

Consider how striking must have been the scenes during these few days. The entire population of southern Essex and Norfolk counties was aroused by the wonderful tales, and great numbers gathered on the heights and promontories, looking down upon an area of sea which



DRAWN BY FREDERICK A. LUCAS. FROM REPORT OF U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, 1876.

SKELETON OF THE CLIDASTES, FOUND IN THE BAD LANDS OF KANSAS.

is hemmed in by the projecting headlands of Swampscott and Nahant. How completely they must have scanned the unfamiliar form, and have watched its evolutions in the smooth sea then prevailing. Why, no better exhibition of a great aquatic creature could have been devised. All the ocean views of him, described by many observers, were meager and unsatisfactory compared with this. The relation of these circumstances remains fresh in my memory, told by more than one who only a few years before had witnessed them. An uprisen people saw the sight, and some were even terrified, so close inshore was the monster. It should also be remembered that the creature was seen at Gloucester, Cape Ann, and at several other points during those years.

Only a few years since large *Octopi* were found in the Mediterranean, and now, were the simple truth here printed about the late discoveries of gigantic squids, or cuttlefish, on the Grand Banks, surprise would be great indeed. If such enormous creatures have existed, and only lately have become known to science, small wonder that the more active wandering ocean saurian should escape capture.

We have now to make the first record of the actual presence on our coast of a marine—probably saurian—creature of the nature of the so-called sea-serpent.

The facts are as follows:

In the spring of 1885 the Rev. Mr. Gordon of Milwaukee, President of the United States Humane Society, chanced to visit, in the course of his duties, a remote and obscure portion of the Atlantic shores of Florida. While lying at anchor in New River Inlet the flukes of the anchor became foul with what proved to be a carcass of considerable length. Mr. Gordon quickly observed that it was a vertebrate, and at first thought it probably a cetacean. But, on examination, it was seen to have features more suggestive of the saurians. Its total length was forty-two feet. Its girth was six feet. The head was absent; two flippers, or fore-limbs, were noticed, and a somewhat slender neck, which measured six feet in length. The carcass was in a state of decomposition; the abdomen was open, and the intestines protruded.

The striking slenderness of the thorax as compared with the great length of body and tail very naturally suggested to Mr. Gordon, whose reading served him well, the form of some of the great saurians whose bones have so frequently been found in several localities along the Atlantic coast. No cetacean known to science has such a slender body and such a well-marked and slender neck. All indications were suggestive of the great *Enaliosauria*, and, appreciating the great importance of securing the entire carcass, Mr. Gordon had it hauled above high-water mark, and took all possible precautions to preserve the bones until they could be removed. Through his love of science, Mr. Gordon very kindly reported these facts, and our arrangements were most ample for the recovery and transportation of the bones to New York. Most unfortunately their presence was all too short.

Mr. Gordon was impressed with the conviction that he had found the first flesh and frame of the hitherto elusive creature, which has been regarded as a tardy example of an extinct race. With no suitable implements at hand, he was obliged to trust its safe-keeping to the shore above tides. He counted without the possible treacherous hurricane; the waters of the "Still-vexed Bermoothes," envious of their own, recalled the strange waif. This was as unexpected as undesirable. The facts, however, remain.

We have borrowed from Professor Cope's report of the United States Geological Survey for 1875 the figure of the *Clidastes*, the bones of which were found in the Bad Lands of Kansas. It is placed beneath the figure drawn from Mr. Gordon's description of the waif. The measurements of both are very nearly the same.

J. B. Holder.

THE GIRL AND THE PROBLEM.

WITH PICTURES BY F. V. DU MOND.

"IT 'S a great problem, of course," said Miss Nancy Randolph Rutledge, folding her hands in front of her portly person, "yet I can but feel that in this case Beulah has chosen wisely. Genius has more rights in some ways, and in some it has less. She should n't feel that she is free to fold her talent in a napkin; she does n't."

"No, no," murmured little Mrs. Garner; "but it seems mighty hard, and — and difficult, does n't it? Do you think she minded giving him up very much? They had been engaged so long," she added apologetically.

"She 's absorbed in her art," replied Miss Nancy, impressively; "her life is consecrated to it."

The pair were sitting in Miss Nancy's flat in 97th street, and the room in itself was a biography. The walls were hung with what Miss Nancy called (and I capitalize according to her sentiment) Ancestral Portraits — five of them, and wonderful things they were. In one corner was a tiny, brown old Érard piano, the first Érard ever made, I should think. It was still capable of sending forth an odd, pleasant eighteenth-century-like tinkle. Some battered old pieces of silver, a cake-basket and a tea-pot taking the honors, stood in solemn dignity on the elaborate, shiny, new hard-wood mantelpiece.

Miss Nancy Rutledge was an elderly and unmarried lady, but if you allow yourself to turn toward her any of your usual slighting and condescending sentiments for spinsters, you are offering her the first patronage she ever received in this world. Miss Nancy, in the kindest, most unconscious way, patronized creation. Never out of the South was an unmarried woman so generally and simply allowed precedence over all matrons as was given Miss Nancy in her own world. It was not that these Southerners loved marriage less, — far from it, — but that they loved intellect more; and intellect was what Miss Nancy tacitly and firmly claimed to have, was supposed to have, and did have, the amount thereof in question declining slightly with each successive step of this statement.

Miss Nancy had come north to live off the enemy amid the prayers and plaudits of admiring friends, and their prayers and plaudits had echoed around her throughout the five years in which she had gallantly triumphed over bankruptcy in New York. In that time she had played many parts: she had written for the papers; had taught mathematics in a school; had assisted in the editorship of a new and impecunious paper devoted, as its title-page stated, to developing the resources of the South; and had given lectures on the history of Virginia in the parlors of some rich people who could never forget — though sometimes sorely tempted — that they were born south of Mason and Dixon's line; and of late, in the midst of work upon a life of General Lee, for the Southern subscription trade, she had found a new resource in the care of a small proportion of that army of Southern girls which is now constantly encamped among us. She had three in the house with her, and devoted some attention to several living elsewhere. The office of chaperon suited Miss Nancy; according to her all her girls were lovely, — most of them beautiful, "perfect belles at home," — and the pleasure of devoting her stores of garnered wisdom to their service renewed her joy in life. She was benevolent, sincerely so, and believed, with a good showing of reason, in her power to guide and instruct humanity at large, and also was humanly susceptible to the charms of appreciation. The very groundwork of Miss Nancy's claims was common sense; you could see that in every line of her matronly figure, and hear it in every note of her pleasant, hearty voice, and in her large-featured face and bright gray eyes common sense was enthroned.

But, contrary to popular prejudice, human beings are constantly rendered unknown quantities by the possession of quite contradictory qualities, and Miss Nancy, to tell the truth, had been subject in her life to a few enthusiasms which left her common sense — sometimes for better, sometimes for worse — far behind. One among those young ladies whom she now called "her girls" was the object of a veneration that must be considered to have had its rise in the romantic, the higher, side of Miss Nancy's nature. She had known her since she was in long clothes, but not till about a year before this conversation with Mrs. Garner did she honor her with more notice than lay in that general, amiable patronage of which I have spoken, and which she constantly dispensed about her like a perfume — bergamot, say. This girl was, of course, the heroine of Mrs. Garner's speculations, so you already know

that she had genius, an art, and a lover—a decent equipment, I take it, for her position as my heroine.

A little more than a year before, Miss Nancy had visited Beulah's mother, and during that visit she had conceived an entirely new idea of Beulah. Beulah, like every other Southern girl at home, was generally—according to the formula—voted mighty sweet, and right pretty,—that is, pretty a little,—but it was only recently that she had developed any special claims to distinction. Now Miss Nancy found that she was an artist, not fully fledged perhaps,—oh, no; to be sure not,—but unmistakably an artist; and to that title, which Miss Nancy gave only to painters and sculptors, she bowed with the most curious and common blind reverence in the world. It would be impossible to exaggerate the simplicity of Miss Nancy's attitude toward these arts; in a word, it was of that familiar sort which feels an oil-painting to be an oil-painting, and a very imposing thing too. Of course Beulah did not make oil-paintings; with all her genius she had not yet arrived at that stage—but let us go back for a moment to the beginning of her artistic career.

When the Baptist Female College of her town added a new drawing-master to its "faculty," several young ladies of society, Beulah among the number, had been moved by the fame of his accomplishments so far to renew their connection with the school as to take a course of lessons from him. Beulah had always had clever fingers; she had done beautiful "tatting" when she was only a little girl, and now she distinguished herself in the drawing-class; she was soon drawing her own embroidery patterns, and beginning her ascent of that pinnacle of fame on which ere long she was to sit enthroned. She enjoyed this new outlet for her abundant energies, and in the nature of things she enjoyed the new consideration she won. She began to feel a certain tradition-born awe of her own gifts. Her position toward art was exactly Miss Nancy's own; she felt for it, or rather for the name, the superstitious, unsympathetic veneration which some philosophers explain as a result of art's dependence on religion in the middle ages. At any rate, when Beulah found herself making a recognizable sketch of the water-pitcher,—for the new master was very advanced, and insisted on study from the object,—her heart palpitated with the magnitude of the dreams of glory that floated in upon her mind. Then came Miss Nancy. Miss Nancy gazed upon the water-pitcher and the flower-embroidery patterns with profound emotion. She urged Beulah to come to New York and have the best instruction, and finally Beulah came. By chance she fell upon the plan of going to the Art Students' League; and now she had had one season's instruction there, and was beginning her second year.

Naturally within this year her ideas had undergone some changes, but for the greatest change of all—the determination not to marry Tom M'Grath—the League could hardly be held directly responsible. Southerners have a pleasant reputation for friendliness with strangers, because they so readily suppose others to be "nice people," various evidences of niceness being more conclusive in the old Southern world than they are at present in New York; but if Southerners do not feel sure that you are of their own kind, if they are even puzzled as to where you belong (according to their remarkably simple ideas of classification), they are little likely to be friendly, not being apt to care for social experiments. All this is but a preface to the statement that Beulah had scant acquaintance with her fellow-students. She thought the young women generally given to queer clothes, and that the young men lacked what she called "polish"; polish in her language meaning—though perhaps she had never thought of it—deference to women. So the dear girl let her social chances for League associations, with all their educational influences, slip by her in the gentlest, firmest little way in the world—in exactly a nice nineteen-year-old way, in fact. She *was* a dear girl, and she showed it in failing to become utterly insufferable under the adulation that now—away from the League—surged around her. This it was that might be said to have brought about the momentous change I have spoken of—this adulation and Miss Nancy's hearty and insistent fostering of all the dreams it excited. Miss Nancy had just been explaining Beulah's present position to Mrs. Garner. Mrs. Garner was a friend who lived in Beulah's home county, and was now visiting New York.

"She took a great many sketches home with her last summer," said Miss Nancy, "and everybody was astonished. I reckon a great many people felt that it was a great pity to see a girl with gifts like that just settle down into the ordinary humdrum."

"The duties of a wife and mother," began Mrs. Garner, with slightly agitated solemnity—she was very humble with Miss Nancy, but the "ordinary humdrum" was a phrase that provoked even her to turn to the arsenal of platitudes for a weapon. She had it in her heart to try to remind Miss Nancy that the most important offices of life were the very ones she had never been called upon to fill.

But little could she cope with Miss Nancy, who, secretly amused, swam beneficently on with the conversation, wishing to soothe the little woman's feelings, and without the faintest conception of the complexity of her senti-

ments—"The duties of a wife and mother are sacred, Molly; but without her art Beulah, though she is a sweet girl, might likely enough be a humdrum person. I don't think she has the feeling for duty that you have, for instance, and that you always had, Molly; but her art lifts her above herself. For a long time she seemed to have less feeling about her talent than her friends did; but I talked to her—I did that much. I would not urge her one way or the other about her marriage, but I wanted her to realize what a great trust a gift like that was, and to make her choice solemnly. It is n't even as if Tom M'Grath were going to live in Virginia; in Texas she will be out of the way of instruction, and of all those associations that would stimulate her and give her something to work for. And then we know, under the best of circumstances—" Miss Nancy shook her head and sighed. Despite expressed views as to its desirability, in her secret heart she really could but look on matrimony as an abyss that swallowed up many high hopes; in her day she had put such a deal of enthusiasm into teaching girls who—got married.

"So she made up her mind?" said Mrs. Garner, with a suspended inflection.

"Yes; at last. Her pa and ma did n't urge her one way or the other. I think Mrs. Hunt herself would a little rather she had married—she 's very conservative, you know; but Mr. Hunt never wanted her to, anyhow, and they both felt the responsibility of the great future there was before her. I reckon she settled it just before she came back." And then it was that Miss Nancy had admitted the harmonizing of woman's development and woman's sphere to be a great problem.

Presently Beulah entered; she was just home from her work at the League rooms, and had a sketch-book under her arm. Mrs. Garner got up to greet her in a little flutter of excitement.

"O Beulah, you 've become a great woman since I saw you."

Beulah stooped a little to kiss her, and said serenely, "I 'm just beginning, Miss Molly."

"I so long to see some of your wonderful things. You 'll show me some, won't you?"

"You are very kind; I 'll be delighted to," said Beulah, and, excusing herself a moment, she went to her room, laid aside her coat and hat, ran a comb through the dark curls on her forehead, powdered her face afresh, and then without loss of time got out an armful of sketches and studies from the bottom of her wardrobe, and, smiling and polite, walked back to Mrs. Garner. She sat down beside her, drew up a chair to rest the pile upon, and showed them all to her, conscientiously, one by one, telling her in the mean time which were the hour sketches, and which had had a favorable word from her teachers—telling, in short, in the most instinctively calculated manner all the things that Mrs. Garner would understand as reflecting credit upon herself.

"This girl did n't have a very nice complexion, did she?—that 's why you 've made it so dark and reddish, is n't it?" said Mrs. Garner, hesitatingly, after various half-articulate murmurs of admiration. She could not repress a little automatic effort to find out why these things, which were so much less pretty than the pictures in an illustrated weekly, were so much more wonderful, a fact she never dreamed of questioning.

"Oh, no," said Beulah; "she had a very nice complexion, but the light was not strong on it, and then you see these things are done in such a hurry we only try to get the figure, the action."

It did not annoy her in the least when people did not understand; she liked to explain a little, and she never doubted their admiration—their admiration of her for making the pictures. She was quite astute enough to feel that the admiration of the things themselves was not always a spontaneous burst; it did not disturb her that many of her friends suffered a little disappointment with themselves over the dullness of their sensations before real hand-paintings; she realized that the tradition of their value remained unshaken.

Mrs. Garner looked at the last drawing, and then leaned back and gazed with emotion upon Beulah—Beulah looking so pleasant and simple behind the collection of her complete works.

"It 's very wonderful—wonderful," Mrs. Garner murmured, shaking her head slowly, and thinking of more things than one.

Beulah smiled sweetly.

"And it makes you very happy, does it, dear?"

Beulah detected a thread of curiosity in the question that she resented, but she still smiled as she rose with the works on her arm, and said:

"Yes, indeed, Miss Molly; I could not be happy without my art." And Miss Nancy nodded her approval.

Life went on serenely in our household for several months after this. Southern visitors continually dropped in, and all, like Mrs. Garner, were treated to a sight of Beulah's productions. Miss Nancy called for them if no one else did, and she was apt to give an awe-inspiring hint, when Beulah was out of the room, as to the sacrifices the girl had made for her art's sake. After a while a change began to show in Beulah; she worked harder than ever, she painted early and late, and she grew more and more silent, and on Sunday, when she could not paint, more and more restless. She was no longer content to hide her story-book in her lap for solace while she dutifully and

"IT 'S VERY WONDERFUL — WONDERFUL."

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

patiently sat and preserved the look of listening through long chapters of Jeremiah read aloud by short-sighted Miss Nancy.

"I 'm afraid, Beulah, my child," said Miss Nancy, solemnly, one morning, stopping and laying her open book upon her lap — "I 'm much afraid you are letting your delight in an earthly gift and your love of an earthly art draw you away from your interest in things eternal."

Beulah had been fidgeting from one window to another, after having three times found excuses for leaving the room; now she still stood at a window, and answered, without turning around, "I 'm afraid I am, Miss Nancy." But afterward she sat down and remained quiet through the next chapter, though sustained by no other distraction than her own thoughts. To do Beulah justice, she was always willing to do as much through one chapter; that, she said, she had been raised to.

Miss Nancy had not expressed her fears fully. What she said to Beulah was what she said to herself, but down in the depths of her being lurked a faint uneasiness that she did not acknowledge. It was very annoying the way one person and another began to remark that Beulah was not looking well, that she was losing flesh. How could she look well when even after dinner, at home, she got out paper and charcoal and fell again upon the work that had occupied her all day? Genius, of course, often did burn itself out in that way, but she had always felt that she had reason to hope Beulah was better balanced. She was so far shaken out of her usual noble poise as to protest crossly, several times, against so much work; but one night after one of these scoldings she heard the girl walking up and down in the drawing-room till three o'clock in the morning, and instead of the sense of intolerant outrage with which she would usually have greeted such a performance, an odd forbearance fell upon her. After a month in which Beulah's appetite and color did not improve, Miss Nancy got a letter in which, among other bits of gossip, she read this: "Mary has had a letter from her nephew from San Antonio, and he says he has heard that Tom M'Grath is courting a girl in Houston; that people think it will be a match."

Miss Nancy's heart lightened; if you will believe it, she thought to herself that now Beulah's pride would come to her rescue, and make her forget a man who had so soon forgotten her. This hope was her first admission to herself of her fears, and you see from it that Miss Nancy had exalted ideas as to the offices and possibilities of womanly pride, and also that she had the usual feminine and profound attachment to the most romantic ideal of constancy — constancy under the most discouraging circumstances — for men. She meditated on how easily and lightly to put before Beulah the base fickleness of the discarded one, but the more she thought about it the less she knew how to do it. If ever there was an old maid in every fiber of her being it was the hearty, wholesome, large-minded Miss Nancy, and consequently her theories of love and love-affairs were of the most assured, definite, comprehensive character; but there was something about Beulah these days that gave her pause, and for once in a lifetime penetrated her soul with an unacknowledged but dreadful doubt of her own complete understanding of all the mysteries of human life.

Before she found a way to speak to Beulah of Tom M'Grath's lightness she got a letter from Beulah's mother mentioning the same subject as a hearsay report, and adding that she had written of it to Beulah — why, she did not say, and who knows?

The day that this letter came Beulah did not come home to dinner. It was eight o'clock when Miss Nancy heard the door of the flat hall open, and, hurrying to the parlor entrance with unaccustomed speed, saw Beulah dragging herself wearily into her own tiny bedroom. A feeling of relief was succeeded by a righteous and tempered indignation in Miss Nancy's heart. She had not intimated to the other girls that Beulah's absence was to her unexpected; on the contrary, so far as was consistent with her ideas of Presbyterian doctrine, she had intimated exactly the other thing. She was disposed to maintain something like boarding-school discipline over her girls, and they, she well knew, with their associations, were all too likely to imbibe the odious doctrines of youthful feminine freedom with which the dreadful Sunday papers reeked. She now thought that to go at once and speak to Beulah alone would be the best way of maintaining discipline. She knocked at the door, and, immediately opening it, found herself face to face with a very white, wide-eyed young woman, who stood in front of her chaperon as if barring the way.

"Beulah, my dear child," began Miss Nancy, in her most sadly serious way, her hands resting upon her stomach, "I cannot feel that this evening you have treated me or my household with the respect that is my due, and I feel that it is for your own —"

"Because I did not come home to dinner?" Beulah broke in, in an unfamiliar, hard voice, and without the slightest apparent consciousness of the rudeness of her interruption. "I beg your pardon; I am very sorry."

"Where have you been, Beulah?" said Miss Nancy, still trying to live up to her standard of an ideal disciplinarian.

"Been?" Beulah repeated, pushing her hair away from her forehead, and looking through

space. "I don't know; oh, I have been walking." She brought her eyes back to Miss Nancy's, and then added quickly, "I had my lunch very late; I don't want any dinner. I have been taking a little exercise in the park."

This explanation was a small concession to duty and decency, to be sure, but Miss Nancy's well-trained ear was conscious of a singular indifference in the girl's tone. She was uncomfortable, she felt like retreating, she did retreat; but not till she had covered that move by saying: "Very well, Beulah, but I don't expect this to occur again; it is not proper conduct. I will go and fix you a plate of bread and butter, and make you a cup of coffee, and bring them to you. It is my duty"—raising her voice a trifle in answer to Beulah's impatient wave of protest—"to see that you do not injure your health by your own—your own folly. I shall expect you to eat something."

Miss Nancy's inward sense of weakness had driven her into an irritation uncommon with her. She was now moved to martyr herself to Beulah's bad behavior, and proceeded to arrange the little lunch instead of asking the servant to do it. When she returned with a tray in her hand she opened the door without knocking. Beulah was seated on the floor with her writing-desk in her lap; she closed it as Miss Nancy came in, but for a moment she did not get up. When she awoke to the demands of courtesy she fulfilled them rather scantily, and Miss Nancy carried herself out with unsoftened dignity. She did not disturb Beulah again that night, although she kept an eye on the girl's transom long after she herself went to bed, and at one o'clock saw the gas burning in that room with the complex emotions of a householder, a guardian of youth, and a good woman who, despite herself, feared that a great mistake had been made, and that she shared the responsibility for it.

During the next week her uneasiness declined; life went on comfortably enough. Beulah worked hard, but she ate her meals and talked to people, and altogether behaved more like a Christian than she had done in a long time.

"Thank heaven! that girl has come to her senses," said Miss Nancy to herself, and her complacency as a guide, philosopher, and friend renewed its strength like the eagle. But the week after this did not begin so well. On its last day Beulah came home at three o'clock in the afternoon, a very unusual thing. One of the other girls met her as she came in and exclaimed about her white face. A minute later she heard a heavy fall in Beulah's room and, rushing in, saw her, looking so pitifully slight and young in her sore trouble, lying unconscious on the floor. When Beulah came to herself she would say nothing to any one. She simply lay there, white as her pillow, with her eyes shut, shaking her head sometimes with a little suffering scowl when she was spoken to. Miss Nancy was absolutely cowed; she was too far gone to put down the little buzz of sympathetic and interested gossip going on around her, for you may be sure these other girls had their ideas of the trouble, though, to do Beulah justice, she had made no confidences, and was temperamentally attached to the dignity of secrecy.

But the time had come when her well-ordered personal reserve was to break down. One of the girls—the one she liked best—was detailed to sit with her, and when Miss Nancy stole away from the eye of man, and the other went about her affairs, the little nurse laid her curly head down on the foot of the bed and broke into tearful sobs. It was a most heterodox thing for a nurse to do, but Beulah opened her eyes, and then held out her arms, and as the two young things clasped each other, she fell into a wild weeping that was the most merciful thing in the world.

"I knew it would come, I knew it, Patty," she cried at last in a loud, strained whisper—"I knew it. I knew I 'd suffer like this some time. I did n't at first; I did n't mind. I did n't feel as if I cared about being married. They said I 'd be a great artist; I wanted to be, but I knew this would come. I did not say it to myself, but I knew."

After a while she talked a little more calmly, and poured into Patty's small, palpitating bosom a deal of innocent young history.

"We 'd been engaged ever since we were nothing but children," she said, holding tight to Patty's hand, and drawing herself toward her, as if she felt that in some way Patty might help her. "He wanted to be married before, but I thought I 'd rather be a girl a little longer; and then came the painting, and Miss Nancy and everybody said I 'd—oh, what does it matter, what does all that matter? When you are engaged a long time like that you get to think you don't care so much, but it 's only because 'way down you care more. And Tom never said a hard word to me; maybe he did n't mind—but he did, oh, he did then. Why should he remember, when I could do such a thing?"

Wide-eyed Patty opened her brave little mouth to speak, and the way Beulah half raised herself, leaning forward with eyes straining to read what she should say before the words were formed, was a heart-sickening revelation of distraught, hopeless hopes of help.

"Tell him, tell him now," whispered Patty; but she was frightened enough when Beulah flung her hand away, and, burying her face in the pillows, sought to stifle a burst of hysterical cries. When she could Beulah pressed her hand

"HOLDING TIGHT TO PATTY'S HAND."

an instant again, but begged her to go away — go away, and make everybody leave her alone.

The next morning when Miss Nancy went in and found her still lying as she had left her, but with open eyes that some way looked as if she had not closed them through all the night, she said that she must send for a doctor. Beulah turned her head, looked at her, and then said very distinctly:

"Miss Nancy, you must not send for a doctor till I tell you to. When I can I 'll see one, if I need; but I have got to manage my own life now. Please leave me alone. Thank you for your kindness." And she turned her face to the wall.

Miss Nancy could only pulse with an indignation that her other emotions were powerless to override; but she had an indefinable fear of a conflict, and she went away and stayed away. Beulah lay there silent all day. It was after dinner when Patty, going into the dimly lighted room again, heard her speak.

"Patty," she said, in a wooden, steady voice, "I have written. That 's what 's so terrible."

"When?" asked the intelligent Patty.

"More than two weeks ago."

"All sorts of things happen to letters."

"Not really, not in thousands and thousands of times. Why should he answer me? I knew he would n't."

"He will," said Patty, with the inflection proper to an axiomatic statement.

"Do you think so — do you, Patty?" Beulah, the elder, the genius, the once self-contained, kind mentor of the younger girl, spoke now as if Patty were an oracle of heaven.

Patty was equal to the position. "I know it," she said. Then, as Beulah's eyes besought her for more, she went on: "Probably he was away, and did n't get the letter for some time, and then probably he set in to arrange to come right up North to see you, and did n't think about writing. Men do like that; pa does. Why, maybe he 's coming now; or maybe he 's gotten here to-night after it seemed too late to call on you, and is waiting till in the morning."

Little did Patty realize, in her infantine castle-building, what she was laying out for herself.

"Do you think so?" cried Beulah, softly. Then she said in a voice more like every-day life, but vibrating with suppressed excitement, "Where is Miss Nancy?"

"In the dining-room."

"No one else there?"

"No," said Patty, wondering.

"Come," said Beulah, getting up and catching at Patty's shoulder for support.

"Oh, you must n't!" wailed the little girl.

"Be good to me now; help me, Patty," said Beulah, starting for the door; and then Patty went with her to the dining-room.

Beulah propped herself against the table when she got there, and Miss Nancy started toward her, forgetting her grievances, and crying affectionately: "My child, my child!"

"Please sit down, Miss Nancy; don't let me give any more trouble than I must. I know I am fearfully selfish now. I can't help it. No, I can't sit down, not now; in a moment. I am going to be more selfish than ever."

Beulah had spoken with self-control, but now her legs seemed to give way under her, and she sat down upon the floor, and with all her effort she could not get her breath without a gasping struggle.

"You 'll think I 'm crazy; so I am, mighty near, but I 'm trying to get hold of myself; I will, Miss Nancy; only do something for me." She was speaking faster and faster, but with breaks and pauses, catching hold of the other woman's dress, after imperiously stilling all effort to stop or lift her.

"Oh, do one great thing," she hurried on; "go to the hotels — and see if Tom M'Grath is here." She bent her face into her hands. "Don't do anything but just that: find out if he is here, and if I know you are doing it, that you 've done it, whether he is or not, I won't lose my mind." Her voice sank in a whisper.

Miss Nancy had already been saying, "Yes, yes, Beulah," and now she lifted her up, assuring her that she would start at once, and Beulah lay down upon the old sofa, where Miss Nancy thought she would get a rest from her own bed. But she had one more thing to ask.

"I want Patty to go with you, Miss Nancy," she said.

"My dear child, I cannot," Miss Nancy began.

"Miss Nancy," Beulah interrupted, "I can't let you go alone; you can't take Anne if she 's out; please take Patty with you; she 'll be willing to go, I know she will. It 's bad enough to have you go. I 'll never get over the shame of it; how can I stand it if you go alone?"

Just then Patty, who had stepped out of the room, returned, and Beulah appealed to her. Yes; she would gladly go with Miss Nancy.

"Very well, then," Miss Nancy agreed, in a muffled manner, and disappeared. She had gone so far in reversing all her ideas and standards that a little more or less did not matter much; but she was embarrassed at the loss of her own identity.

When she was gone Beulah called Patty to her, and, holding her hand hard between both her own, said: "Patty, you are not to let her —" she stopped and her face flushed — "you are not to let her — let Mr. M'Grath know — if you should find him. You know how a woman would feel, don't you?"

Patty solemnly nodded her whirling young head.

"Miss Nancy does n't," Beulah went on. "She just thinks about what 's proper, and she 's too scared now to care about that, or she would n't go. But I could n't live and have Tom know, — that is, have him think I meant him to know, — you understand. Keep her from — exposing me, Patty," and Beulah sank back upon her sofa.

So you see what faith Beulah put in those views of womanly pride and dignity which we have seen her disappoint.

In a few minutes Miss Nancy, not knowing in her ignorance how wildly hopeless a search she was beginning, started out with Patty into the stormy March night, upon her mission.

With what dignity of mien Miss Nancy quelled the hotel clerks; with what persistence she pursued them; finally with what helplessness she succumbed to the madness of the chase, under the hallucination that by a sufficient display of determination she could force Tom M'Grath to materialize — all this in time came to be recounted by Patty with gusto; but on this night her relish of it was slight, and before they came home, at three o'clock in the morning, she had fallen into a weary, dream-like apathy. From this you will infer, correctly, that their efforts were fruitless. Beulah heard this in silence, and silence she maintained.

Miss Nancy now contemplated the step she dreaded most — sending for Beulah's mother. But here again she was paralyzed by fear of the girl's stubborn resistance, and dread of the effect opposition might have on her. Never before had Miss Nancy viewed self-will — outside of herself — as aught but something to be righteously and immediately put down; never before had she doubted her power to put it down in any one subject to her authority legally or spiritually. Now her soul was full of darkness. The next morning while she was lying down, and Patty was sleeping, the door-bell rang, and the servant brought a telegram to the girl who was in the parlor pretending to study, but who was really reveling in bewildered, sympathetic, delighted speculation upon the household tragedy. The telegram was for Beulah, and she carried it to her pleased with the chance of entering the forbidden chamber. Beulah did not answer when she rapped; she went in, and Beulah did not stir till she heard the word "telegram"; then she sat up and tried

to open it, but it fell from her shaking fingers; she picked it up and tried again; she could not command the clever little hands whose skill had wrought her all this woe. With an effort she held out the envelop to the other girl. "Read it," she said.

In a twinkle it was open, and she heard these words:

"Been on ranch. Am coming to you. On road now. Tom."

"Thank you," said Beulah, with sweet civility, taking the telegram. "I am so much obliged; a telegram is so alarming, you know, and then it 's always nothing at all," and she smiled, though her breath was coming a little hard, and nodded a polite dismissal.

In half an hour she came out of her room, clothed and in her right mind, and sought Miss Nancy. Kissing her cheek, she said:

"I feel very much better, Miss Nancy. I am so sorry for all the trouble and anxiety I have given you. You 've been so good — I shall never forget. Is Patty up? Poor little Patty, I must go speak to her." Then from the doorway: "I 've just had a telegram from Mr. M'Grath, Miss Nancy. He 's on his way to New York," and she disappeared.

And then Miss Nancy at that late day learned the real aptness of the worn old phrase about being torn by conflicting emotions.

Between this time and that of Mr. M'Grath's arrival, Beulah, after all her storms, found herself moved to sit down over her sketches in tender contemplation of the glories she was foregoing, the glories of personal aggrandizement, though she never thought of putting it that way. In the secret chambers of her mind the phrase about "all for love and the world well lost" reiterated itself with a pensive, sweet personal application, and she sighed occasionally out of the fullness of her joy of sacrifice.

Meanwhile she was missing her classes at the League; but it happened, for a wonder, that her name came up between two of her teachers there, in a private discussion of their sorrows.

"Life would be more cheerful," said one young man, "if being D. F's did n't seem to insure their turning their attention to art. They undertake it not only when they 've no eye, and no feeling, but with broken matches for fingers."

"I don't think those are the worst," said the other. "They don't get out into the light to do much harm. I hate 'em worst when they 've got the fingers and nothing else, and are ready pretty soon to help fill the maw of the Philistine. There 's that Virginia girl I pointed out to you — Hunt 's her name, I believe. She has n't an atom of talent, or even real intelligence about art — no color, hopelessly bad in her drawing, but she 's got a sort of superficial facility." And he went on condemning Beulah, whose self-satisfaction had roused his ire, to a life that he declared below an honest washerwoman's in dignity.

When Mr. M'Grath arrived, before he had been in the parlor twenty minutes he wanted to take Beulah out walking — to the puzzled vexation of the ladies who had vacated it for the lovers' convenience. Beulah came to the dining-room where the household was assembled, as self-possessed as ever, and asked Patty to go with her. Miss Nancy could only snort feebly, so cowed was she by all that had passed; and when Beulah said that Tom was most anxious to meet her, though he was in something of a hurry just now, and that he hoped to see her in an hour or so, when they all came back, she put on a mollified air, and counseled Patty to go.

While they were putting on their hats, Beulah said, as she carefully adjusted hers, and, with her eyes on the mirror, stuck in a long pin:

"Patty, I don't think Miss Nancy would be quite so horrid as to tell Tom anything, — to talk to him about things, you know, — do you?"

"N-o-o," said Patty, staring at the face in the glass; "I 'm sure she would n't."

"I reckon I 'll just not give her much chance," said Beulah, abstractedly, as she put on her gloves.

When they returned Mr. M'Grath was introduced to Miss Nancy. He was a tall young man with a firm-set mouth, pleasant dark eyes, and a broad soft hat.

"Now I 'll return the favor," he said, when his acquaintance with the lady was properly established; "I 'll introduce you to my wife. Sit right down here, Miss Nancy. You must n't lay it up against her if you think we have n't treated you just right. It was n't her fault. You know you 've got a mighty lot of influence over her, Miss Nancy, and the truth is, I was n't right sure it all worked my way, — yes, I know, — and I was n't right sure she 'd find me as valuable in the hand as in the bush, so I just insisted that we get this business fixed before we said anything to you about it. I feel bad about the pictures, too, Miss Nancy. I know you were right about all that, — I know you were, — but, you see, we 'd gotten ourselves into a tangle before we knew she was a genius, and it was too late — " His voice dropped into a sad little affectionate cadence as he fixed his eyes on the floor. Then he looked up at Beulah. "I can't say I 'm sorry, Miss Nancy, but I 'm willing to be a little sorry for her, and I 'll lay out to make it up to her as far as I can. If she can paint any in Texas, she shall."

Beulah smiled, and as she smiled she sighed a little sigh.

Viola Roseboro'.

A SIMPLE CASE.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

"THAT 'S IT — GO PITCHING INTO ME."

THE justice's office was over Shackleton & Podley's Trade Headquarters. It was reached by a flight of plank stairs tacked to the outer wall of the building and supported by wooden props. Huntley preceded Cleary up the steps, but before the small pine door which represented to him the portal of those precincts wherein dwelt the law, he drew back; and as he followed Cleary into the room he was half minded to remove his hat. He saw, however, that the lawyer went in with his head covered, and, vaguely relying on this precedent, plunged his hand into his trousers' pocket again. Perhaps this was the only time in his life that Mr. Huntley was visited by a doubt on a point of etiquette.

The justice was an enormously fat old man, with so great an expanse of bald head that one might easily find out countries on it. Topographically it might have been described as ranging from rough and broken over the forehead to fine, undulating table-land on the crown of the head. He wore a pair of round-eyed spectacles, and he wore them so constantly that there were two red ravines on each side of his face, diverging at the top of his ears; one running up over his temples, and the other leading to the corners of his pale blue eyes, which were so fat and wide and round that they seemed to have accumulated adipose tissue along with his body.

As the lawyer, followed by Huntley, approached the table, Justice Snagley laid down his paper, lifted his spectacles to the upper ravine, and turned slowly around in his cushioned, revolving office-chair. Cleary laid the paper on the table before the justice, smoothing it out for him as he said:

"Mr. Huntley here wants to make this affidavit before you, Judge."

The justice fixed his glasses, and read the affidavit; then he laid it on the table, and looked up at Huntley. Huntley stood before him stoop-shouldered, loose-jointed, gawky, his hands stuck into his trousers' pockets, his shapeless slouch-hat on the back of his head. His neck and ears were grimy with dust, and his lank, sunburned cheeks were stubbled over with a week's growth of red beard. He was looking down at Snagley with a kind of mild-eyed interest, and when the justice looked up he responded at once with a grin. Snagley lifted a flat-palmed right hand to the level of his shoulder and made three or four short upward motions with it. Huntley observed this little dramatization with a touch of bewilderment. He stared an instant at the hand; then, feeling that something was expected of him, grinned still more broadly, and nodded approvingly at Snagley; whereat the justice, being naturally somewhat irascible, glared hard at Huntley, swore a little, and sharply bade him to hold up his right hand and take off his hat.

His judicial function being discharged, Mr. Snagley unbent somewhat.

"Goin' to stan' 'im a suit, eh?" he said to Huntley, as he indorsed the affidavit.

"I think I ought-a beat 'im, don't you?" Huntley asked, eager for a shred of comfort.

Snagley rolled up his round eyes. "Lawsuits, Mr. Huntley, is gol darn uncertain," he replied wisely, and with a touch of dignity in his voice.

"You get out the writ, Judge," said Cleary, starting for the door, "and I 'll go find Smiley."

"You 'll find Mr. Wentworth workin' on the street over by Risley's," Mr. Snagley returned severely.

To Lawyer Cleary the constable was Smiley, notwithstanding the rebuke of the justice. Cleary was of that disposition termed ungodly by old-fashioned and orthodox folk. Sufficient unto himself was Mr. Cleary. If a grateful community ever erected a statue to his memory, he would doubtless be shown

standing with his broad, flat feet well apart, one hand buried up to the knuckles in his trousers' pocket, and the other elevated before his breast and wagging an argumentative forefinger. He always wore a long, black frock-coat, a celluloid standing collar, and no necktie. His hair was red and thin, as were his eyebrows; his eyes were watery blue, set wide apart; he had the flattest, most indefensible failure of a nose; his mouth could be likened to nothing but a gash in a pumpkin; and his complexion was violently sanguine. But these things troubled Mr. Cleary not a whit. If other people's opinions coincided with his, he congratulated them; if they differed from his, he pitied them: and he did both with equal sincerity. When word came that the Supreme Court had decided the Skinner county-seat case against him and his colleagues, he read the telegram over carefully, then shoved his hat back, and exclaimed in a tone of some annoyance, "Well, dad burn 'em! they guessed wrong—that 's all."

"THE TRIAL 'S NEXT WEDNESDAY."

As Cleary went to find the constable, Huntley, left to himself, wandered to the bottom of the stairs, and furtively peered into the windows of Shackleton & Podley's, where on one side there was a pyramid of tin fruit-cans, and on the other an array of white and hickory shirts, silk handkerchiefs, and plow-shoes. He hesitated a few moments, then lounged in at the door, and walked slowly and somewhat uncertainly down the store, casting a glance now at the calico prints on one side and now at the groceries displayed on the other. Shackleton and Podley were at the back of the room talking with a real-estate agent, who sat humped over on the counter, smoking a corn-cob pipe. As Huntley approached, Shackleton turned around:

"Anything to-day, Mr. Huntley?" he asked in a business-like way.

"Oh, I jes dropped in," Huntley replied uncertainly, glancing at the opposite wall.

"Say, Huntley, I hear Risley got your mules," said the real-estate agent, tentatively, as Huntley lifted himself up on the counter and looked about for a convenient place to discharge his mouthful of tobacco. The questioner had a shrewd, droll little face that all puckered toward a round rabbit mouth.

"Well, yes, he 's got 'em; but he won't have 'em long," Huntley replied, lounging forward and resting his forearms across his knees.

Podley rolled his fat little head to one side and looked sagaciously up at Huntley.

"How was that transaction, anyway, Mr. Huntley? How did you come to give that note?" he asked with an air of discreet interest. His precise utterance contrasted oddly with the slipshod speech of the other men.

"Well, you see," Huntley began, "'long about thirty days ago a feller come to my place sellin' a patent churn—'n' it was a darn good churn too. My woman can make butter with it now twicet as quick 's she can with the old un. Well, this chap he purtended to be appointin' agents; 'n' he went on with 'is lingo about bein' recommended to come to me, 'n'

about how much I could make out of it, 'n' all that kind o' talk. 'N' 'e did n't want no money — I was jes to sign a receipt fer the churn 'at 'e left fer me to use fer a sample, 'n' to sign a contrack to turn over the money less my commission, 'n' all that sort o' thing. 'N' where 'e fooled me, you see, he read over the receipt 'n' the contrack all right, but 'e 'ad a lot o' papers there on the table, 'n' when I come to sign, you see, 'e mixed 'em in the shuffle somehow, 'n' I s'pose I signed a note 'n' mortgage instead of a receipt 'n' contrack. I hain't much of a scholar, 'n' his jes readin' 'em over, 'course I s'posed they was the same 's 'e read. The woman wa'n't to home that day, so I up 'n' signed 'em. 'N' the mortgage — darn 'f 'e did n't do that pretty slick. He says, you know, that I 've got to give 'im a description of the mules, so 's the company 'll know I 've got a team to travel around with and do the canvassin'. 'N' 'e writes the description of the mules jes as I give it in the paper there — what I s'posed was the contrack; 'n' that 's how he got the description of the mules. I 've replevied the mules now. Course if I can prove 'at Mr. Risley wa'n't no innocent purchaser of the note, I 'll keep 'em."

"You say Risley has the mules now?" Podley asked.

"He did have 'em, but I 'm replevinin' 'em now," Huntley replied, looking at the door. "Course, soon 's the feller got the note he come here 'n' sold it to Risley — er purtended he did. Cleary 's been over to the county-seat 'n' looked at the mortgage, 'n' 'e says 'at it was printed right here by Potts to the 'Herald' office. Cleary says more 'n likely Risley 'n' this chap was in cahoots all the time. Potts tol' me 'isself that 'e printed a lot of blanks fer this chap."

There was a little silence; then Huntley looked up with a doubtful grin.

"Gosh ding it! you see, I can't afford to lose them mules. I was all hailed out this spring, 'n' I got to have the mules to earn some money to keep the kids with this winter."

"Well, gentlemen, it 's an outrage," said the real-estate man, slipping from the counter; "it 's an outrage."

"Shameful, sir, shameful," said Mr. Podley, walking toward the front part of the store.

"I hope you will win your case, anyway, Huntley, and keep your mules," the real-estate man said as he followed Podley.

When they were out of hearing, Huntley turned to Shackleton. "How 's it goin' to be about gettin' a jag a flour, Shackleton?" he asked. "This blame lawin' 's goin' to take all my money right now, 'n' we 're about out up to the ranch."

Shackleton shook his head. "Could n't do it possibly," he said briskly. "Be glad to accommodate you if we could; but we could n't do it. Too much out; too many bills to meet. Can't do it to-day, possibly."

Huntley looked down at the floor a moment. "I thought maybe you might lemme have fifty pound er so," he said meditatively, scratching his leg. "Get this darn business fixed up, I can pay you in ten days."

Huntley looked up, but Shackleton shook his head. "Too uncertain," he replied confidentially. Then, laying both hands on Huntley's shoulders in the most brotherly manner, he said cheerily, "Do it in a minute, Lem, if we could; but the way things are now, we could n't possibly."

With his eyes upon the floor, Huntley loitered slowly toward the door. As he gained it, the constable appeared on the sidewalk, and gently waved his hand toward the opposite side of the street. "There 's your mules, Mr. Huntley," he said in a voice of subdued emotion, much as though he had conjured them up out of the ground and presented them to Huntley. In that event the sleek little bodies of those two bay mules could not have awakened more joy in Huntley's breast. He hurried across the street, and climbed into the wagon.

The mules set their brisk little legs in motion, and the wagon rattled out of town. Just outside of the corporation there was a slight rise of ground, and as the mules trotted up the gentle ascent, Huntley turned in his seat and looked back at the village below. On the opposite side of the town the railroad was laid along the level prairie with hardly any grading. There was a tall, glaringly red elevator and a little brown depot at the foot of the one straggling business street. Spreading out from the business street, comprising the remainder of Centropolis, were isolated, rambling dwellings, all of wood and mostly one-storied. Some slender saplings, at a little distance hardly distinguishable from bean-poles, set in a few of the front yards, made the only attempt toward shrubbery. Shade there was none, and the little collection of pine buildings stood broiling and frying under the intolerable August sun. Beyond the town the level prairie stretched away to a gauzy blue line on the horizon, made by the timber along the banks of the Sam River. The land was more undulating on Huntley's side, but there was not a hill or a tree in sight to break the wavy expanse of prairie. The grass was drying up, and the fields of ripe wheat, twenty, forty, sixty acres in a patch, made only yellower dots here and there in the waste of light brown and dingy green. The scattered "shacks" of the settlers, primitive board structures, covered in some cases with black tarpaper, scarcely made an impression upon the wildness of the scene.

As he rode along, Huntley observed the appearance of the wheat-fields, and noted that, like his own, some of the straw roofs of the stables needed patching. He watched a hawk sailing in long, graceful downward curves, and he listened to the cries of the killdees; he looked awhile at the up-twinkling hoofs of the mules, and occupied himself for some time in chasing a persistent horse-fly over Jimmy's back with the end of his whip. Finally, having exhausted all the apparent sources of amusement, he put the remainder of the tobacco into his mouth, slouched forward in his seat, with his arms resting across his knees, and gave himself up to the unwonted exercise of reflecting. When Huntley went into a committee of ways and means, his first expedient was always to consider what he could borrow. Now, the prospect in that direction was not encouraging. The "claim" was mortgaged, and probably for all he could get on it; he had just given Cleary a mortgage on the cow and pigs for costs and attorney's fees, and nobody would take a mortgage on the mules until the suit was decided. He might borrow enough plug tobacco "to run him through"—that was the term he always used, and it meant probably until he could get some more money. With that possibility in his mind, he checked off the first source of revenue. Crops all destroyed by hail; and he checked that item off. If he won the lawsuit and kept the mules, he could mortgage them for enough to pay Cleary and "run him through," and go back to his job of grading in Johnson County. Clearly, it all hinged on the lawsuit, and, having arrived at that satisfactory conclusion, Mr. Huntley dropped the inquiry, and turned for a moment to retrospection. Notwithstanding the hail-destroyed wheat, he had done so well with his grading that the perennial mortgage on the mules and the cow had actually been paid off, and he had ten or twelve dollars ahead. All kinds of astonishing vistas of unmortgaged ease and affluence had been stretching before his mental vision when that patent dasher came along and operated upon his hopes.

All this brought Mr. Huntley again to that no-thoroughfare of the lawsuit, and by this time the mules had brought Mr. Huntley home and were turning in from the road, which was a mere wagon-track over the grass, by a "shack" built of boards and covered with tar-paper. As the wagon creaked by the house, a round-faced, fat, stubby-legged little form, clad in waist and breeches, came running to the door, and with a cry of, "'Ere 's pap," darted after the wagon. "'Ere 's pappy," shrilled a small treble, and a smaller, rounder-faced, more stubby-legged form in a gingham dress came running after the first one. As the two left the house an infantile wail went up from within, and a form all roundness and fatness came lumbering on all fours to the door. A little way from the house a cow was "lariated" on the prairie, and as Huntley drew up at the straw-roofed sod stable and began unharnessing the mules, a woman came hurrying across the grass toward the house carrying a tin milk-pail. She was tall and thin and stoop-shouldered. She wore an old, limp sunbonnet and a calico wrapper that, back and front, fell in straight lines from her head to her heels. As she came to the stable door Huntley was opening his jack-knife for "Oddy."

"Pap ain't got no candy fer you to-day, son," he said, with a big, homely smile that hurt him clear down to the bottom of his big, homely heart as he saw the little fellow's face fall. Mrs. Huntley peered in at the little brown beasts that were already munching their hay.

"Did you get the mules, Lem?" she cried eagerly.

Huntley looked at her with his slow, deprecatory smile. "Not fer keeps yet, 'Randy," he said. At his tone and expression the eagerness faded from the woman's face, leaving it seamed and dull. Huntley took the pail from his wife's hand, and the two walked together to the house, where he set the milk on the table, and then came out and lounged down on the grass while the wife sat on the door-sill. "Well?" she said, shoving her sunbonnet back and drawing her hand across her brows. Her form was bent, and her hands were as marred by work as his own; her face was lean and sallow, but there was a remarkable intelligence in her large, dark eyes, and she looked the daughter of a daring and self-reliant race.

"Well," her husband drawled, "we 've replevied the mules. The trial 's next Wednesday." He paused a moment, rasping his hand over his chin, and then went on: "I was talkin' with Cleary, 'n' he says 'at we 'll win 'er if we can get the right sort of a jury. He says 'at the feller had the papers—the contracks 'n' such—printed to the 'Herald' office, 'n' more 'n likely Risley knowed all about it. If we can jes prove 'at Risley knowed about the printin' of the contracks, that 'll knock 'im out. He says 'at Risley kind o' owns the printin'-office, somehow, 'n' if Potts 'll tell the truth about the printin', we 'll win 'er. Cleary says 'at if we get a jury o' farmers they 'll knock Risley out, anyhow, on gen'ral principles. I reckon mos' farmers don't have no love fer money-lenders." To Huntley, the plural pronoun, which he got from Cleary, represented himself the plaintiff, and Cleary the attorney, and all that part of the mysterious machinery of the law which he supposed somehow to be operating in his favor by virtue of Mr. Cleary's efforts.

"Seems like it 's too bad, Lem, to get into

trouble jes when we was gettin' along first-rate — a top of all the bad luck you 've had," said Mrs. Huntley.

"I know it, 'Randy. I know I ought n't to 'a' done it. I ought 'a' be'n cuter. But I thought it was a chance to make somethin' 'ithout leavin' you 'n' the young ones alone." Huntley confessed this awkwardly, and with his eyes on the ground.

"Oh, I ain't a-blamin' you, Lem. You thought it was all fer the best." She clapped her brown hands over her knees, and looked out over the ruined wheat-fields. Then she burst out with, "What can you expect when such scoundrels is left runnin' over the country?" — expressing as best she could the hot sense of outrage and rebellion which possessed her. She shut her lips a moment, and then asked quietly, "What 'll this lawin' cost you, Lem?"

Huntley looked up at her and then down at the ground. "I 'ad to give Cleary a mortgage on the cow 'n' pigs fer forty dollars to git the bond — 'n' the costs 'n' his fees," he said.

Mrs. Huntley laid her hand on his shoulder. "Lem, s'pos'n' you lose the mules, what 'll we do this winter with the cow 'n' pigs gone, 'n' you can't earn no more money gradin'?" she asked.

Huntley pulled his hat down over his brows. "Gawd knows, 'Randy," he said. He said "God" when he swore, and "Gawd" when he spoke reverently. He plucked up spears of the dried grass and tore them with his fingers, keeping his eyes on the ground. "I could n't get no flour to-day," he said, still looking down. He rasped his hand over his chin once or twice, and gave a choked laugh. "If the fros' don' nip that little patch o' corn, we can have some corn-dodgers by and by, I reckon," he added.

Mrs. Huntley's face had cleared by this time. "We 'll get along somehow er 'nother, I reckon," she said, not hopelessly, as she arose.

Huntley pulled himself up slowly, and stood for a moment with his hand in his pocket, looking over the prairie. "Yes," he said dubiously; "I guess we 'll get along somehow. We 'most allus have — somehow."

II.

Potts locked the door of his printing-office, dropped the big, jointed key into his trousers' pocket, swung his coat over his shoulders, and started home. It was Friday night, and the week's issue was "off." At such times Potts usually walked briskly and held his head up; but to-night, though he walked rapidly, his step was slouching and his head bent down. He turned off from the business street, and at the end of two blocks came to the square, white one-storied house to which he was fond of referring in the "Centropolis Herald" as "ye editor's domicile." Here, he constantly gave his readers to understand, the bosom of his family resided. James Garfield and Rutherford Hayes were playing with dust-heaps in the road; the twins were worrying the cat beside the house; and inside, pacing up and down the room and appearing at the door at the end of every beat, the eldest, Hildegarde Evangeline, carried the youngest, Evelina Rosaline. In the Potts family the prerogative of naming the boys was Mr. Potts's, while his consort ransacked a memory well stuffed with long and wildly romantic names for the girls. The room, which took up half the space inclosed by the four walls of the house, was low. A worn and faded rag carpet did its level best to cover the floor, and, except for a ragged hole in the middle, succeeded very well with about two thirds of it. There were three or four straight-backed chairs; a pine table against one wall, and opposite a lounge of home manufacture, covered with a straw-stuffed tick of green calico; and a big, old-fashioned rocking-chair, which was indisputably the property of Mrs. Potts. Indeed, she occupied it now. Mrs. Potts was a fat and flabby woman, all of whose foundations seemed to have given away and left her hopelessly sagging and rickety. Her heavy eyelids drooped over her pale eyes, the corners of her mouth drooped, and even her fat, colorless under-lip drooped. Her round, heavy shoulders sagged forward, and her big, oily hands moved listlessly. She was occupied with trying the effect of a pale-pink cloth rose and a short, bright, straight red feather on her last summer's hat. As Potts entered, the child set up a peevish cry, and Mrs. Potts let the hat and its decorations fall into her lap.

"Ain't that child to sleep yet?" she asked grievedly. "Take it into the bedroom, Hilly, and see if you can't rock it to sleep. It 's 'mos' time for you to get supper." She said, "Is 'mos' time." Mrs. Potts was too tired to sound more letters than were necessary to convey her meaning.

Potts laid his coat and hat on the table and dropped into a chair. "Well," he said, as the girl and the baby left the room, "I 've been subpœnaed in that Risley and Huntley case."

His wife looked disconsolately down at the pale rose and the bright feather in her lap. "Wad da they want o' you?" she asked.

"It 's just this way, Gracie," said Mr. Potts, stroking his red chin-whiskers. "There 's no doubt that that man Hawk was a little — not exactly square." Mr. Potts felt most apologetic to Mr. Hawk for being obliged to make this statement, but, having made it, he grew more courageous. "He swindled that Hunt-

ley; got him to sign the note and mortgage somehow, and Risley claims to have bought the note in good faith. And those blanks that I printed for Hawk — those — there was a correction on two of the proofs in Captain Risley's handwriting, which might have the look, or be made to appear, somehow, as though Captain Risley had some foreknowledge. Of course I don't think Captain Risley 's the man to go into a barefaced fraud; and yet —" And yet those pencil-written words on the proof in Captain Risley's peculiar hand stared up at him.

"And they expect you to go and testify to that and get you in a scrape with Captain Risley," Mrs. Potts said, with a kind of sagged resentment.

"Of course Captain Risley never said a word to me about the blanks, nor I to him. All I know is those corrections," Potts hurried to say.

"Then wad da ye want to say anything about it for?" Gracie demanded.

Potts got up, and mopped his forehead. "If I 'm put on the stand, Gracie," he said, "I 'll have to tell the truth."

"Well, wad da you know to tell? You said he never said nothing to you, or you to him. Ain't that enough? Wad da you want to go lugging in the other about the proofs for," Mrs. Potts persisted dolorously.

Potts was nervously pacing up and down the room. "But, my dear," he expostulated, "it 's not a question of lugging in anything. You don't seem to understand. Here 's Huntley, a citizen, entitled to equality before the law. He calls upon me for my testimony. I am bound — it 's my duty — my duty —" Potts felt that he was getting his feet on firm ground; but his wife rolled back with:

"Well, I don't know what that Huntley 's ever done for you that he can expect you to get into a mess with Captain Risley for him."

"It ain't Huntley at all," Potts cried; "Huntley 's got nothing to do with it — that is, with me." Mr. Potts paused a moment and untangled himself. "It 's not what I owe to Huntley; it 's what I owe to — to — civilization," and Mr. Potts spread out both his arms as though to express by the gesture the broad idea for which he could find no adequate word.

"And you 're never thinking what you owe to Risley," his wife retorted. "That 's just like you — you 're always going off after some fool thing like that and letting the rest go. Look at what Risley 's done for you — you know he 's got a mortgage on everything you 've got." Mrs. Potts was getting her spirit up; she even turned one flabby hand palm downward.

"But what do I owe to my conscience? What do I owe to my Maker? What do I owe to my fellow-men? What — would you have me dishonest?" Potts cried vehemently, standing in front of his wife, and gesticulating.

At this Mrs. Potts began to whimper. "That 's it — go pitching into me, go hectoring me," she said. "And what do you owe to your poor family? We can be turned out, and be outcas's. You ain't got no feeling for us."

"Why, my dear, I 'm sure I did n't mean to speak harshly. I 'm sure, my dear wife, the happiness of you and the children is my first consideration. I 'm sure I did n't intend — I only wanted to show you how necessary it was that I should hold up my head with honest men —"

"And you don't care about me holding up my head. I can be a beggar; I can be nobody. Only to-day Mrs. Risley called on me, and asked me to come up and bring the children." Mrs. Potts gazed down at the finery in her lap, and at the decaying hopes which it represented to her; she wept afresh.

"Why, I certainly wish you to be somebody. I wish you and the children —" Mr. Potts began.

"No, you don't," his wife wailed. "You ain't got the feelings of a man. We can be turned out; we can be beggars and outcas's. We can go back to preaching, and be dogs, and you don't care."

Potts stood alternately gnawing and pawing his fiery whiskers.

"But, Gracie, my dear, consider," he appealed frantically.

"No, you ain't," she blubbered. "You know you ain't."

Potts stood for a moment beside the table, chewing fiercely at his beard, and overwhelmed with grief, penitence, and oddly mingled rage; then he seized his hat and bolted from the room. He went through the lot to a board shed at the rear, which had once harbored the cow of a more prosperous tenant. Entering this, he sat down on the cool, trampled dirt, with his feet stuck straight out before him, and, holding his hands over his chest, gave himself up to meditation.

Potts felt that the problem of life, never easy of solution, had suddenly snarled and drawn into a hard knot for him. He had been reared in primitive orthodoxy, and had begun life as a Methodist minister. To him the commands of the Bible were "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay." "Thou shalt not bear false witness" were the words now. To commit flat perjury would have been to him as hurling a defiance at God, as leaping into a literal hell. It was that which troubled him; but the temptation in the words of his wife buzzed and whispered to him. He could say truthfully that Risley had never spoken a word to him about the printing of those blanks, and that he had

spoken no word to Risley; certainly Hawk had never mentioned Risley. There were those two peculiar words — but, after all, what were they, that merely on the strength of them he should accuse Captain Risley of fraud? To Potts the prospect of opposing Risley was only less terrifying than that of defying God. That Risley had him in his power in a material way did not count for so much with him; but in the year and a half of their intercourse Risley's strong will had gained a great ascendancy over him, and that he, Potts, should publicly bear witness that impugned Risley — the thought startled him, and, besides, how could it be true? As he thought of it in this light it all became easy to him. He could answer every question promptly; he could say that Risley never said, or wrote, or intimated a thing in connection with those blanks, and could come down from the stand with Risley smiling, his wife pacified, and himself unhurt. And what of those pencil-marks, anyway? Some accident would one day account for them, for it was not possible that Risley could be guilty of a deliberate villainy. He thought over the probable examination, imagining the questions one by one. He answered one after another. The attorney pressed closer and closer. He turned, equivocated, finally lied downright. Then the attorney leveled a threatening finger at him, and thundered, "Do you dare swear to this court, sir, that there are not two words on those proofs written in Captain Risley's hand?" The perspiration stood on Potts's brow. He saw himself stepping off from the only way of life that he had ever known or thought it possible to know, and wandering away into a great, dark unknown somewhere. The straight path was before him, so hard to follow, but so safe; away from that, what was there? A vague and fatal region at which he shuddered.

Again he imagined himself braving Risley, suffering his wife, facing rage, persecution, starvation; and he grew quite heroic over it, and clenched his little fists against his breast. Then his wife's peevish voice, and Risley's dull, persistent eyes and square mouth, came to him, and he unclasped his hands and mopped his face on his shirt-sleeve. There was something in Potts's mind back of this; namely, his idea of his peculiar relations to the Deity. As a Methodist minister he had followed the call until at length the slow, persistent opposition of his wife had worn away his resolution, and he had renounced the ministry to come to Centropolis and found the "Herald." The one thing about Mrs. Potts besides flesh was a kind of social ambition "to be somebody," and the position of a preacher's wife did not suit her at all. When Potts gave up his charge, he did not consider himself a lost man, but he had a notion that God regarded him askance and with a kind of sorrowing doubtfulness. His prayers were largely apologetic, and he resorted to them with a shamed humility.

III.

BESIDES his own desk, there was in Justice Snagley's court-room a long, narrow table of rough board, more like a broad, long-legged bench, for the lawyers; one bench for the jury; and two other benches and an awkward squad of wooden chairs, of different styles and in different stages of dilapidation, for the spectators.

Haggis, attorney for Risley, sat at one end of the table, bolt upright in his chair, and examining some papers. Haggis was of the build colloquially termed "sawed off," and he had big blue eyes that popped out at you with an expression of pompous surprise. Cleary hoisted his feet comfortably on the other side of the table, and tilted back in his chair. Mr. Cleary was in very good humor. Whatever he knew of Risley's connection with the printing of those blanks, he felt now that Potts's testimony was of minor importance. He looked across the table at the six stupid, honest faces ranged along the jury-bench, and he gleefully assured himself that not a man of them but had paid Risley his three per cent. a month. As he contemplated them his mouth expanded in that incredible grin.

Potts sat on one end of the bench, his hat held between the thumb and forefinger of one hand, and both hands clasped between his thin knees. His coat and vest were unbuttoned, and his mouth was open, taking in the air in long, laborious inspirations.

Huntley sat beside Cleary with his arms resting on the table, and feeling some recompense for the worry and trouble of the past week in his temporary importance — for Huntley had an idea that it was his show. As the spectators dropped in he looked at them with a most hospitable expression, and wished them to feel entirely welcome.

The justice straightened up in his chair, and said, "Well, gentlemen," and the trial began.

When Risley took the stand he fixed his small, wary eyes on Haggis and answered his questions promptly, pulling now and then at his dusty mustache. He testified that he knew nothing of any churn or agency, but supposed the note against Huntley to be given for value, and that he bought it in good faith. Cleary took him in hand with a manner of the blandest confidence; but Risley kept his small, wary eyes upon him, and his small, wary brain, too, and Cleary got nothing from him. He wagged his coercive forefinger in vain; he even smiled at him once or twice without effect. The witness

was very positive that he had no knowledge of any blanks used in the procuring of the note and mortgage, and very, very positive that he had nothing whatever to do with the preparing or printing of such blanks. He was quite willing to swear to this court, as Mr. Cleary threateningly requested him to do, that he never saw any such blanks nor any copy for such blanks. As Risley answered in his calm, monotonous tone, Potts felt a mighty load lifting from his mind. With Mr. Risley's example before him, testifying did not seem so difficult a matter after all.

Potts walked to the chair occupied by the witnesses with a firm step. He squared his shoulders, put his feet together, held up his head, looked the justice square in the face, and took the oath without a tremor. The turmoil of doubt and dismay left his mind, and all his faculties were bent in awaiting the trial; but he was aware in one instant of inward illumination that the question of what he was to say was still undetermined — that it was still to commit perjury or to tell the truth. He informed the court promptly, at Mr. Cleary's request, that his name was Victor C. Potts; that he resided in Centropolis; and that his occupation was editing the "Centropolis Herald" and running the "Herald" printing-office. He knew Hawk, the churn-man, and had done some printing for him; had printed some contracts and some deeds, some notes and some chattel mortgages. He denied that H. Risley was owner, or proprietor, or silent partner of or in the "Herald" establishment, or that he had any supervision over or connection with the printing-office in any way; and he admitted that he had pecuniary relations with Risley, and that Risley was often about the office.

"Now, Mr. Potts, who gave you the order for printing those patent-churn agency-blanks?"

"Hawk."

"Did Hawk ever say anything to you which led you to think that Risley had any connection with, or any knowledge of, the preparing or printing of those blanks?"

"No, sir; he did not."

"Did you ever mention them to Risley?"

"No, sir."

"Ever show them to him, either the blanks or the proofs or the copy for the blanks?"

"No, sir; never."

"Did Risley ever say anything to you in regard to them?"

"Never, sir."

"Was Risley ever in your printing-office while they were being printed?"

"Very likely he was; he comes there often."

"Are you very sure that he never saw them there?"

"I don't think he ever did. Certainly, I don't know that he ever did."

Cleary paused a moment, and pulled at his mustache.

"Then, Mr. Potts, you don't know that Risley ever saw those blanks, or the copy for them, or the proofs of them?"

"I 'm certain he never saw them in my presence."

Cleary pulled at his mustache, and Potts held himself for the next question. He felt himself at an extreme tension, and he had a desperate wish to plunge through and have done with it. He was aware of Huntley's long, anxious face beyond Cleary, and of the justice's head across from Huntley.

Cleary considered a moment and then he said, "That 's all; take the witness."

As Cleary spoke, and Potts realized that his examination was ended, he experienced a sensation of relief which changed and sank back instantly into an overwhelming fear and depression. He felt a kind of awe and quailing, and he felt himself condemned and cast out. A curtain fell behind him, a lump came into his throat, and there was a palpable heaviness at his heart. Haggis was speaking to him, and Potts turned toward him.

"Your testimony is, then, Mr. Potts," he said, "that, so far as you know, Mr. Risley had no knowledge of those blanks?"

Potts gripped the arms of his chair. He felt his heart hammering in his breast, and his nerves tightened.

"No," he said, fixing his eyes upon the justice and speaking slowly and laboriously; "there were two words — corrections — on the proof in Captain Risley's handwriting."

Haggis bent forward, and his eyes threatened Potts. "There were — what?" he asked incredulously.

"There were two words — corrections — written on the proofs in Captain Risley's hand."

"Are you certain of that? Can you swear that those words were in Captain Risley's hand?"

"I am very familiar with Captain Risley's hand, — it is peculiar, — and I am positive that the writing on the proof is exactly similar to his."

Potts took in a huge breath. He was quite pale, and there was a deafening rush in his brain.

"Have you those proofs — can you produce them?" Haggis demanded threateningly.

"I can," Potts answered.

Potts walked from the room with his eyes fixed straight before him; and when he came back with the proofs in his hand he fastened his eyes on the justice the moment he entered

the door, and never moved them until he was safely in the witness-chair. Other witnesses testified to the similarity between the words on the proof and Captain Risley's handwriting. Risley was recalled, and simply and stolidly denied the writing.

For half an hour Cleary shrilled against bankers, usury, fraud, and oppression; and for a full hour Haggis bellowed anathemas at trickery, shiftlessness, and printers. In that community, dependent for its material and political support upon the bucolic population, a lawyer would as soon have inveighed against the Constitution and the Ten Commandments as to have whispered a suspicion that farmers were not the deserving and oppressed of earth. It took the six farmers and laborers who composed the jury not six minutes to return a verdict for the plaintiff.

As the crowd was leaving the room, Huntley, for a moment, turned his huge and jubilant grin upon Potts, at whom Cleary also ducked his head and smiled. At the door Risley brushed by, and Potts clenched his hands and looked him squarely in the face. The banker's malevolent glance fell, and he walked on with long, heavy steps.

At six o'clock, as the mules trotted by the "shack," Huntley's face still wore that enormous grin. There was flour in the wagon, and in his pocket, besides red stick candy and plug tobacco, there was actually a roll of bills: for Mr. Huntley had mortgaged the mules, paid Cleary, and had money enough left "to run him through."

Potts went down to his printing-office, where he locked himself in for half an hour. When he came out there was dust on the knees of his trousers; but his freckled, red-whiskered little face was serene, and he walked home with a step in which there was no hesitation.

Will Payne.

LAND OF THE LIVING CLIFF-DWELLERS.

ONE of the most interesting and least known portions of the North American continent is that lying along the boundary line between the Mexican States of Chihuahua and Sonora, in the northern part of that republic. Early in March, 1889, a small party under my charge crossed the boundary between the two republics just south of Deming, New Mexico. On crossing the boundary we came to a rich and fertile country that contrasted strikingly with the well-known arid region of the southwestern part of our own Territory. Beautiful mountain streams spring from the flanks of the Sierra Madre range, and water profusely the foot-hills of the Cordilleras in a country which, judging from our own near by, we expected to find almost barren of water. Here the wild Apaches loved to graze their ponies on the sweet grasses of the rolling hills, and in view of its fertility the obstinacy with which for many years they closed this country to civilization can be easily understood.

In this portion of Chihuahua we found ruins of houses, villages, and towns along the valleys, most numerous where the soil was richest, while there were terraces and irrigating-ditches along the hillsides, which plainly spoke of a peaceful mode of life; yet on the hilltops and crests of cliffs were undoubted signs of old fortifications, which showed the warrior element among them. I had expected to find many ruins in my travels through this part of the country, but I confess that the great profusion of them surprised me. In one day I made a wide circuit back into the mountains, returning by another trail to my camp on the Piedras Verdes River, and in that thirty miles of almost continuous riding I believe I saw from 100 to 150 separate and distinct ruins.

Far back in the Sierra Madre range there are one or two curiously combined cave- and cliff-dwellings, long since abandoned, that are ingeniously supplied with water. At one place a deep cave has been divided into many small rooms, one of them containing a huge jar that takes up the whole interior of the compartment, and which, unless the cave was densely populated, must have furnished a water-supply for a week at least; and sieges by predatory tribes probably could not have been maintained longer than that. In the other cave the plan was more ingenious, and a greater supply was secured. Instead of one reservoir, there was a series of them, each just below its fellow, so as to receive its overflow, the top one fed by a sweet-water spring and the last emptying over the cliff into the stream below. The proximity of water coupled with the reservoirs clearly indicated defense in both cases, giving force to the conjecture that the stone piles and ridges seen elsewhere on the hilltops overlooking other ruins were for a similar purpose. Stone axes and hatchets were found in comparative profusion around these numerous ruins. The deserted dwellings suggested to my mind that there was probably some connection between the ancient cliff-dwellers of

Arizona and New Mexico and the living cave- and cliff-dwellers of southwestern Chihuahua, toward whom we were traveling.

The country of the Sierra Madre in the land of the living cliff-dwellers is most thoroughly alpine in character. We approached the crags and cliffs of that region from the east by an elevated plateau as high as the crests of the mountain-chains in the country, so that we looked down into this alpine section rather than up to it, as would have been the case had we approached from the Pacific side.

The native people found by us may be said to be of two kinds, the so-called civilized and the savage, but so gradually passing from one into the other that the distinction cannot be clearly made, though in the extreme of each this difference is so wide as to impress the beholder with the thought that there is no connecting-link. Our first encounter with the semi-civilized was on the Papigochoo River, in the heart of the Sierra Madre. They were working in a little field where the windings of the mountain river had left a level space. They were Tarahumaris, a tribe of great extent in this part of Mexico, and one to which I believe the cave- and cliff-dwellers belong, although this subdivision of the family has drifted so far away from the parent stock that at first glance one would not recognize them as relatives. Both the semi-civilized and the savage branches are singularly alike in their timidity, even the civilized ones usually trying to avoid strangers if possible, though never fleeing from them like so many wild beasts, as the uncivilized ones always do. The Mexican packers of mule-trains in the Sierra Madre range are very noisy in urging forward their plodding animals. They claim that this does some good in the way of notifying an approaching train of their presence, so that the two will not meet and attempt to pass on those dizzy cliffs and dangerously small trails on the steep mountain-sides so very common on the backbone ridge of the sierras. Certainly it tells the timid Tarahumari of their coming, and if not engaged in too important work on his little farm he will not be seen when the travelers pass by. Mr. Becerra told me that he had traveled the whole distance across the Sierra Madre through the Tarahumari country without seeing one of the natives when he was accompanied by a pack-train, and, again, had gone over the same route and had good views of them by the score when making his own way over the trail or with only a companion or two.

Some two or three hundred years ago the Spanish Jesuits came among these people and converted numbers of them to their faith; the descendants of those converts, I assume, are now the so-called civilized Tarahumaris, who live in rude houses and roughly cultivate the fields. The savage race live mostly on the cliffs or in caves, are worshipers of the sun, and, while they plant a little corn without cultivation on the steep hillsides, they are not otherwise tillers of the soil, but sustain themselves by the chase.

The civilized Tarahumaris of the Papigochoo were plowing with rude wooden plows with hard-wood points. That night we camped on the Guajochic, a much prettier stream than its Tarahumari name would indicate. I was told that the last syllable "chic," meant "the place of," the remainder of the word filling out the phrase, and that it was applied to all geographical names; another person said that a friend who spoke the language called it "water." I could not get definite information as to its signification. The most appalling part of this language, to a stranger, is the inordinate length of a great many of the words — Cusihuiriachic, a Mexican town of from 6000 to 7000 souls, being a fair example, but far from the longest.

It was early in May, about noon, when my party crossed the beautiful Bacochic. We were all mounted on mules, while pack-mules carried our effects. The sides of the mountains inclosing the stream at this point were precipitous, while a lot of broken shale on the narrow trail made it somewhat hazardous, and even dangerous, when near the steep cliffs. A deep ravine cutting in at right angles to the Bacochic closed our way to the north as we ascended the winding trail, and when we had worked our way up the steep bank some 200 or 300 feet, a favorable exit from the low, scrubby pines gave me an opportunity to look straight across this picturesque ravine, and I was surprised to see, on the other bank, which seemed even more precipitous than the one on which I stood, a deep cave walled up in front nearly to the top, and evidently indicating cave- or cliff-dwellers. My first thought was that the curious habitation in front of me belonged to the era of similar buildings in Arizona and New Mexico, which the best authority consigns to a very old period. With me, however, was a Mexican gentleman who said that the cave was inhabited, but as the occupants were extremely timid, probably we would not be able to see them without forcing an entrance into their strange home. He believed that most of them were inside peeping at us over the rude walls and around the very dilapidated animal's hide that served to close the door. The cave was not over two hundred yards away, and, with the aid of our field-glasses, we could plainly make out its details.

My impressions led me to the theory that these were vagabond individuals of the local Indian tribes who were occupying this old cave-dwelling in the cliffs, much as we see the

DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CAVE-DWELLINGS.

corresponding class with us occasionally occupying dugouts, shanties built into the side-hills, and even caves around the suburbs of towns. But one of the Mexicans, who argued against forcible intrusion into the homes of these people, said that we would find a great number of them further on in the deep recesses of the Sierra Madre range, and that among so many we would have good opportunities of seeing them to better advantage than we possibly could here. My Mexican friend was born and reared in this part of Chihuahua; his father and uncle owned one of the largest and richest mining-districts in that portion of the Sierra Madre toward which our course was directed, and to reach which he attached himself to our party for a couple of days, when our paths separated. His business called for almost constant traveling in these parts. He placed the number of living cliff- and cave-dwellers in this part of Mexico at from 9000 to 12,000 persons. We afterward saw from 300 to 500 of them, which, considering their great timidity and the small part of their land traversed by us, would give an air of reasonableness to the estimate of Don Augustin Becerra, for such was my friend's name.

Even as we stood on the edge of the cliff opposite this singular home, we saw an Indian in the cañon far below. He appeared to be wearing only a breech-clout of animal skins; he carried a long bow and arrows. He looked almost as dark as a Guinea negro as he skirted the shadows of the cañon, and his hair was long. A rattling of the falling chips of shale drew his attention to us, when he at once skulked behind a big boulder at the base of the cliff, and we saw him no more.

Everywhere in the mountains the semi-civilized Tarahumaris are used as couriers and mail-carriers, none of the domesticated animals being able to keep pace with them for long or for short distances. Halting to camp about three o'clock one afternoon, a Tarahumari mail-carrier passed my party, bound in the same direction that we were traveling and toward a point we expected to make in some two days' good marching. Replying to a question, he said that he would reach this point early that night, a feat which we afterward ascertained he had accomplished. Not very long ago, before the diligence, or Mexican stage line, was put on from the city of Chihuahua to the foot-hills of the Sierra Madre, the mail was carried from that city to the mining-camps on the western mountain-slopes by a Tarahumari, who made the round trip with his thirty or forty pounds of mail and provisions in just six days, resting Sundays in Chihuahua to see the bull-fight. This distance is over 500 miles, half of it being on as rough and hazardous a mountain-trail as any in the known world.

In the Barranca del Cobre a trail leads 5000 feet or more up the steep mountain-side to the crest of the range. It takes five or six hours to ascend it on muleback along the twisting trail. It takes four or five hours to descend. A Tarahumari courier carried a message from a person at the crest to another in the bottom of the cañon, and returned, in an hour and twenty minutes. In fact the word "Tarahumari" means "foot-runner."

The semi-civilized Indians are very fond of a sort of foot-ball game in which speed counts for more than the qualities we usually associate with this contest. A favorite trick is to catch the ball on the toes and run with it to the goal.

The mountain-trails are one of the most curious and interesting features of the central sierras. They go up grades that would be dangerous to ascend on foot if made directly up the face of the mountain, but by winding backward and forward on "switch-backs" of from 25 to 50 yards in length, increasing the distance tenfold, they make a trail that the ibex-like Mexican mule can travel. The loss of foothold is now and then about equivalent to loss of life; for the trails on these steep slopes seldom average over four or five inches in width, and are sometimes cut out of the solid rock. They often wind round dizzy spurs, cliffs, river directly underneath. Some years ago a fine Mexican rider attempted this place on a dark night, and his mangled body and that of his mule, which were found next morning on the boulders in the shallow river beneath, showed too plainly how he had met his death. I weighed 267 pounds, and my mule was a correspondingly large animal, so I had a delightfully cool sensation as the great "pinto" beast took up a lumbering trot when he came to this part of the trail; for it should be borne in mind that the best riders give their animals wholly their own way in crossing dangerous or even debatable places. The depth and height these trails attain in the great barrancas and cañons of the mountainous sierras are wonderful, and furnish some of the most picturesque scenery in the world. At nine o'clock one forenoon we were on La Cumbra (The Crest) of the moun-

DRAWN BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

THE BALL-GAME.

and precipitous bluffs. Near Batopilas the maximum is reached in La Infinidad (The Infinity of the Mexicans), where from a trail cut in rock the rider looks over the side of his mule a vertical 2600 feet to the cañon-bottom below. At another point on the Urique trail we had a short stretch of a few yards where the trail was "stuck on" to the side of the hill like the top of a row of swallows' nests, and from which one looked vertically for about 500 feet into the tains overlooking the Grand Barranca of the Urique, and where we could get a drink of ice-water from the rills, breathe cold air, and listen to the wind in the pines around us. In three hours we were among orange- and lemon-groves, eating their ripe fruit, or bathing in water of tepid temperature, and breathing air that was almost stifling. We had fallen a vertical mile in that time, but had twisted and wound round ten times as far to make it.

DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

CAVE-DWELLING ON THE BATOPILAS TRAIL.

The scenery of the Chihuahuan Sierra Madre is magnificent beyond conception. The Grand Barranca of the Urique surpasses the Grand Cañon of the Colorado in points of vastness and magnificence. It is not so continuously a cañon, with monotonous walls of perpendicular rock for miles and miles, as the latter, but here and there breaks into openings of many miles in width, which furnish the most stupendous alpine scenery that the eye ever rested on. Great, frowning buttresses of rock a mile in height soften backward into slopes of almost pastoral beauty, while, between, the curious cliff- and cave-dweller makes his home, forming in all a wonderland unsurpassed in the world's many marvels. The Arroyo de las Iglesias (the Valley of Churches) should be called the Valley of Church Spires and Cathedrals. For a number of miles the bewildered traveler wanders through a fairy-land of sculptured rock and water-carved walls that keep him comparing them here and there with birds and beasts, with busts and statues, with faces and figures, and with a thousand fanciful designs. Here are caves and caverns on a level where the ancient and present waters could carve the soft rock to the best advantage, while above come fluted columns, domes, minarets, flying-buttresses, and all the shapes and moldings that art or architecture ever conceived. Surmounting all are spires and even spears in slenderness, some of them bearing aloft the most grotesque designs in hard rock that has defied the sculpturing of the elements, while their pedestals have been carved to a singularly slender and fragile appearance. On one column was the form of an eagle with outspread wings, which might have been taken for this emblematic bird in reality but for its enormous dimensions.

In many of these caves and caverns and curiously carved cliffs live the wild Tarahumaris. Some of their houses are simply the rudest of caves partly walled up in front; others are partitioned off into rooms; and a few, like the one shown above, have well-built bake-ovens with rude shelves for holding primitive cooking-utensils. In a few large-size caves, high up in the cliffs, were little stone houses of three sides, very similar to some deserted cliff-dwellings I have seen in the southwest of our country. The most curious houses were those on the steep cliffs where no caves existed. Probably a stratum of soft rock some six or eight feet thick had been washed out by the waters until a deep furrow had been made, and in this the living cliff-dweller constructed his home of three sides, the diminutive windows, when seen from the cañon-bottom far below, looking like port-holes in a block-house. These small windows were also found in the detached houses in the other caves, but, where the front of the cave was walled in, light was generally secured

by not continuing the wall to the top, there being an interval of a foot or two. The overhanging crest of the cave usually projected far enough over to prevent any rain from beating in.

So precipitous are some of the inclines leading to a few of these cliff-buildings that even these ape-like creatures cannot ascend them, and they pass from one bench in the rock, where they can get a foothold, to another directly overhead or underneath by means of a notched stick or log, which they climb like so many monkeys. Sometimes three or four of these are needed to reach a very high cliff-dwelling on a precipitous incline; for I have seen them living in cliffs so steep that I believe a stone tossed from the hand with ordinary force would reach the bottom of the cañon, two or three hundred feet below, before striking the walls of the cliff.

These living cave- and cliff-dwellers of the Chihuahua sierras are tall, very muscular, though quite lean, and dark-colored even for Indians. Their faces are generally meek-looking, but with some signs that denote personal bravery. They are sun-worshipers, and expose new-born babes to the rays of that orb during the first day of their existence. They have a superstitious fear of the owl, to which they attribute many baleful influences. Their extreme timidity is the most salient feature of their character as viewed from our standpoint. In some of the more retired recesses of the great broken barrancas of the sierras these rude people are nearly or quite naked except for a pair of rough rawhide sandals. They never tattoo or wear masks, so far as I could learn; but very little of their inner life is known. The civilized branch of the Tarahumaris and the lowly Mexicans regard with contempt the cliff- and cave-dwelling Indians. Since one of the richest mining-districts of the world lies near the land I have briefly described, it will not be long before the age of steam and electricity will replace the age of stone.

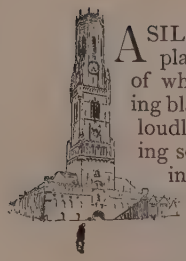
Frederick Schwatka.

DRAWN BY J. A. FRASER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

LOOKING INTO THE GRAND BARRANCA.

Thumb-nail Sketches

THE CLAVECIN, BRUGES.



A SILENT, grass-grown market-place, upon the uneven stones of which the sabots of a passing black-cloaked peasant clatter loudly. A group of sleepy-looking soldiers in red trousers lolling about the wide portal of the Belfry, which rears aloft against the pearly sky

All the height it has
Of ancient stone.

As the chime ceases there lingers for a space a faint musical hum in the air; the stones seem to carry and retain the melody; one is loath to move for fear of losing some part of the harmony.

I feel an indescribable impulse to climb the four hundred odd steps; incomprehensible, for I detest steeple-climbing, and have no patience with steeple-climbers.

Before I realize it, I am at the stairs.

"Hold, sir!" from behind me. "It is forbidden." In wretched French a weazened-faced little soldier explains that repairs are about to be made in the tower, in consequence of which visitors are forbidden. A franc removes this military obstacle, and I press on.

At the top of the stairs is an old Flemish woman shelling peas, while over her shoulder peeps a tame magpie. A savory odor of stewing vegetables fills the air.

"What do you wish, sir?" Many shrugs, gesticulations, and sighs of objurgation, which are covered by a shining new five-franc piece, and she produces a bunch of keys. As the door closes upon me the magpie gives a hoarse, gleeful squawk.

. . . A huge, dim room with a vaulted ceiling. Against the wall lean ancient stone statues, noseless and disfigured, crowned and sceptered effigies of forgotten lords and ladies of Flanders. High up on the wall two slitted Gothic windows, through which the violet light of day is streaming. I hear the gentle coo of pigeons.

To the right a low door, some vanishing steps of stone, and a hanging hand-rope. Before I have taken a dozen steps upward I am lost in the darkness; the steps are worn hollow and sloping, the rope is slippery — seems to have been waxed, so smooth has it become by handling. Four hundred steps and over; I have lost track of the number, and stumble giddily upward round and round the slender stone shaft. I am conscious of low openings from time to time — openings to what? I do not know. A damp smell exhales from them, and the air is cold upon my face as I pass them. At last a dim light above. With the next turn a blinding glare of light, a moment's blankness, then a vast panorama gradually

dawns upon me. Through the frame of stonework is a vast reach of grayish green bounded by the horizon, an immense shield embossed with silvery lines of waterways, and studded with clustering red-tiled roofs. A rim of pale yellow appears, — the sand-dunes that line the coast, — and dimly beyond a grayish film, evanescent, flashing — the North Sea.

Something flies through the slit from which I am gazing, and, following its flight upward, I see a long beam crossing the gallery, whereon are perched an array of jackdaws gazing down upon me in wonder.

I am conscious of a rhythmic movement about me that stirs the air, a mysterious, beating, throbbing sound, the machinery of the clock, which some one has described as a "heart of iron beating in a breast of stone."

I lean idly in the narrow slit gazing at the softened landscape, the exquisite harmony of the greens, grays, and browns, the lazily turning arms of far-off mills, reminders of Cuyp, Van der Velde, Teniers, shadowy, mysterious recollections. I am conscious of uttering aloud some commonplaces of delight. A slight and sudden movement behind me, a smothered cough. A little old man in a black velvet coat stands looking up at me, twisting and untwisting his hands. There are ruffles at his throat and wrists, and an amused smile spreads over his face, which is cleanly shaven, of the color of wax, with a tiny network of red lines over the cheek-bones, as if the blood had been forced there by some excess of passion and had remained. He has heard my sentimental ejaculation. I am conscious of the absurdity of the situation, and move aside for him to pass. He makes a courteous gesture with one ruffled hand.

There comes a prodigious rattling and grinding noise from above, then a jangle of bells, some half-dozen notes in all. At the first stroke the old man closes his eyes, throws back his head, and follows the rhythm with his long, white hands, as though playing a piano. The sound dies away; the place becomes painfully silent; still the regular motion of the old man's hands continues. A creepy, shivery feeling runs up and down my spine, a fear of which I am ashamed seizes upon me.

"Fine pells, sare," says the little old man, suddenly dropping his hands, and fixing his eyes upon me. "You sall not hear such pells in your countree. But stay not here; come wis me, and I will show you the clavecin. You sall not see the clavecin yet? No?"

I had not, of course, and thanked him.

"You sall see Melchior, Melchior t'e Groote, t'e magnif'."

As he spoke we entered a room quite filled with curious machinery, a medley of levers, wires, and rope above, below two large cylinders studded with shining brass points.

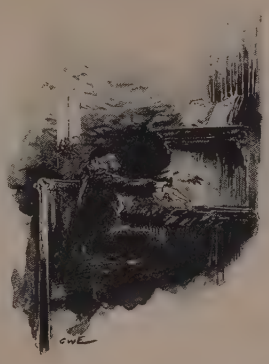
He sprang among the wires with a spidery sort of agility, caught one, pulled and hung upon it with all his weight. There came a r-r-r-r-r-r of fans and wheels, followed by a shower of dust; slowly one great cylinder began to revolve; wires and ropes reaching into the gloom above began to twitch convulsively; faintly came the jangle of far-off bells. Then came a pause, then a deafening *boom* that well-nigh stunned me. As the waves of sound came and went the little old man twisted and untwisted his hands in delight, and ejaculated, "Melchior you haf heeard, Melchior t'e Groote — t'e bourdon."

I wanted to examine the machinery, but he impatiently seized my arm and almost dragged me away, saying, "I will skow you — I will skow you. Come wis me."

From a pocket he produced a long brass key, and unlocked a door covered with red leather, disclosing an up-leading flight of steps, to which he pushed me. It gave upon an octagon-shaped room with a curious floor of sheet-lead. Around the wall ran a seat under the diamond-paned Gothic windows. From their shape I knew them to be the highest in the tower. I had seen them from the square below many times, with the framework above upon which hung row upon row of bells.

In the middle of the room was a rude sort of keyboard, with pedals below, like those of a large organ. Fronting this construction sat a long, high-backed bench. On the rack over the keyboard rested some sheets of music, which, upon examination, I found to be of parchment and written by hand. The notes were curious in shape, consisting of squares of black and diamonds of red upon the lines. Across the top of the page was written, in a straggling hand, "Van den Gheyn, Nikolaas." I turned to the little old man with the ruffles. "Van den Gheyn!"

I said in surprise, pointing to the parchment. "Why, that is the name of the most celebrated of *carillonneurs*, Van den Gheyn of Louvain." He untwisted his hands and bowed. "Eet ees ma name, mynheer; I am the *carillonneur*."



I fancied that my face showed all too plainly the incredulity I felt, for his darkened, and he muttered, "You not belief, Engelsch? Ah, I skow you; then you belief, parehap," and with astounding agility seated himself upon the bench before the clavecin, turned up the ruffles at his wrists, and literally threw himself upon the keys. A sound of thunder, accompanied by a vivid flash of lightning, filled the air, even as the first notes of the bells reached my ears. Involuntarily I glanced out of the diamond-leaded window: dark clouds were all about us, the house-tops and surrounding country were no longer to be seen. A blinding flash of lightning seemed to fill the room; the arms and legs of the little old man sought the keys and pedals with inconceivable rapidity; the music crashed about us with a deafening din, to the accompaniment of the thunder, which seemed to sound in unison with the boom of the bourdon. It was grandly terrible. The face of the little old man was turned upon me, but his eyes were closed. He seemed to find the pedals intuitively, and at every peal of thunder, which shook the tower to its foundations, he would open his mouth, a toothless cavern, and shout aloud. I could not hear the sounds for the crashing of the bells. Finally, with a last deafening crash of iron rods and thunderbolts, the noise of the bells gradually died away. Instinctively I had glanced above when the crash came, half expecting to see the roof torn off.

"I think we had better go down," I said. "This tower has been struck by lightning several times, and I imagine that discretion—"

I don't know what more I said, for my eyes rested upon the empty bench, and the bare rack where the music had been. The clavecin was one mass of twisted iron rods, tangled wires, and decayed, worm-eaten woodwork; the little old man had disappeared. I rushed to the red leather-covered door; it was fast. I shook it in a veritable terror; it would not yield. With a bound I reached the ruined clavecin, seized one of the pedals, and tore it away from the machine. The end was armed with an iron point. This I inserted between the lock and the door. I twisted the lock from the worm-eaten wood with one turn of the wrist, the door opened, and I almost fell down the steep steps. The second door at the bottom was also closed. I threw my weight against it once, twice; it gave, and I half slipped, half ran down the winding steps in the darkness.

Out at last into the fresh air of the lower passage. At the noise I made in closing the ponderous door came forth the old custode.

In my excitement I seized her by the arm, saying, "Who was the little old man in the black velvet coat with the ruffles? Where is he?"

She looked at me in a stupid manner. "Who is he," I repeated—"the little old man who played the clavecin?"

"Little old man, sir? I don't know," said the crone. "There has been no one in the tower to-day but yourself."

George Wharton Edwards.

THE TOWER OF GOLD, AND THE PORT OF SEVILLE FROM SAN TELMO.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT AND CO.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By Emilio Castelar.

II. IN SEARCH OF A PATRON.

COLUMBUS believed the solid part of the sphere to be larger than the liquid part, and the distance by the sunset road between the East Indies and western Europe to be less than it is. But in those two capital errors lay the great incentive to the execution and success of his purpose. Had he known the vast planetary spaces covered by the waters; the continent interposed between his own Europe and the land of diamonds, gold, and spices; the difficulty and peril of the passage yet to be braved in the far regions of the antarctic pole in order to sail from our continental Europe to the oriental Indies by the western way, he would perhaps have shrunk back in alarm and dread.

Portugal, as we have seen in a previous article, then stood in the relation to Africa, the East Indies, and the whole ocean that Greece did toward Asia in the days of Alexander. Columbus, endowed with the facility which was possessed by the Italian of that day for entering the service of any nation, became naturalized as a Portuguese; wedded a Portuguese woman; had a Portuguese son; allied himself with families governing Lusitanian territories beyond the seas; pursued the advanced studies of the school and academy of Sagres; voyaged with his tried mariners from Thule to Guinea; expounded his recently perfected plans, toiled and aspired, with all his powers, to make Portugal great—and Portugal comprehended him not.

Before presenting his plan to Dom John II., Columbus had diligently perfected and revised it in all its details and scope, besides submitting it with true modesty to the scrutiny of learned men. The cosmographer Behaim, a disciple of Regiomontanus, the great astronomer of the century, had constructed a globe showing his concurrence with the theories of Columbus, except that in the place assigned by Columbus to the outlying regions of Asia he had set one of the many lands imagined by the poets and philosophers of old. Toscanelli, a Florentine by birth and schooled in Florence, reputed to be a physician and a consummate cosmographer, told Columbus how he had drawn a map in perfect correlation with the Columbian theories; and assured him of his belief that it would be an easy thing to find a short and safe westward course to the East Indies.

Portugal had not launched forth in her explorations without doubts and opposition. Agricultural Portugal was necessarily at odds with maritime Portugal. The restful elements held to the land, the unrestful gravitated to the sea. There was, therefore, a feudal party of land-

holders naturally opposed to the advocates of navigation. At the head of the former was found the king Dom Duarte and the infante Dom Pedro; at the head of the second the two glorious infantes, Dom Henry and Dom Ferdinand. The great historian Oliveira Martins compares them with Cato the elder and Scipio Africanus. In truth, Cato aimed to confine Rome within her own territory, and Scipio to spread her over all the world.

The king with whom Columbus argued, grandson of Dom Duarte, was all for seamanship, for discoveries, for maritime adventures, for the Odyssey of ocean voyages; and so he fitly reigned over Vasco da Gama and Fernando Magellan. It is, therefore, the more surprising that he did not espouse the scheme of Columbus. Intellectually he was far above his father. He had inherited the crown in his childhood under the regency of Dom Alfonso V., son of the king Dom Duarte. In infancy he was under the tutelage of his mother, Dona Leonora; in youth under his uncle Dom Pedro, whom he slew; in ripe manhood under whatever party, good or bad, might subject him to its interests. He pressed out the blood and sweat of the masses to enrich his nobles, whose unchecked license and wastefulness under his nominal sovereignty made them his nearest friends. He was vainglorious of his title of Africanus, won at the cost of a ruined kingdom and people, upon whom fell the deepest misery through the African enterprises of their unloved king. Corpulent and gross of body, he was strong, brave, combative, and a soldier, yet vengeful and dull. Beaten in the battle of Toro, and after his defeat a fugitive in the land of France, he was succeeded by his son, Dom John II., to whom Columbus was to present his plans.

Ferdinand V., Louis XI., and Henry VIII. seem as one monarch in their greatnesses and their duplicities. To their class Dom John of Portugal belonged by nature, and by the time in which he lived. Perfidy, duplicity, and falsehood, joined to innate cruelty, made up the traits of those Machiavellian kings. Policy in them had dethroned conscience, a thing which often happens among men in periods of agitation and in revolutionary times. Dom John II. was one of the same sort, in conformity with the general laws which produce monarchs identical in character and in tendencies, in far-apart and widely contrasted kingdoms. The chronicler Bernaldez, in the first pages of his "History of the Catholic Sovereigns," truthfully delineates John II. as artful and at the same time cruel. He deemed crimes practicable only within a well-defined limit, that is, just so far as they might be practically useful. Temperate in eating and drinking, sparing of sleep and recreation, an enemy to the ostentations of art and pagan luxury in which the kings and pontiffs of the age indulged, like the Borgias, the Estes, the Medicis, and the Urbans of the Renaissance, he did his murdering very deliberately and surely.

His idea of the internal unity of the State, to which he paid worship like a good king of an essentially monarchical century, impelled him also, perforce, to undertake voyages and discoveries which begat, by their incessant activity, a class directly opposed to the feudal nobles who depended upon the soil, now impaired in productiveness by the incredible apparition of new lands and by the miraculous influx of new productions; in competition with which they were no longer able to keep up the value of their vast seigniorial estates, whereon the walled castle of the noble reared its battlements, and the gloomy gibbet of the tribute-paying vassal dangled its halter. As a consequence, the political and personal traits of the Portuguese monarch were in accord with the purpose of Columbus, and this tended to inspire him with the fullest confidence in a sure and favorable result.

Had Columbus persistently held out to him the promise of immense dominions, fabulous wealth, and far-reaching empire, Dom John might have yielded to the potent fascination. But the sailor demanded two things, both incompatible with the policy of Dom John — a policy in thorough accord with his nature and his life: he claimed a rich return, which was not tasteful to the covetous king, and great power and authority, incompatible with the royal prerogative, which had risen to supreme dominion and had become an article of faith to be accepted of all men. It was impossible to induce Dom John, who had stripped the Lusitanian nobles of a large part of their revenues, to consent to another's sharing in the profits of the territories to be discovered, and even more impossible to win from him recognition of such a perpetual governorship as Columbus asked: a copartnership, as it were, with himself, who at such cost and by such stern means had set himself upon the backs of his nobles after a struggle so bitter that he had perforce sought aid in it from the infernal powers of crime, to insure the unity, the integrity, and the totality of his monarchy.

The indispensable acceptance of the preliminary and preparatory scheme was therefore frustrated by the same causes that so nearly defeated it afterward, namely, the excessive claims of command and tribute for himself put forward by the sublime discoverer. And as Columbus felt such an assured confidence in the realization of the project; as he so clearly foresaw the finding of fabulously rich regions by the mere act of sailing westward, and not south-

ward as the Portuguese had hitherto sailed; as he touched with his own hands the walls of gold, held in his own grasp handfuls of jewels, and with his own eyes beheld the minarets of rubies and emeralds, so he held obstinately and with unexampled fixity of purpose to his demand for the recompense of power, wealth, and honors, with an assurance so marked as to be at times almost petulance — a feature repugnant to all men and especially to a man so self-satisfied as the king Dom John II. Christopher Columbus laments this, and says: "I went to make my offer to Portugal, whose king was more versed in discovery than any other. The Lord bound up his sight and all the senses, so that in fourteen years I could not bring him to heed what I said." Nevertheless the king appointed a commission to look into the matter; and this commission rendered an opinion in perfect consonance with Lusitanian precedents, which were all in favor of seeking southern Africa and the East Indies by shaping longer courses toward the south. Two learned doctors, Maestro Joseph and Maestro Rodriguez, jointly with the two prelates of Ceuta and Viseu, were the members of the commission which was charged with that most difficult investigation.

But Dom John could not have been satisfied with the adverse report of the wiseacres, for he called together the High Council of the crown. This body, essentially political, composed in greater part of those jurists to whom the science and knowledge of the Roman law suggested the modern idea of absolute power and the creation of powerful States, set aside the purely scientific views of the commission of technical cosmographers, and laid stress upon the pretensions to authority and revenue advanced by Columbus, deeming them in conflict with the supreme rights of the monarchy and the absolute power of the monarch. In truth, the technical junta and the political council assigned the two motives of refusal — the usual course of the Portuguese voyages and discoveries, and the recently established principle of monarchical unity. One report opposed the project itself, the other opposed the reward demanded by Columbus. And now arose the design in the mind of Dom John to appropriate the Columbian achievement and to get rid of Columbus.

By the detailed explanations of the project, by his frequent conferences with the discoverer, by the consultations held with the wisest men of the century, by the data collected for drawing up the report, Dom John had learned all that it was possible for him to learn; and he straightway put it into practice. He summoned the most expert among the Portuguese pilots, Pero Vazquez, the school-fellow of Dom Henry, and in stealth and silence, with all secrecy and caution, sent him, under pretense of provisioning the Cape Verde Islands, to follow the course mapped by Columbus. Then was it clearly apparent that mechanical and superficial knowledge, mere calculation, the soldier's watchword and the king's command, could not take the place of the effort, the zeal, the research, the reasoning, and, above all, the sorrows of a true genius. The merely mechanical pilot was terrified when he became entangled in the sea of floating sargasso, whose rank growth clung to the keels and checked his progress; he was more terrified when struck by tempest and hurricane, and yet more on sailing and sailing, day after day, without sighting land; and in his terror he put about, steering homeward to Portugal, and excusing his failure by exaggerating the peril. The secret became known. As soon as Columbus knew of it, his indignation, only comparable in intensity to his protracted forbearance and the long trial of his patience, moved him to rebel and to quit Portugal.

BEING naturally cut wholly adrift at that time from his own country, Genoa, — whose ventures by sea and land were not calculated to advance his projects, — Columbus turned his thoughts toward Spain, which, after the feudal disorders of the reign of John II. and Henry IV., was then beginning to shine again with that new, persistent, and constant splendor which, following all her decadences in every period of her history, reveals her to us as a self-luminous sun — a sun, indeed, over whose face the dark shadows of many eclipses pass for a season, but ever leave the glorious luminary unquenched. In addition to the natural attraction exerted upon all elevated minds by our country at that time, a particular and personal fact had a very powerful influence on the purpose of the Genoese in coming, in his hour of disappointment, to seek a dwelling beneath our roof-tree — the death of his wife, who left to him a son, Don Diego. With him for sole companion and support, Columbus set out from Portugal on the road to Estremadura and Andalusia, whether by sea or land we know not, in search of a sister-in-law who had married an obscure Andalusian, as well as of relatives in Seville.

A sailor, filled with the purpose of seeking the path to the Indies by the westward way, turned naturally for support to Spain and Portugal. Venice and Genoa were then still looking eastward, whilst Seville and Lisbon looked to the west. Notwithstanding the marvelous Lusitanian discoveries of that century, our country had an advantage over Portugal, in that she had far anticipated her in maritime exploration and discovery. From the era of the Germanic conquest to the century of the first crusades, the intellectual paralysis that smote

the European world did not reach our Spain. She lay bathed in the flood of universal life and in the light of learning, thanks to the progressive and wise schools, half Spanish, half Arabian, of enlightened Andalusia. The Alabderite wrote in Valencia an itinerary of Africa; while in Seville Abzeyat the Sage painted the maps of the new cosmography; and the geographical treatises of Albufeda went so far beyond those of all other geographers that it was impossible without his aid and his statements to undertake any voyage whatever, as is admitted by the commentators on the voyages of Marco Polo, from whose narrative Columbus imbibed his greatest and most brilliant hopes. True it is that the story of Marco Polo, so calculated to spur the reader to voyage and discovery, had been anticipated a full century by the Jew Benjamin of Tudela, who, confiding in the assurance derived from his scientific acquirements, was not content with exploring the archipelagos of the Asian seas, but penetrated to Tartary and Mongolia, then the object of a lively curiosity and the fountainhead of innumerable fables, thus keeping alive the investigative science of the world beneath the dense shadows of ignorance, which had become almost invincible by reason of the obstacles interposed in the path of exploration and discovery by a general state of warfare and by the breaking up of nations into fragments.

And so it is that we would fail to understand Spain's work of discovery did we not with true foresight first discern the gleams of enlightenment left in Spain by the Arabs. But, if the ideas of the Arabs shone conspicuously in times so antagonistic to learning as the period stretching from the seventh to the twelfth century, in this latter century the Christian monarchs of Spain began to encourage the study of the heavens, and maritime explorations as well, on the one hand founding schools to take the place of those which had been abolished in Cordova and Seville, and on the other sending forth ships, which, under color of warfare, disseminated precious and fruitful germs of barter and commerce. Coincident with the first ships of Guadalquivir that joined in the assault and siege of Seville were the first astronomical tables of Alfonso the Wise, that from the plains of Toledo revealed the secrets of the sky. Ferdinand III. rewarded his sailors, who, stimulated thereby, went forth to succor foreign nations, in like manner as foreign ships had come, scarce a century before, to our aid in the siege of Almeria under Alfonso VII. With this revival of maritime power came the development of two marvelous ancient cities, founded long ago by the Phenicians and the Carthaginians on our southern shores — Barcelona and Seville, the one looking toward the Orient and the other to the Occident, the first emulating Venice and Genoa, and the second rivaling with Lisbon and Oporto, whereby a double peaceful legion of traders and mariners enabled us to take possession of Naples and Sicily in the Italian seas; to lend aid to Constantinople and Athens in the Hellenic waters; to set in Asia Minor the barred blazonry of Aragon; to venture forth to dominate the Atlantic with our keels, and bring within the sphere of the general commerce of Europe those Fortunate Isles, seemingly fragments of the fabled world, long since perished, wherein the thinkers and the poets of old time laid the scene for the miraculous realization of their utopian dreams.

And this work of progress halted not a jot, even in adverse reigns; for his family wars and his usurpations of royal rights hindered not Sancho IV. from felling forests and launching fleets of ships; nor Ferdinand his son, amid the conflict with his nobles and their appeal to the wager of battle before divine justice, from founding such prosperous marts of trade as Bilbao; nor the ninth Alfonso, amid his combats with the Moors in El Salado, and his legislative cares at Alcalá, from favoring the municipal councils and exempting them from the royal tribute; nor Pedro the Cruel, amid the horrors inseparable from his sanguinary struggle with the feudal party under the leadership of his bastard kinsman, from equipping fleets and embarking in person in search of new peoples and new shores; nor John I., amid the disasters of his wars with Portugal, from despatching embassies, even to the mouth of the Euphrates, to plead with the Sultans of Babylon in behalf of the captive Armenian kings; nor Henry III., despite the weakness inseparable from the decadence of the monarchical principle and the insolence of the feudal power, from stretching out his hands to grasp the region known as the Roof of the World, by means of the envoys he sent to the great Tamerlane of Persia and the Grand Mogul of Tartary, in quest of tidings of the descendants of that Indian Prester John, whom the fables of the thirteenth century pictured as praying for Christian succor beneath a canopy of woven gold, and upon a pavement inlaid with emeralds; nor John II., despite the enemies stirred up about him by the favorite Alvaro de Luna, that instigator of seditious popular uprisings, from receiving the covenant of homage from the recently conquered Canaries, and sheltering them from the greed of Portugal; nor Henry IV., amid the scandals of his life and of his court, from giving protection to ships and travelers upon the sea; nor the Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, despite the difficulties which beset the beginning of their reign,

from collecting the fifth part of the wares sold in Guinea as though it were their own possession, or from maintaining a foothold in Sierra Leone, or from promoting the constant exchanges of trade and the opening of mines in Mina de Oro, and thus, by this series of long-continued creative efforts preparing the way for our country to undertake the paramount achievement of her history, and to demonstrate for all time the rotundity of the earth: a task to be likened, in its vastness and transcendency, to the divine work of creation. The logic, therefore, of all our historic deeds, the sum of all Castilian achievement, the teeming fruit of the development of long ages, the well-known daring of our race, and the manifold exigencies of our geographical situation, made it inevitable that, even as the Egyptians enlightened and taught the Hebrews; even as the Phenicians enlightened the Greeks and founded Carthage; even as the Greeks laid the foundations of Latin culture and the Carthaginians built their famous cities upon the shores of this Spain of ours; even as the Latins dominated the Helvetians, the Britons, the Batavians, and the Germanic tribes, so Spain, set on the uttermost confines of the sunset lands of Europe and dowered with a mighty civilization, was to search out every sea and reveal the whole planet. And inasmuch as the fulfilment of so vast a destiny pertained to all our being and to all our history, so, in the fullness of time, Christopher Columbus, the revealer, came to our chosen and predestinate land.

THE determination of Columbus to come to Spain, and his sojourn among our people, have been so overlaid, in the course of centuries, with fables more or less derived from the real truth, that a frank, simple, and truthful narrative of the ascertained facts is very difficult. To most historians, it seems as though the dramatic interest of an illustrious biography needs the brilliant gloss of fancy, and is diminished by the truth; and so they surround the facts with a thousand exaggerations of the obstacles suffered by Columbus. It is enough that he endured the neglect of his own country; the cold aversion of so enlightened a city as Venice; the treachery of Dom John II. at Lisbon; the weary voyages to Iceland and Guinea that demonstrated the correctness of his deductions, and yet passed unheeded by the mass of those who remained wedded to traditional errors; and the dense blindness of all around him to the proofs collected by his tireless endeavors. To these trials we need not add the curse of such utter poverty as to force him to beg alms from door to door, and to leave his children, reared in misery like wretched foundlings, to the care of some house of charity or penitence. Columbus remained in obscurity; he was strangely unrecognized if we regard his intrinsic mental endowments and the almost supernatural merit of his project, but not so much as to fall to the low state of a common beggar and to stand in need of public charity.

Columbus supported himself for a long time by his voyages and by the labors connected with his trade. The failure to appreciate his merit never went so far as to degrade the man himself. During his stay in Portugal he was able to make a voyage to the torrid zone and one to the glacial; to ally himself by marriage with illustrious houses; to correspond with learned men of the high repute of Toscanelli; to observe in the archipelago of the Azores and in the Eden-world of Madeira the extent of the Lusitanian discoveries; to study, in the ripeness of his life, the relations between the nautical sciences and the astronomical teachings of the schools of the Algarves as demonstrated by our astrolabes; to live by vending maps and scientific instruments; to hold intercourse with the King of Portugal on many occasions; and even to run in debt to his numerous friends. Therefore there is no need to judge him in the light of some wandering bard, begging his daily bread from door to door. That he drew the minds of men to him, that he was the object of general attention, that he spread around him the influence of his merit, is evident, if we merely consider how many times the public authorities examined those schemes of his which some writers deemed to have been received and requited with scornful derision. Still, the plans of Columbus opposed so great a mass of novel ideas to the common beliefs of his time, that we of to-day need not marvel at the repugnance they aroused and the opposition they encountered.

Columbus must have felt great confidence in his own merit, and have gained much esteem thereby, to enable him on reaching Lisbon to gain access to the Portuguese sovereigns. He came thence to Seville, and was able to reach even the courts of the Andalusian magnates. Being very widely dispersed in their glorious fifteenth century through all the great cities of western Europe, Italians stood in much repute by reason of their arts and their learning, and were as highly esteemed for their worth in Seville as in Lisbon. And so, as a letter of the Italian, Geraldi, sufficed in Lisbon to call forth the celebrated epistle of Toscanelli which so greatly assisted Columbus, so likewise a letter of the Florentine Berardi, the head of a great mercantile house in Seville, opened to him the doors of the palace of the Duke of Medina-Sidonia in the Andalusian capital, and of the palace of the Duke of Medinaceli on the Bay of Cadiz, the latter a magnate of the royal blood

unmixed with the impure and bastard strain of the Transtamares as was the blood of the Castilian monarchs, and the former a commander of many feudal forces that rivaled in strength the armies of the king himself.

Who among us can picture yonder Seville, as it was when Columbus came to its embrace toward the end of the fifteenth century? The eternal surroundings of the city will ever preserve their undying loveliness, but as to the town itself a thousand circumstances peculiar to that historic time filled it with activity and life. Let us, then, disregard the blandness of its climate; the purity of its skies; the breezes heavy with odor of azaleas and jasmines; the echoing strains of Moorish *guzlas* heard in voluptuous serenades; the crystal windings of that famous river which the Arab poets compared with the mightiest floods of the Orient; the towers builded by the Almohades, adorned with many-colored tiles, shining like virgin gold mingled with precious gems; the graceful Giralda, bright with airy arabesques; the churches where the skilful Moorish artisans had set their inlayings and fretted work around our saintly statues; the cathedral, lifting heavenward its nearly completed fabric; the palaces, miracles of stucco-work, where the new-found statues of ancient times and the newly hewn works of later sculptors crowded arched galleries of Moorish design; the marble courts, like grottoes of bliss, filled night and day with the plash of fountains and the strains of melody; the slender-columned, double-arched windows, festooned with garlands of rosy blossoms; the minarets where the swaying bell replaced the muezzin's cry; the wondrous Alcazar, laden with poesy; the gardens thick with lemon-trees and cedars; the groves wherein the bright-needled pine mingled with the somber-leaved olive; the doors of rose-colored larch inlaid with stars of ivory; the belting walls, tinged coral-purple in the bright air of Andalusia, all glowing with beauty, and instead let us give closer heed to the ideas and interests then concentrated in Seville by reason of its rank as the capital of the region where at that time the last war against the Moors was being waged, as well as the capital of the new possessions we had gained in the Gulf of Guinea and on the Gold Coast, and by the final acquisition of the Canaries.

The city was thronged with soldiers and men of gentle blood, with courtiers, learned men, merchants, and mariners; it possessed great schools and well-equipped factories, and withal exhibited such a concentration of ideas and interests as perforce must have aroused in Columbus a flood of new ambitions, and spurred him on to accomplish his varied schemes. The fancy of the discoverer, too, must have been excited by the thoughts which filled that sea of vivid inspirations. The westward way, of which he ever dreamed, was to be lightened by the endless voyages of the ships he saw mooring at the foot of the Golden Tower after their voyage from shores not far from those which the belief of the pilot's day declared to be the confines of habitable land. About him he beheld the movement of trade and barter in such wares as were then in demand, sent forth from Spanish workshops to every land: an abundant production of rich silks; the great hydraulic works whose invention had been so lavishly rewarded by the State; the private banking-houses of such men as the Italian Amerigo Vespucci; the professorships and schools of cosmography and navigation; the great improvements made in draining the lowlands by mechanical means and even in rendering the brackish waters potable — all these practical surroundings must assuredly have fostered the experimental cast of mind which in Columbus tended, by deep research and observation, to fortify the sudden intuitions born of his native genius and his prophetic hopes. Thus, during the period of his life passed in incomparable Seville, after a long sojourn of fruitless inaction in Cordova, the plans of Columbus must have been aided greatly by the stimulating influence of the many scientific and industrial developments which then existed in a city whose sole western rival was the splendid and opulent Lisbon. But, after all, the chiefest furtherance afforded to his project in Seville lay in the opportunities there opened to him to meet and confer with the rich and powerful Italian bankers, who in turn enlisted in his behalf the friendly attention of magnates like the Duke of Medina-Sidonia and the Duke of Medinaceli; who, becoming more or less interested in the schemes of the pilot, more or less pledged toward their realization, and more or less enthusiastic in their behalf, joined in presenting and accrediting them before the royal court.

It is difficult — extremely difficult, almost impossible — to fix the years of Columbus's life spent in Cordova, in Granada, in Huelva, in Palos, in La Rabida, in Seville — places certainly visited by him and even the scenes of extended sojourn, although the historian is unable to assign the date of his presence in the more important of them. From the outset, his journey to Spain and his stay in that country were in obedience to the thought that such an undertaking as his could not prosper without the abundant resources at the command of a powerful State. Spain was well governed and great under the wise rule and intelligent policy of the Catholic Sovereigns. So he came to Spain in 1485.

After his failure in Portugal, the Seigniory of Genoa, the Council of Venice, the principal kings of western Europe passed by day before his waking eyes, and filled his brain through the long sleepless nights. Whenever he saw himself baffled, he was in the habit of using an oft-repeated phrase, such as we in Spain popularly call a *muletilla*. "I will hand over my discovery to the King of France," he would say, almost mechanically. Under the pressure of such motives, during the first year of his stay in Spain, he sent his brother Bartholomew Columbus to the King of England in quest of aid for his undertaking. Bartholomew, like Christopher, by his wide knowledge ranked high among cosmographers, and by his tireless and consummate skill among the best pilots of that century, thus sharing in the attainments but not in the material prestige and the mental inspiration that so highly distinguished his brother, whom he outranked only in such secondary qualities as dissimulation, then so indispensable in public affairs, in sagacious discernment, and in keen and ceaseless astuteness. Bartholomew fell into the hands of corsairs, and, chained to the oar, passed for many months from sea to sea, and from shore to shore, in misfortune and bitter hardships. Nevertheless, at the beginning of 1488, three years after his brother's coming to Spain, he reached London, and sketched, in more or less fantastic detail, upon a colored chart of the world, the predicted and promised lands, with explanatory legends in macaronic Latin verses as a sort of compendium, fortified by the citation of such authorities as King Ptolemy, Strabo the geographer, Pliny the naturalist, and Saint Isidore the sage, all of them agreeing, although in different ways, in predictions identical with those so often uttered by the contemned and unheeded Columbus. Henry gave Bartholomew several audiences, and was pleased to listen to him attentively; although, while taking good care not to dishearten him and rather keeping his hopes alive, he had no real mind to aid in their realization. Two circumstances prevented the monarch from decisive action, one personal, the other external, the latter being the constant anxiety springing from his untiring efforts to hinder the revival of the ancient wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, while the personal motive was his inordinate greed. The outcome, in the inevitable logic of events, proved anew how neither talent, nor perseverance, nor foresight, acting through subordinate and inferior agents, can attain the success reserved for the force and might of genius.

At an unpropitious time the worthy Bartholomew went to the English court, and in a still more inauspicious hour came the great Columbus to the court of Spain. The Catholic Sovereigns, from the time they mounted the throne until 1488, had been between the hammer and the anvil. On the one hand, the King of Portugal, Alfonso V., gave them no peace with what in fact were civil wars to win the throne for his niece La Beltraneja; while on the other the French king, Louis XI., harassed them by keeping up a continuous foreign war, and forced them to constant readiness against sudden attacks throughout their dominions. To these contests and wars with their neighbors to the east and the west were added the death-throes of the feudal monster, let loose when the Transtamares ascended the throne, and seeming to gain renewed life from the blows dealt upon its head by the monarchical power, restored by the new sovereigns. In Galicia the agricultural and landed feudal interests were in open revolt under the Count of Lemus, while in the Andalusian region a warlike feudalism, led by many powerful nobles, opposed their path toward Granada, contesting their authority and disputing their rule in a fractious spirit that was more grievous than open hostility to sovereigns such as these, who sought to win all their royal rights by glory and good government.

When the great pilot came to present his claims and his plans, the royal power was not yet fully established; neither was authority enforced over the nobles, who traversed all Castile at will in tempestuous forays and stormy warfare; nor peace imposed upon the restless neighbors in arms, who kept up as it were a close siege against the double crown of the royal pair; nor a settlement reached of the quarrels between the troops of the monarchy and the feudal forces, assembled on the plains of Andalusia to attack the remnant of the Moors; and Columbus necessarily found invincible obstacles in the way of his project, no less by reason of these perturbations than by the utter absorption of all minds and all efforts in the war upon Granada, and also because of the enormous costs attending that vast undertaking. At that time, when the outcome of the contest between the monarchical and feudal principles was still undecided, only the first steps had been taken toward the organization of a standing army, and the systematic raising of revenues had not yet been begun, and indeed had not even been devised, so that it was impossible to provide resources, and still more so to raise ready cash, for any other great purpose or foreign venture. That nothing might be lacking to the impediments in the way of the success of so audacious a proposal and so complex a scheme, there was not even a fixed capital city. The sovereigns went to Santiago, Seville, Segovia, Cordova, Medina, Barcelona, Toledo, Madrigal, Pinto, Madrid,

and Valencia, as public affairs called them; but abode in no one place. Hence the difficulty Columbus met in gaining access to them in order to submit his project in all its scope; nor could he win any promises from them, however vague and indefinite.

In the year of the discoverer's arrival, in order to bring about religious concord, and to aid the monarchical unity they so greatly desired, the sovereigns had founded the tribunal of the Inquisition; but not without meeting with resistance such as stained with blood churches like that of Seo, at Saragossa, where the mob murdered an Inquisitor in the selfsame spot where in later years an altar was reared to his worship as a martyr. And as in that year the Catholic Sovereigns founded the Inquisition as a means to enforce Catholic unity, so likewise they vowed to uproot from their country's soil the last vestige of Moslem rule. How unfortunate the coincidence! How was it possible, in the midst of those paramount efforts to bring so many races within the pale of one religion, to impose the monarchical idea upon so many feudal organizations, and to compel the still formidable Moors to obey a national unity, that success should crown a project like that of Columbus? In this wise may be explained the sad, dark days, and even years, that followed the coming of Columbus among the Spaniards, until his melancholy made him in the eyes of men almost a living specter; until his features, reflecting the sorrows of his heart, were as those of a soul in torment come from the other world; and until, on beholding him, wrapped in his one thought, his garb disordered in the abandonment of his despair, plodding the public streets and pacing the cloisters of the cathedrals, journeying one day to Cordova and another to Seville in search of some noble or some influential ecclesiastic, the people mocked him with pointed finger, and took him for a madman.

He had then barely attained the age of forty-nine, and, in his loneliness, craved another soul with which to hold converse. In love alone does existence find a perfect calm. In Cordova he formed friendships in the household of Enriquez y Arana, a person of very ancient lineage and of slender fortune. As a result of this intimacy he became attached to a young girl as intelligent as she was beautiful. It is established that, from the eighty-eighth year of that century, when he came to Spain, until 1492, when he set out on his first great voyage, Columbus resided in Seville, in Cadiz, in Huelva, and in Lisbon, but his stay in Cordova was longer than in any of these. As we have already seen, the Ultramontane school of Europe proposed to recognize the Columbian discovery as a miracle and to enroll its author in the celestial court. But the loves of Christopher Columbus and Beatrice Enriquez Arana disturbed them in this purpose, being clearly unsanctified by the sacraments of the Church and illegitimate under the civil laws. Scarce knowing how to extricate themselves from this untoward strait, they married the long-dead lovers, who in their lives had neither cared to marry nor been able to wed; and so they made them lawful husband and wife. The customs of the Renaissance permitted this class of natural affinities, much as the modern advocates of free love seek to recognize them. A class of descent, not recognized by the strait morality of our codes, was frequently admitted under the old Spanish laws. Four years after the father came to Spain a son was born to Beatrice and Columbus, whom they named Ferdinand. A brother of Beatrice was the constant companion of Columbus. The doubloons of Beatrice and her family helped to supply the necessary expenses of preparation for the great undertaking. Even in the family records of the second generation we come across statements of arrears in the contracts between the two households, and notes of money payments for debts of this class, mysteriously contracted and still undischarged. Friends like Padre Las Casas, men of orthodox austerity, speak of Ferdinand with reticent insinuations, which leave no room for doubt as to the nature of the love of Columbus and Beatrice. For some two years he gave no sign of life among us, as though time were lacking for the enjoyment of so vast a happiness as he found in Cordova.

The Italians of the Renaissance, because of their recognized intellectual superiority over the races of central Europe, were to be found everywhere, like the Greeks throughout the East, as guides and masters of the very peoples to whom, as subjects or bondmen, they owed submission and obedience. Consequently they resorted to Lisbon, to Seville, to every point where the concentration of ideas or of traffic attracted general activity. And there is no doubt of the truth of what we have already said, that they, and they alone, assisted the relations of the pilot with the great lords then virtually the sovereigns of Andalusia. Columbus did well to court the favor of the Guzman who at that time ruled the domains comprised in the dukedom of Medina-Sidonia. Numberless coronets, useless to a brow already sufficiently crowned with the feudal casque, were at his iron feet; the manifold tribute of innumerable serfs filled his coffers, which were, besides, heaped with the abundance of the spoil wrested almost daily from the wealthy Moors in endless forays and countless depredations. A strong land force surrounded his fortresses, about each of which lay a vast encampment, while a fleet ever at his

command rode in the estuaries of his rivers and sailed along the coasts of his seigniorial seas. An infinite extension of his domains, a boundless harvest of new wealth, a fresh field open to his native heroism, a sea hitherto unexplored spread before his eagle eyes, could not fail to tempt him; and yet these did not move him to action because of the terrible strife waging between the aristocratic classes and the monarchical power during the important five years preceding the coming of Columbus to Spain, and during the subsequent five years of his sojourn there. A better opening was doubtless afforded to Columbus by negotiating with the Duke of Medinaceli, who was not so conspicuously a warrior and feudal champion as the adventurous Medina-Sidonia, and who was, besides, more inclined toward maritime expeditions. The duke dwelt by the sea, in Puerto Santa Maria, from whose wharves and roadstead many expeditions had been despatched, not only to explore the African mainland, but also to discover and occupy the Canarian archipelago, composed of constellations of lovely isles known in every tongue by the fitting epithet of "Fortunate." By the ancient alliance of the houses of Medinaceli and Coronel, the domain of the ducal family embraced all the territory stretching between the mouths of the Guadalquivir and the Guadalete, comprising the beautiful tongue of land that projects into the marvelous Bay of Cadiz, facing the city. Few spots were so well adapted to be the hospitable refuge of an explorer like Columbus, and to furnish him with incentives to far-seeing plans and with subjects for deep meditation.

The prince Louis La Cerda, who flourished at the beginning of the fourteenth century, claimed the Canaries, mysteriously divined to be a halting-place in the pathway to larger ventures. Pope Clement VI. proclaimed him sovereign over those islands, and bestowed on him the title of Prince of Fortune. But although he went not thither to reign, and although the glory of attaching the Fortunate Isles to the Castilian crown passed to Juan de Bethencourt, an inherited germ of propensity to maritime exploration remained in the duke who at the time was head of that kingly house. Possessing this hereditary instinct, he welcomed Columbus as one sent from heaven, and made him his guest, in the firm assurance that he would bestow upon him a kingdom, for the long course of centuries had not extinguished in the house of La Cerda the constant aspiration to reign. Medinaceli possessed in his castle every resource then known to science, and at the foot of his water-stairs that dipped beneath the waves, under the shadow of his royal blazonry, lay the caravels which Columbus solicited in order to lend material wings to desires now quickened by the prospect of practical accomplishment. The duke had promised them to him, and he impatiently claimed them. To the magnate nothing seemed easier. And yet the phase through which Spanish society was then passing, that evolutionary movement for the establishment of monarchical unity in place of feudal heterogeneity, prevented the realization of the ambitious dreams of Louis La Cerda and the practical dreams of Christopher Columbus. If Ferdinand the Catholic would not accept Medina-Sidonia's aid before the walls of Alhama, in so bitter a strait for the Christians as was the investment of the city of Hacem, would he have consented to the equipment of caravels, the enlistment of sailors, the discovery of new lands, and the creation of eminent dominion beyond the shadow of the throne and beyond the controlling reach of the scepter? Although the duke and Columbus lived for some time together beneath the same roof, and studied sea and sky with the same astrolabes, and shared their thoughts in common, and displayed equal zeal in making preparation for the work, they speedily realized that under so imperious a monarchy such mighty undertakings were not to be essayed by any private subject, and especially by any noble. Medinaceli gave the discoverer letters of recommendation to men of influence in the royal court, and as his sires renounced the kingly crown, so did he renounce the crown of his dreams. This was the first step toward the intervention of the Catholic Sovereigns.

Bearing the commendatory letters of the duke, Columbus seems to have gone from Puerto to Sevilie, and from Seville, where the accustomed favors of the wealthy Berardi as well as of the influential brothers Giraldini did not fail him, he appears to have passed to Cordova. The first person he approached in order that the closed portals of the palace of the sovereigns might be opened to him was the accountant-general, Quintanilla. A calculating and precise man was he, constantly occupied with the many cares of his difficult office; singularly versed in financial science for his time, and most watchful of the interests of the enfeebled and anemic treasury of his sovereigns, which was nearly always empty. He took a fancy to Columbus from the first, and their mutual liking brought close together the visionary idealist and the practical dispenser of needed resources. Quintanilla, being thus strongly interested in the pilot's behalf, deemed his own efforts insufficient for the bold adventure, and applied to Cardinal Mendoza, in whom wealth was joined to learning, to the arts, and to political sagacity — a combination frequent among those powerful magnates of the Renaissance — and who was in a position to lend Columbus active assistance. Mendoza, styled the Great Cardi-

nal, accustomed to the promotion of high emprises in Castile, was impressed by the scheme of Columbus and furthered it so far as he was able. Men indeed called Mendoza the "Third King of Spain," as though he were a person of the royal trinity, of equal standing with Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand, and sharing the crown with them. This prince of the church, when he resolved upon a thing, went about it in formidable earnest. So, in his firmness of will and daring of purpose, he boldly and zealously favored Columbus, and even determined to associate himself with him. In like manner as the Berardis had introduced Columbus to Medinaceli, so did Medinaceli give him urgent letters of recommendation to Quintanilla, and so did Quintanilla, in turn, to Cardinal Mendoza, who, for his part, espoused his cause with the Catholic Sovereigns. Owing to the careless indifference natural to that time and race, no one can fix with certainty the day or year when the sovereigns first received Columbus in personal audience; but, by inferences consistently drawn from the later writings of Columbus, we may believe the time to have been about January in the year 1487.

Columbus was of powerful frame and large build; of majestic bearing and dignified in gesture; on the whole well formed; of middle height, inclining to tallness; his arms sinewy and bronzed like wave-beaten oars; his nerves high-strung and sensitive, quickly responsive to all emotions; his neck large and his shoulders broad; his face rather long and his nose aquiline; his complexion fair, even inclining to redness, and somewhat disfigured by freckles; his gaze piercing and his eyes clear; his brow high and calm, furrowed with the deep workings of thought. In the life written by his son Ferdinand we are told that Columbus not only sketched most marvelously, but was so skilful a penman that he was able to earn a living by engrossing and copying. In his private notes he said that every good map-draftsman ought to be a good painter as well, and he himself was such in his maps and globes and charts, over which are scattered all sorts of cleverly drawn figures. He never penned a letter or began a chapter without setting at its head this devout invocation: "*Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via.*" Besides his practical studies he devoted himself to astronomical and geometrical researches. Thus he was enabled to teach mathematics, with which as with all the advanced knowledge of his time he was conversant, and he could recite the prayers and services of the Church like any priest before the altar. He was, as I have already said, a mystic and a merchant, a visionary and an algebraist. If at times he veiled his knowledge in cabalistic formulas, and allowed his vast powers to degenerate in puerile irritation, it was because his own age knew him not, and had dealt hardly with him for many years — from his youth until he reached the threshold of age — without taking into account the reverses which darkened and embittered his later years. Who could have predicted to him, in the midst of the blindness that surrounded him, that there in Spain, and in that century of unfading achievement, the name of Columbus was to attain to fame and unspeakable renown? There are those who hold that all this was the work of chance, and that the discovery of America was virtually accomplished when the Portuguese doubled the Cape of Good Hope. But I believe not in these posthumous alterations of history through mere caprice, nor in those after-rumors of the discoverers who died in obscurity. As there be some who have written of the Christianity that existed before Christ, so there be some who prate of the New World discovered before Columbus. Columbus was doomed to too desperate and difficult a task by the general sentiment of his time and by the customs of the generations in which he lived, for history to add a crowning wrong against his fame.

Few creators have divined the transcendency of their creations. Lope de Vega knew not that his fame would rest, not on the elaborate dramas that bear the seal of his learning and erudition, and are constructed with almost servile conformity to the antique unities, but on the plays written to suit the popular taste. The hemlock-poison is in the dregs of every cup of immortality held to the lips of genius! Copernicus would have been burned at the stake had his system been published twenty years before his tardy death, instead of reaching his hands, printed and finished, while he lay on his death-bed amid the gathering shadows of his last agony. The press of Gutenberg was taken from him, as from Columbus the name of his own America, but in abundant recompense they both hold fast to the eternal heritage of their glory.

Emilio Castelar.

THE NAULAHKA.[1]

A STORY OF WEST AND EAST.

By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier.

XX.

"HAS the Miss Sahib any orders?" asked Dhunpat Rai, with Oriental calmness, as Kate turned toward the woman of the desert, staying herself against her massive shoulder.

Kate simply shook her head.

"It is very sad," said Dhunpat Rai, thoughtfully, as though the matter were one in which he had no interest, "but it is on account of religious bigotry and intolerance, which is prevalent mania in these parts. Once — twice before I have seen the same thing. About powders, sometimes, and once they said that the graduated glasses were holy vessels, and zinc ointment was cow-fat. But I have never seen all the hospital disembark simultaneously. I do not think they will come back; but my appointment is state appointment," he said, with a bland smile, "and so I shall draw my offeeshal income as before."

Kate stared at him. "Do you mean that they will never come back?" she asked falteringly.

"Oh, yes — in time — one or two; two or three of the men when they are hurt by tigers, or have ophthalmia; but the women — no. Their husbands will never allow. Ask that woman."

Kate bent a piteous look of inquiry upon the woman of the desert, who, stooping down, took up a little sand, let it trickle through her fingers, brushed her palms together, and shook her head. Kate watched these movements despairingly.

"You see it is all up — no good," said Dhunpat Rai, not unkindly, but unable to conceal a certain expression of satisfaction in a defeat which the wise had already predicted. "And now what will your honor do? Shall I lock up dispensary, or will you audit drug-accounts now?"

Kate waved him off feebly. "No, no! Not now. I must think. I must have time. I will send you word. Come, dear one," she added in the vernacular to the woman of the desert, and hand in hand they went out from the hospital together.

The sturdy Rajput woman caught her up like a child when they were outside, and set her upon her horse, and tramped doggedly alongside, as they set off together toward the house of the missionary.

"And whither wilt thou go?" asked Kate, in the woman's own tongue.

"I was the first of them all," answered the patient being at her side; "it is fitting, therefore, that I should be the last. Where thou goest I will go — and afterward what will fall will fall."

Kate leaned down and took the woman's hand in hers with a grateful pressure.

At the missionary's gate she had to call up her courage not to break down. She had told Mrs. Estes so much of her hopes for the future, had dwelt so lovingly on all that she meant to teach these helpless creatures, had so constantly conferred with her about the help she had fancied herself to be daily bringing to them, that to own that her work had fallen to this ruin was unspeakably bitter. The thought of Tarvin she fought back. It went too deep.

But, fortunately, Mrs. Estes seemed not to be at home, and a messenger from the Queen-mother awaited Kate to demand her presence at the palace with Maharaj Kunwar.

The woman of the desert laid a restraining hand on her arm, but Kate shook it off.

"No, no, no! I must go. I must do something," she exclaimed almost fiercely, "since there is still some one who will let me. I must have work. It is my only refuge, kind one. Go you on to the palace."

The woman yielded silently, and trudged on up the dusty road, while Kate sped into the house and to the room where the young Prince lay.

"Lalji," she said, bending over him, "do you feel well enough to be lifted into the carriage and taken over to see your mother?"

"I would rather see my father," responded the boy from the sofa, to which he had been transferred as a reward for the improvement he had made since yesterday. "I wish to speak to my father upon a most important thing."

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"But your mother has n't seen you for so long, dear."

"Very well; I will go."

"Then I will tell them to get the carriage ready."

Kate turned to leave the room.

"No, please; I will have my own. Who is without there?"

"Heaven-born, it is I," answered the deep voice of a trooper.

"*Achcha!* Ride swiftly, and tell them to send down my barouche and escort. If it is not here in ten minutes, tell Sirop Singh that I will cut his pay and blacken his face before all my men. This day I go abroad again."

"May the mercy of God be upon the heaven-born for ten thousand years," responded the voice from without, as the trooper threw himself into the saddle and clattered away.

By the time that the Prince was ready a lumbering equipage, stuffed with many cushions, waited at the door. Kate and Mrs. Estes half helped and half carried the child into it, though he strove to stand on his feet in the veranda and to acknowledge the salute of his escort as befitted a man.

"*Ahi!* I am very weak," he said, with a little laugh, as they drove to the palace. "Certainly it seems to me that I shall never get well in Rhatore."

Kate put her arm about him and drew him closer to her.

"Kate," he continued, "if I ask anything of my father, will you say that that thing is good for me?"

Kate, whose thoughts were still bitter and far away, patted his shoulder vaguely as she lifted her tear-stained eyes toward the red height on which the palace stood.

"How can I tell, Lalji?" She smiled down into his upturned face.

"But it is a most wise thing."

"Is it?" asked she, fondly.

"Yes; I have thought it out by myself. I am myself a Raj Kumar, and I would go to the Raj Kumar College, where they train the sons of princes to become kings. That is only at Ajmir; but I must go and learn, and fight and ride with the other princes of Rajputana, and then I shall be altogether a man. I am going to the Raj Kumar College at Ajmir that I may learn about the world. But you shall see how it is wise. The world looks very big since I have been ill. Kate, how big is the world which you have seen across the Black Water? Where is Tarvin Sahib? I have wished to see him too. Is Tarvin Sahib angry with me or with you?"

He plied her with a hundred questions till they halted before one of the gates in the flank of the palace that led to his mother's wing. The woman of the desert rose from the ground beside it, and held out her arms.

"I heard the message come," she said to Kate, "and I knew what was required. Give me the child to carry in. Nay, my Prince; there is no cause for fear. I am of good blood."

"Women of good blood walk veiled, and do not speak in the streets," said the child, doubtfully.

"One law for thee and thine, and another for me and mine," the woman answered, with a laugh. "We who earn our bread by toil cannot go veiled, but our fathers lived before us for many hundred years, even as did thine, heaven-born. Come then, the white fairy cannot carry thee so tenderly as I can."

She put her arms about him, and held him to her breast as easily as though he had been a three-year-old child. He leaned back luxuriously, and waved a wasted hand; the grim gate grated on its hinges as it swung back, and they entered together, the woman, the child, and the girl.

There was no lavish display of ornament in that part of the palace. The gaudy tile-work on the walls had flaked and crumbled away in many places, the shutters lacked paint and hung awry, and there were litter and refuse in the courtyard behind the gates. A queen who has lost the king's favor loses as well much else in material comforts.

A door opened, and a voice called. The three plunged into half darkness, and traversed a long, upward-sloping passage, floored with shining white stucco as smooth as marble, which communicated with the Queen's apartments. The Maharaj Kunwar's mother lived by preference in one long, low room that faced to the northeast, that she might press her face against the marble tracery and dream of her home across the sands, eight hundred miles away, among the Kulu hills. The hum of the crowded palace could not be heard there, and the footsteps of her few waiting-women alone broke the silence.

The woman of the desert, with the Prince hugged more closely to her breast, moved through the labyrinth of empty rooms, narrow staircases, and roofed courtyards with the air of a caged panther. Kate and the Prince were familiar with the dark and the tortuousness, the silence and the sullen mystery. To the one they were part and parcel of the horrors amid which she had elected to move; to the other they were his daily life.

At last the journey ended. Kate lifted a heavy curtain as the Prince called for his mother, and the Queen, rising from a pile of white cushions by the window, cried passionately:

"Is it well with the child?"

The Prince struggled to the floor from the woman's arms, and the Queen hung sobbing over him, calling him a thousand endearing names, and fondling him from head to foot. The child's reserve melted,—he had striven for a moment to carry himself as a man of the Rajput race; that is to say, as one shocked beyond expression at any public display of emotion,—and he laughed and wept in his mother's arms. The woman of the desert drew her hand across her eyes, muttering to herself, and Kate turned to look out of the window.

"How shall I give you thanks?" said the Queen at last. "O my son — my little son — child of my heart, the gods and she have made thee well again! But who is that yonder?"

Her eyes fell for the first time on the woman of the desert, who stood by the doorway draped in dull red.

"She carried me here from the carriage," said the Prince, "saying that she was a Rajput of good blood."

"I am of Chohan blood — a Rajput and a mother of Rajputs," said the woman, simply, still standing. "The white fairy worked a miracle upon my man. He was sick in the head and did not know me. It is true that he died, but before the passing of the breath he knew me and called me by my name."

"And *she* carried thee!" said the Queen, with a shiver, drawing the Prince closer to her, for, like all Indian women, she counted the touch and glance of a widow things of evil omen.

The woman fell at the Queen's feet. "Forgive me, forgive me!" she cried. "I had borne three little ones, and the gods took them all, and my man at the last. It was good — it was so good — to hold a child in my arms again. Thou canst forgive," she wailed, "thou art so rich in thy son, and I am only a widow."

"And I a widow in life," said the Queen under her breath. "Of a truth, I should forgive. Rise thou."

The woman still lay where she had fallen, clutching at the Queen's naked feet.

"Rise, then, my sister," the Queen whispered.

"We of the fields," murmured the woman of the desert — "we do not know how to speak to the great people. If my words are rough, does the Queen forgive me?"

"Indeed, I forgive. Thy speech is softer than that of the hill-women of Kulu, but some of the words are new."

"I am of the desert, a herder of camels, a milker of goats. What should I know of the speech of courts? Let the white fairy speak for me."

Kate listened with an alien ear. Now that she had discharged her duty, her freed mind went back to Tarvin's danger, and the shame and overthrow of an hour ago. She saw the women in her hospital slipping away one by one, her work unraveled, and all hope of good brought to wreck; and she saw Tarvin dying atrocious deaths, and, as she felt, by her hand.

"What is it?" she asked wearily, as the woman plucked at her skirt. Then to the Queen, "This is a woman who alone of all those whom I tried to benefit remained at my side to-day, Queen."

"There has been a talk in the palace," said the Queen, her arm round the Prince's neck — "a talk that trouble had come to your hospital, Sahiba."

"There is no hospital now," Kate answered grimly.

"You promised to take me there, Kate, some day," the Prince said in English.

"The women were fools," said the woman of the desert, quietly, from her place on the ground. "A mad priest told them a lie, that there was a charm among the drugs —"

"Deliver us from all evil spirits and exorcisms," the Queen murmured.

"A charm among her drugs that she handles with her own hands, and so forsooth, Sahiba, they must run out shrieking that their children will be misborn apes and their chicken-souls given to the devils. *Aho!* They will know in a week — not one or two of them, but many — whither their souls go: for they will die, the corn and the corn in the ear together."

Kate shivered. She knew too well that the woman spoke the truth.

"But the drugs!" began the Queen. "Who knows what powers there may be in the drugs?" She laughed nervously, glancing at Kate.

"*Dekho!* Look at her," said the woman, with quiet scorn. "She is a girl and naught else. What could she do to the Gates of Life?"

"She has made my son whole; therefore she is my sister," said the Queen.

"She caused my man to speak to me before the death hour; therefore I am her servant as well as thine, Sahiba," said the other.

The Prince looked up into his mother's face curiously. "She calls thee 'thou,'" he said, as though the woman did not exist. "That is not seemly between a villager and a queen — thee and thou!"

"We be both women, little son. Stay still in my arms. Oh, it is good to feel thee here again. worthless one."

"The heaven-born looks as frail as dried maize," said the woman, quickly.

"A dried monkey, rather," returned the Queen, dropping her lips on the child's head. Both mothers spoke aloud and with emphasis, that the gods, jealous of human happiness, might hear and take for truth the disparagement that veils deepest love.

"*Aho!* my little monkey is dead," said the

Prince, moving restlessly. "I need another one. Let me go into the palace and find another monkey."

"He must not wander into the palace from this chamber," said the Queen, passionately, turning to Kate. "Thou art all too weak, beloved. O Miss Sahib, he must not go!" She knew by experience that it was fruitless to cross her son's will.

"It is my order," said the Prince, without turning his head. "I will go."

"Stay with us, beloved," said Kate. She was wondering whether the hospital could be dragged together again, after three months, and whether it was possible she might have overrated the danger to Nick.

"I go," said the Prince, breaking from his mother's arms. "I am tired of this talk."

"Does the Queen give leave?" asked the woman of the desert under her breath. The Queen nodded, and the Prince found himself caught between two brown arms, against whose strength it was impossible to struggle.

"Let me go, *widow!*" he shouted furiously.

"It is not good for a Rajput to make light of a mother of Rajputs, my King," was the unmoved answer. "If the young steer does not obey the cow, he learns obedience from the yoke. The heaven-born is not strong. He will fall among those passages and stairs. He will stay here. When the rage has left his body he will be weaker than before. Even now"—the large, bright eyes bent themselves on the face of the child—"even now," the calm voice continued, "the rage is going. One moment more, heaven-born, and thou wilt be a prince no longer, but only a little, little child, such as I have borne. *Ahi!* such as I shall never bear again."

With the last words the Prince's head nodded forward on her shoulder. The gust of passion had spent itself, leaving him, as she had foreseen, weak to sleep.

"Shame! oh, shame!" he muttered thickly. "Indeed, I do not wish to go. Let me sleep."

She began to pat him on the shoulder, till the Queen put forward hungry arms, and took back her own again, and, laying the child on a cushion at her side, she spread the skirt of her long muslin robe over him, and looked long at her treasure. The woman crouched down on the floor. Kate sat on a cushion, and listened to the ticking of the cheap American clock in a niche in the wall. The voice of a woman singing a song came muffled and faint through many walls. The dry wind of noon sighed through the fretted screens of the window, and she could hear the horses of the escort swishing their tails and champing their bits in the courtyard a hundred feet below. She listened, thinking ever of Tarvin in growing terror. The Queen leaned over her son more closely, her eyes humid with mother-love.

"He is asleep," she said at last. "What was the talk about his monkey, Miss Sahib?"

"It died," Kate said, and spurred herself to the lie. "I think it had eaten bad fruit in the garden."

"In the garden?" said the Queen, quickly.

"Yes; in the garden."

The woman of the desert turned her eyes from one woman to the other. These were matters too high for her, and she began timidly to rub the Queen's feet.

"Monkeys often do," she observed. "I have seen as it were a pestilence among the monkey-folk over there at Banswara."

"In what fashion did it die?" insisted the Queen.

"I—I do not know," Kate stammered, and there was another long silence as the hot afternoon wore on.

"Miss Kate, what do you think about my son?" whispered the Queen. "Is he well, or is he not well?"

"He is not very well. In time he will grow stronger, but it would be better if he could go away for a while."

The Queen bowed her head quietly. "I have thought of that also many times sitting here alone; and it was the tearing out of my own heart from my breast. Yes; it would be well if he were to go away. But"—she stretched out her hands despairingly toward the sunshine—"what do I know of the world where he will go, and how can I be sure that he will be safe? Here, even here—" She checked herself suddenly. "Since you have come, Miss Kate, my heart has known a little comfort; but I do not know when you will go away again."

"I cannot guard the child against every evil," Kate replied, covering her face with her hands; "but send him away from this place as swiftly as may be. In God's name, let him go away!"

"*Such hai! Such hai!* It is the truth, the truth!" The Queen turned from Kate to the woman at her feet.

"Thou hast borne three?" she said.

"Yea, three, and one other that never drew breath. They were all men-children," said the woman of the desert.

"And the gods took them?"

"Of smallpox one, and fever the two others."

"Art thou certain that it was the gods?"

"I was with them always till the end."

"Thy man, then, was all thine own?"

"We were only two, he and I. Among our villages the men are poor, and one wife suffices."

"They are rich among the villages. Listen now. If a co-wife had sought the lives of those three of thine—"

"I would have killed her. What else?" The woman's nostrils dilated, and her hand went swiftly to her bosom.

"And if in place of three there had been one only, the delight of thy eyes, and thou hadst known that thou wouldst never bear another, and the co-wife working in darkness had sought for that life? What then?"

"I would have slain her, but with no easy death. At her man's side and in his arms I would have slain her. If she died before my vengeance arrived I would seek for her in hell."

"Thou canst go out into the sunshine and walk in the streets and no man turns his head," said the Queen, bitterly. "Thy hands are free, and thy face is uncovered. What if thou wert a slave among slaves, a stranger among stranger people, and" — the voice dropped — "dispossessed of the favor of thy lord?"

The woman, stooping, kissed the pale feet under her hands.

"Then I would not wear myself with strife, but, remembering that a man-child may grow into a king, would send that child away beyond the power of the co-wife."

"Is it so easy to cut away the hand?" said the Queen, sobbing.

"Better the hand than the heart, Sahiba. Who could guard such a child in this place?"

The Queen pointed to Kate. "She came from far off, and she has once already brought him back from death."

"Her drugs are good, and her skill is great, but — thou knowest she is only a maiden, who has known neither gain nor loss. It may be that I am luckless, and that my eyes are evil — thus did not my man say last autumn — but it may be. Yet I know the pain at the breast and the yearning over the child new-born — as thou hast known it."

"As I have known it."

"My house is empty, and I am a widow and childless, and never again shall a man call me to wed."

"As I am — as I am."

"Nay; the little one is left, whatever else may go, and the little one must be well guarded. If there is any jealousy against the child it were not well to keep him in this hotbed. Let him go out."

"But whither? Miss Kate, dost thou know? The world is all dark to us who sit behind the curtain."

"I know that the child of his own motion desires to go to the princes' school in Ajmir. He has told me that much," said Kate, who had lost no word of the conversation from her place on the cushion, bowed forward with her chin supported in her hands. "It will be only for a year or two."

The Queen laughed a little through her tears. "Only a year or two, Miss Kate. Dost thou know how long is one night when he is not here?"

"And he can return at call; but no cry will bring back mine own. Only a year or two. The world is dark also to those who do not sit behind the curtain, Sahiba. It is no fault of hers. How should she know?" said the woman of the desert under her breath to the Queen.

Against her will, Kate began to feel annoyed at this persistent exclusion of herself from the talk, and the assumption that she, with her own great trouble upon her, whose work was pre-eminently to deal with sorrow, must have no place in this double grief.

"How should I *not* know?" said Kate, impetuously. "Do I not know pain? Is it not my life?"

"Not yet," said the Queen, quietly — "neither pain nor joy. Miss Kate, thou art very wise, and I am only a woman who has never stirred beyond the palace walls. But I am wiser than thou, for I know that which thou dost not know, though thou hast given back my son to me, and to this woman her husband's speech. How shall I repay thee all I owe?"

"Let her hear truth," said the woman under her breath. "We be all three women here, Sahiba — dead leaf, flowering tree, and the blossom unopened."

The Queen caught Kate's hands and gently pulled her forward till her head fell on the Queen's knees. Wearied with the emotions of the morning, unutterably tired in body and spirit, the girl had no desire to lift it. The small hands put her hair back from her forehead, and the full, dark eyes, worn with much weeping, looked into her own. The woman of the desert flung an arm round her waist.

"Listen, my sister," began the Queen, with an infinite tenderness. "There is a proverb among my own people, in the mountains of the north, that a rat found a piece of turmeric, and opened a druggist's shop. Even so with the pain that thou dost know and heal, beloved. Thou art not angry? Nay; thou must not take offense. Forget that thou art white, and I black, and remember only that we three be sisters. Little sister, with us women 't is thus, and no other way. From all except such as have borne a child the world is hid. I make my prayers trembling to such and such a god, whom thou sayest is black stone, and I tremble at the gusts of the night because I believe that the devils ride by my windows at such hours: and I sit here in the dark knitting wool and preparing sweetmeats that come back untasted from my lord's table. And thou, coming

from ten thousand leagues away, very wise and fearing nothing, hast taught me, oh, ten thousand things. Yet thou art the child, and I am still the mother, and what I know thou canst not know, and the wells of my happiness thou canst not fathom, nor the bitter waters of my sorrow, till thou hast tasted sorrow and grief alike. I have told thee of the child — all and more than all, thou sayest? Little sister, I have told thee less than the beginning of my love for him, because I knew that thou couldst not understand. I have told thee my sorrows — all and more than all, thou sayest, when I laid my head against thy breast? How could I tell thee all? Thou art a maiden, and the heart in thy bosom, beneath my heart, betrayed in its very beat that it did not understand. Nay; that woman there, coming from without, knows more of me than thee. And they taught thee in a school, thou hast told me, all manner of healing, and there is no disease in life that thou dost not understand? Little sister, how couldst thou understand life that hast never given it? Hast thou ever felt the tug of the child at the breast? Nay; what need to blush? Hast thou? I know thou hast not. Though I heard thy speech for the first time, and, looking from the window, saw thee walking, I should know. And the others — my sisters in the world — know also. But they do not all speak to thee as I do. When the life quickens under the breast, they, waking in the night, hear all the earth walking to that measure. Why should they tell thee? To-day the hospital has broken from under thee. Is it not so? And the women went out one by one? And what didst thou say to them?"

The woman of the desert, answering for her, spoke. "She said, 'Come back, and I will make yè well.'"

"And by what oath did she affirm her words?"

"There was no oath," said the woman of the desert; "she stood in the gate and called."

"And upon what should a maiden call to bring wavering women back again? The toil that she has borne for their sake? They cannot see it. But of the pains that a woman has shared with them a woman knows. There was no child in thy arms. The mother-look was not in thy eyes. By what magic, then, wouldst thou speak to women? There was a charm among the drugs, they said, and their children would be misshapen. What didst thou know of the springs of life and death to teach them otherwise? It is written in the books of thy school, I know, that such things cannot be; but we women do not read books. It is not from them that we learn of life. How should such a one prevail, unless the gods help her — and the gods are very far away. Thou hast given thy life to the helping of women. Little sister, when wilt thou also be a woman?"

The voice ceased. Kate's head was buried deep in the Queen's lap. She let it lie there without stirring.

"Aye," said the woman of the desert. "The mark of coverture has been taken from my head, my glass bangles are broken on my arm, and I am unlucky to meet when a man sets forth on a journey. Till I diè I must be alone, earning my bread alone, and thinking of the dead. But though I knew that it was to come again, at the end of one year instead of ten, I would still thank the gods that have given me love and a child. Will the Miss Sahib take this in payment for all she did for my man? 'A wandering priest, a childless woman, and a stone in the water are of one blood.' So says the talk of our people. What will the Miss Sahib do now? The Queen has spoken the truth. The gods and thy own wisdom, which is past the wisdom of a maid, have helped thee so far, as I, who was with thee always, have seen. The gods have warned thee that their help is at an end. What remains? Is this work for such as thee? Is it not as the Queen says? She, sitting here alone, and seeing nothing, has seen that which I, moving with thee among the sick day by day, have seen and known. Little sister, is it not so?"

Kate lifted her head slowly from the Queen's knee, and rose.

"Take the child, and let us go," she said hoarsely.

The merciful darkness of the room hid her face.

"Nay," said the Queen; "this woman shall take him. Go thou back alone."

Kate vanished.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

CHARACTERISTICS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., AUTHOR OF "IN WAR TIME," ETC.

XV.

WE met by agreement at Vincent's a week later. When I came in St. Clair was talking of my story.

"The possibilities of the ghost-tales are pretty well worked out," he said, "but Owen's was really fresh."

"The logical character of the old Scot in your story was past praise," said Clayborne.

"And what about the arrears?" remarked Vincent. "I should like to be employed to bring suit for them."

"Oh, I then and there made him write the bill against Mr. Gillespie's ghost. The old banker was delighted when I told him the story; he admitted the obligation, dead or alive, he said, and he was as good as his word."

"That ends it neatly," said Mrs. Vincent. "And now we must really have the character doctor."

I went on to read it, saying:

"The friend who gave me, at my desire, the notes of a part of a rather odd life is now abroad. I have woven what I knew of him into his own account of himself, and have tried to preserve the peculiar abruptness of his style."

THE CHARACTER DOCTOR.

At the age of twenty-three I was an orphan. I was independent as to means, and by profession a doctor of medicine. I began to practise in L——, and, as I obtained only by slow degrees the patients I needed rather than wanted, I found increasing difficulties. If a case were painful, I suffered too. If it ended ill, I was tormented by self-reproaches. In a word, I was too sensitive to be of use. Weak or hysterical women liked me and my too ready show of sympathy. It was, in fact, real, and quite too real for my good or my comfort. Moreover, I hated to be told that I had so much sympathy. It is a quality to use with wisdom. I could not control it. It was valuable to some patients; it was useless to many, or even did harm. It made me anxious when my mind told me there was no need to be anxious. I was, in fact, too intensely troubled at times over a child or a young mother to be efficient. Decided or pain-giving treatment I shrank from using. I was inclined to gloomy prognostications, and this weakened my capacity to do good. And yet I was a conscientious man, and eager to do what was right. I have, however, observed that sanguine men, or men who deliberately and constantly predict relief or cure, do best. If failure comes, it explains itself or may be explained. I knew once a foxy old country doctor, who said to me, "Hide your indecisions; tell folks they will get well; tell their friends your doubts afterward." This may be one way of practising a profession; it was not mine.

A few years of practice wore me out, and yet I liked it in a way, and best of all the infinite varieties of life and character laid open to one's view. At last I consulted Professor N——. "And you feel," he said, "more and more the troubles and pain of your patients? To feel too sharply is not rare, and not bad for the young. Sympathy should harden by repeated blows into the tempered steel of usefulness, which has values in proportion to what it has borne; otherwise it and you are useless. Get out of our profession." And I did. I accepted the chair of psychology at B—— University, and plunged with joy into mere study. I soon found a want. The study of man in books and through self-observation became wearisome. The study of myself in the mirror of myself made me morbid. I might have known it would. There may be some who can do this. Autopsychological study seemed to me profitless. Can a man see his own eyes move in a mirror? Also the single man is useless as a field of examination. You recall my lecture on "Genera and Species of Mind," and on "Varieties of the Same." After all, it appeared to me that what I wanted was to collect notes of characters, good, bad, and neutral, if there be such; to study motives, large and small, and to collate them with the history of men intellectually regarded, and to see, also, how the moral nature modifies the mental product, and the reverse. Out of all this I must get some good for others. This my nature made imperative. I obtained a long holiday, which it was supposed I would spend in Germany with Herr Valzenberg, whose study of the diameters of the nerve-cells in relation to criminal tendencies has attracted so much notice.

Nothing was further from my intention. I left B—— in February, 1863, and a week later had an office in quiet West street in the city of

Baypoint. I put on my door "Sylvian West, Character Doctor." You will see that I changed my name. For this I had good reasons. I meant to be another man for the time. I believed that change of name would mentally assist me to this, and I had no desire to be called insane because I chose to strike out a novel method of study, with which I meant to combine immediate utility.

During my office-hours I sat for a while near my window to observe the effect of my business-sign. It was a rather pleasant study. The street was a quiet byway, but morning and evening many people of all classes passed through it. Most of them went by with a passing glance of amusement or vague curiosity; others paused in wonder, went on, looked back, and again went on. Some crossed the street to make sure they had rightly read my sign.

On the fourth day a young man crossed the street, rang the bell, and was shown into my office. I recognized the type at once. He was very sprucely dressed, was not over-clean as to his hands, and in his side-pocket I saw the top of a note-book. He sat down as I rose from my seat at the window.

"Dr. West?" he said.

"Yes. You are a reporter?"

"I am. How did you guess that?"

"It is simple. A note-book and pencil, soiled fingers, and, also—"

"Now that 's rather smart," he broke in. "And what else?"

"Nothing."

"Well, you 're right anyway. I 'm the social reporter for the 'Standard.'"

"A collector of garbage to manure with fools' vanities the devil's farms," I said. "You may not be bad yourself, but you are part of a bad system. I do not want you." On this his look of alert smartness suddenly faded.

He did not lose his temper, but replied in a tone of some thoughtfulness:

"A man must make a living."

"I wish," I said, "there was such a phrase as make a dying. That 's what you are making. Go your way; mine is an honest business."

"But the public are interested. The thing is unusual. I should like to ask you a few questions."

"As man to man let me ask you one. Are you never ashamed of yourself?"

He flushed a little. "Well, sometimes. I hate it."

"Then go and sin no more," I said, rising. "Good morning." At this he too rose, replaced the note-book he had drawn from his pocket, and, urging me no further, went out with a simple "Good morning." He must be young at the business, I reflected, and perhaps I may have done him good. I was undeceived two days later when I read in the "Standard":

GREAT SENSATION ON WEST STREET.

Crowds assembled about a curious sign:

DR. SYLVIAN WEST,

CHARACTER DOCTOR.

Our reporter was courteously received by Dr. West, who said he was glad in the interest of the public to answer any questions. The interview was as follows:

"Yes; I am a character doctor. My business is to furnish characters to those who need them. Also I attend to sick characters. Sometimes whole families consult me as to the amendment and reconstruction of conflicting characters. Yes; I expect to have a character hospital, with wards for jealousy, anger, folly."

Then came details of my life. How I was born in Kamchatka, etc. I let the paper fall in dismay. It was the dull season, and there was much more of it. The man's trade-habit had been too much for him. I had more of them, but I gave up advising, and simply said that I would not answer. Then they interviewed my maid, and, at last, the cook at the back gate. It was almost as bad as the case of my friend who found a reporter under his table just before a dinner he was to give to a stranger of high position. I made a note upon the influence of business upon character. In a few days the plague abated.

Very soon my harvest began. At first I had an influx of Biddies, who each wanted a character. It seemed hard to make the public comprehend my purpose.

One afternoon about five I was told that some one wished to see me, and, leaving the up-stairs room I reserved for my books, went down to the office. On the lounge lay a man about twenty, of a death-like pallor. He sprang up as I came in, staggered, and fell back. I saw that he was ill, and called to the maid to bring wine, which he took eagerly. I said, "When did you last eat?"

"At seven to-day."

Upon this I went out and came back with food. "Eat," I said. By and by he rose, saying: "I thank you. I came to see you—for—but now I must tell you all. I left the penitentiary to-day. I got a year for stealing from my employer. A woman was the cause. Ah, three months would have done. When I got out I walked and walked; I thought I could walk forever, and at the corners the wind was in my face, sir. It was like heaven. Of a sudden I grew weak, and, seeing your sign, I came in. Now you know all. I fancy you 'll think I certainly do need a character."

"Yes. Where are you going?"

"To B——, in Indiana. I have my good-service money. I will go to L——, and then

walk. I am an Englishman. I have no friends here. I was once in B—— a little while."

"Now for my advice. You cannot walk. Here, this will take you to B——. You will get on, I think. Pay me some day. Be tender to the wrong-doer in days to come, and marry early—a good woman, not a fool; mind that. Solomon's experience was large, and, as you may remember, he gave pretty much the same advice."

He looked at me, at the money, and began to cry.

"Don't," I said. "I never could stand that," and went out of the room. In a few minutes he was gone. I ought to add that he did greatly prosper, and is to-day an esteemed citizen with many happy children.

About a week later a lad of seventeen called on me. He was well dressed and well bred. As he faced me I saw that he looked troubled, and that he hesitated.

"Well," I said.

"You are a character doctor?"

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"I do not know. I don't know why I came here at all. Do I look like a bad fellow?" And he regarded me with eyes of honest calmness.

"No; you are not bad."

"Maybe I 'm a fool. I saw in the paper that you could tell if a man was bad, and why he was bad."

"Oh, hang the papers! What is it?"

"Do you think, sir, a fellow could steal and not know he did it?"

"Yes. Suppose you tell me your story."

Always people have been too ready to confess things to me; it was one of the many torments of my life as a doctor.

"Well, suppose a fellow had the key of a safe in charge, and something was missing. Could any one have taken it but him?"

I replied: "You are only half trusting me. Were I you I would be quite frank, or say nothing—at least to me."

There was a certain sweetness in the young man's face as he looked up at me and said, "Well, I know about doctors; they are like priests—but—"

"I am a physician."

"Must I tell you my name?"

"No; merely what happened."

"Well, father went out of town a month ago, and left with me the key of the safe in his library—in our own house, you know. I did not want it, but my elder brother is ill in bed, and there was no one else. The day father left he showed me where all the papers were, in case he wired for any of them, and also showed me a necklace of emeralds my aunt—my au-nt,—oh, I came awfully near telling her name,—my aunt left in his care, because she 's in Europe. That safe kept me anxious. Yes, sir; it seems silly, but my mind was on it, and I am just nearly through college, and I never have had any cares. Of course it wore off by degrees, and then father came back. Indeed, sir, he was worse troubled than I, but I think I have been nearly crazy. I mean the necklace was gone. Why, I heard mother tell father I was very young and he must forgive me; but she sits in her room and rocks and rocks, and takes valerian. And now there is a detective, and he searches the house, and the servants look at me as if I were a thief, and that scoundrel he talked to me yesterday and guessed I 'd best own up."

"And is that all?"

"No, sir; I—they all try not to think I did it, and they believe I did. I think I must have done it. I was wondering when it was. If I only knew what I did with it! Every one thinks I took it. But where is it? How can I confess it? I am not sure."

At this he rose and moved about, looked out of the window, and suddenly came back, saying, "By George! there 's that detective."

"Sit down," I said. "You need not tell me you have been a good lad or worked at school."

"I 'm in the honor list, and I 'm captain of the eleven," he said, with sorrowful pride, "and to think—but I did it. It 's so."

"Hush!" I returned. "The man who slanders himself is wicked or weak. You are only weak, and only that just now. You never did this act. I say so. If a dozen people say to a man daily, 'You are going to be ill,' that at last affects the most wholesome. If all you love tell you in words, looks, and ways that you have been a thief, at last a man doubts the evidence of his own memory and conscience, and loses his mental equilibrium, and joins the majority against himself. Then he is on the verge of becoming insane. Now, really, are all your people of one opinion?"

"No; my sister Helen she just laughs at the whole thing. I mean when she don't cry."

"Sister Helen has some sense, I should say. And now listen. Go and play cricket to-day. Settle down to your work; you have neglected it. Mind, these are prescriptions. It will come right. I know you for an honest gentleman; now hurry out of the door and detect your detective. Tell him you have told me all, and come back to-morrow. And your name, please?"

He hesitated, and said, "Frederick Winslow."

"And mind, make a good score at cricket, and leave it all to me."

"Thank you," he said. "I must try, sir. I—what is your charge?"

"Let that rest now. When you go the detective will visit me. It is our turn now."

A minute later, as I expected, the detective walked in. "Mr. Winslow," he said, "says he has told you all. I am Mr. Diggles. Here 's my card." It bore a large eye in the center, and over it, "John Diggles, Confidential Detective Agency."

"Glad he owned up. Pretty smart boy, but they gets worried into lettin' out at last." All this rather volubly.

"Sit down," I said. "You believe that young fellow stole an emerald necklace?"

"Why, who else could have done it?"

"There is a reason for crime, usually?"

"Yes; I guess there 's always reason for wanting other folks' things. But he has told you he took it?"

"No; and if he had, in the state he is in now, I should not have believed him."

"Why? Not believe him! Why not?"

"Because you took it yourself."

At this he sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "I did not come here to be insulted."

I was about to explain that the probability of his being the thief was to me not less than of the necklace having been stolen by my young captain of the cricket eleven, but something in the sudden flush and rage of a man living always in familiar nearness to crime gave me reason to hesitate. Crime for these men loses its horror, and becomes a mere enemy to be technically dealt with. It troubles them as little as deceit does the soldier, who plays the game of war. Fraud is his weapon. I returned quickly: "What has been your life compared to this boy's? His has been honest, dutiful, and correct. And yours? What have you been?"

The man was singularly bewildered, and said nothing. I went on: "Who is most likely to be the thief, you or he? You had best go home and say the prayer of a wiser man—'God be merciful to me, a fool.'"

"I want to know what that boy told you."

"That you will never know. Send me that lad's father."

"I won't do it."

"Take care how you act in this case."

"You called me a thief."

"I did."

"Well, then, you look out, that 's all." He was clearly foolish, as well as angry. "You think I stole that necklace. That 's the kind of character doctor you are!"

"I said you were a thief. And now it is a man's character, his honor, you are helping to steal, because you have no sense, and come to a point on any obvious fact."

"Oh, that 's all, is it?"

The Winslows were well-known people, and I readily found Mr. Winslow. He was a slow, precise, over-accurate man of sixty. No imagination; horizons limited; undergoing in advance physical, moral, and mental ossification. Of course, as a character doctor, I was to him a queer, extra-social animal. I soon found that I must tell him my whole story.

His astonishment was as large as his nature let it be; but as he knew my people, and conceded to the class to which we belonged larger privileges than he would admit for others, I was able to win his confidence.

I then explained to him my conviction as to his son's innocence.

"Oh, of course," he replied, "that is so. But, then, the facts,"—and he began elaborately to describe them, ending with, "Of course it was n't he, but who was it?"

I told him that the boy was being goaded by hints, looks, doubts, half-beliefs, and the detective's folly into a form of mental disorder which would end in the avowal of what he had never done.

He was puzzled and alarmed, but, on careful examination, nothing new came out. On my casually asking for his sick son, he said that he was an invalid unable to walk; had neurasthenia, and now, refusing to see doctors, remained in bed. I was nearly at the end of my resources; I asked if I might see him, for, after our talk, I had so won my way that I was allowed to examine the safe, and to talk with the mother and daughter.

Mr. Winslow said: "Miss Winslow will take you up. He dislikes me to come in. He says my boots creak. He says some people's boots always creak."

Miss Helen went up with me. I was on her side, as she knew. She said to me: "He may refuse to see you. Why do you want to see him?"

"Because," I said, "we are in the tangle of a mystery, and he too is rather mysterious."

She laughed. "I see." Clearly she had imaginative possibilities, and I like that.

I said, "I will go in alone."

"I would," she returned firmly.

The room was in half light. I said as I went in: "Mr. Winslow, I am a physician. Your father desires me to see you. My name is West. Let me open the windows."

"Oh, if I must, I must," he said peevishly.

The flood of light showed me a thin, apathetic man of thirty. I sat down.

"Open your eyes." He obeyed. Then I went carefully into his case, and at the close he said:

"No, I can't walk or read; but I was better until this necklace business. Every one bothers about it. Aunt L—— says it is for my wife; and so I say, it is mine, and if I don't care, who else need care?"

As I rose to go he said: "My legs hurt me. Now you are here, just look at them."

I did so. There were on each leg bruises in the same place, below the knees. Hesitating, I went on to look at the feet. Then I said: "That will do. What fire do you burn? Oh, soft coal, I see. I will think it over, and see you again." Down-stairs I found Mr. Winslow.

"Well?" he exclaimed.

"Your son says he cannot walk. On his soles are marks of the black from the fire. On his legs are two bruises; one has a slight break of the skin. Either he is untruthful, or he walks in his sleep."

"He did as a boy."

The result was that I had a watch set on the invalid. After three nights he rose, lighted his candle, walked into his brother's room, and with curious care searched his clothes' pockets. At last he took a bundle of keys from one of them, and went quietly down-stairs to the safe. He was quite unconscious of being watched, and foolishly but deliberately tried key after key, small or large, and at last went back to his bed, dropping the keys on the way.

When I was told of all this, I was greatly puzzled, and regretted that the key of the safe had not been left where he could get it. Saying that I was still better satisfied of my young friend's innocence, I went away, and before going home called at the steamer agency to engage passage for the coming autumn. As I entered I saw my detective go out of another door. After settling for my berth, I asked if Mr. Diggles was going to Europe. The clerk said, "Who?"

I replied, "The man who just went out."

"Name of Stimpson," said the clerk. "He sails next week."

The next day I sent for the man. He came early.

"Any news?" he said abruptly.

"No; I merely wanted to ask you a question or two."

"All right. Go ahead." He exhibited no hostility.

"When did you search the safe?"

"The third day after Mr. Winslow came home."

"You did it thoroughly?"

"I did. Mr. Winslow he had n't unrolled all the bundles. He said it was no use, they was only deeds and such. I done it thorough."

"And are you not at the end of your resources."

"No, sir. By this day month we shall have him. He is a boy, and he 'll try to sell or pawn it. I 've got an eye on him."

"But you sail next week."

The man suddenly tilted back his chair, and in a certain loosening of his features I saw alarm and astonishment.

"I — yes — business abroad."

"Name of Stimpson?" I urged. As I spoke I rose. "Look here," I said, "to-morrow you will go to the house and ask leave to search that safe. The necklace will be found the day after in a bundle of deeds."

"Are you crazy?"

"No; but you will be, and worse, if that necklace is not found. Now, I know, and you have one day, and no more. Remember, I know. It is this or ruin, and you are watched."

He looked at me a moment and then went out without a word, and did precisely what I had ordered him to do.

"And the necklace?" said Mrs. Vincent.

"Was found in a roll of deeds. My friend goes on to say that his theory was that the sleep-walker took the key, opened the safe, and — who can say why? — removed the necklace from its case, and put it inside a roll of old papers. On the detective's more thorough search at his first inspection, he found it, and easily contrived to pocket it."

"Meanwhile, we were set astray by the elder brother's somnambulism, which, I confess, misled me in part. The rest explains itself.

"The notes of the cases which follow are the last I shall read to you, although there are others as interesting. I find he has classified them under headings."

Case 31 consults me.

X——, æt. 30. Male, good habits, fugitive ambitions, intellect about No. 12 of my scale. Inexorably materialistic tendencies, with longings to see things more spiritually. Want of imagination; general lack of persistent energy; hence constant efforts aborted by incapacity for continued labor, and lack of the bribes offered by imagination. Shifts responsibility on to his ancestral inheritances. A life of self-excuses, but says he is a failure. Advise the tonic of a desperate love-affair with a woman of sense. He says the medicine seems to be wisely ordered, but who is to be the apothecary? Prognosis bad.

"I think I shall call on that doctor," said St. Clair, laughing. "I know an apothecary — what next?"

Case 47.

Mrs. B——, æt. 33. Not a strong nature, but mildly disposed to do good, to attend to life's duties. No tastes, no strong traits; morally anemic. Spoilt as a child; indulged by a husband; petted by fortune. No intense maternal instincts, and relieved of the care of her children. Is bored to the limit of endurance, and is a little pleased with her capacity for ennui; regards it as a distinction. A life without motives, and, as a result, peevish discon-

tentment. Her husband asks advice. He is immensely rich. I advise poverty, but he thinks that worse than ennui. There are no moral tonics for these people. You *shall* and you *must* are not in their drug-shops. That is the malaria of excessive wealth.

Case 131. "This will interest you," I said, "in the light of our recent talk. It is the last I shall trouble you with."

L—— at thirty-five marries a woman of fortune and attractions, an only child. By degrees she insists with tears and entreaties on absorbing his life in her own. He cannot leave her a day without difficulty; has by degrees given up his sports, his outdoor pursuits, and at last is driven or decoyed into abandoning his business, which is not a necessity, as she is rich and lavishly generous. Her capacity for attachment is abnormally strong. Her case is one of jealousy carried to the extent of hating a rival in his pursuits or his tastes. She must be his life and adequate. This implies vast belief in herself. Of other women she is not jealous. Under this narrowing of existence he is failing in health of mind and body, and thinks himself a traitor to her. He is dissatisfied with a too merely emotional life. The woman sometimes absorbs the man; the man rarely captures the totality of the woman. Either is unwholesome. He consults me. I predict for him a sad failure unless he consents to declare his independence and is willing to discipline her into happiness. He will be unlikely to take my advice.

At this point Clayborne broke in with a yawn. "Really, my dear North," he said, "how much more of this is there?"

I laughed. "This is by no means all, but I shall not ask you to hear more. There is material for a dozen novels in these notes."

"That is an admirable reason for going no further. I never read novels. I tried to once, but I found that it made me desire to go beyond facts in my own work."

"To go beyond facts?" said St. Clair. "It seems to me that imagination controlled by reason ought to be indispensable to the true historian."

"Oh, your picturesque historian? We know him. Good night, Mrs. Vincent."

With this our evening ended. But as I went out Mrs. Vincent said: "Come in to-morrow; I want you to help a friend of mine. It is and it is not a medical question."

I said I would come, and, turning, noticed a queer smile on the features of Vincent.

XVI.

You are good to come so early," said our hostess. "Sit down."

"Is she old or young?"

"I decline to say. You will be amused and puzzled."

This time Mrs. Vincent was mouse-colored, and clad in some stuff of silvery sheen where it caught the light. The flowers were vivid orchids, which looked like embroidered jokes or grotesque floral caricatures.

"I want first," she said, "to talk a little about your character doctor. Is not every true and clever physician more or less what he tries to be?"

"Yes."

"And people confess to you?"

"Ah, too much — too much!"

She was silent a moment, and then said: "I ought to hesitate about putting burdens on one already weighted heavily, but it so chances that a woman — indeed, women — I esteem need help which you know how to give. And — oh, I meant to explain, but here comes Mrs. Leigh."

As she spoke a large, handsome woman entered. She was known to me by name, and, in fact, was one of my kindred, but so far back as to give me no claim of distinct relationship. Nor had we ever met, because she had been for many years in Europe.

After I had been presented, she and Mrs. Vincent fell into talk, and thus gave me a chance to observe that the newcomer was clearly a woman somewhat peculiar and positive, who had seen much of many societies, and was evidently of a not rare type of the woman of the world.

Presently Mrs. Vincent said: "I promised to talk to Dr. North of your difficulty, but perhaps, as he is here, and you too, it were better you said to him directly what you want."

"I would rather have done so through you, my dear. But, in fact, I am troubled. I distrust my own opinions, and I want to be just to my daughter."

"I am at your service," I said.

"You do not know my daughter Alice? Of course you could not."

"Suppose you state your difficulty."

"Alice is twenty-four — Do tell him, my dear. My opinion is worthless."

"Gladly," said Mrs. Vincent. "Alice is a woman of unusual force of character. As life has gone on she has acquired a strong belief that a woman of fortune and intellect (for she is more than merely intelligent) should have some distinct career. She has seen much of the gay world, and it does not satisfy her cravings. Like *Hamlet*, neither men nor women delight her. And now, coming home to live, she has grown depressed and unhappy. Occupations without definite aims dissatisfy her, and while she performs every duty to her home circle and to society, which she measurably likes, she has a

strong sense that these do not competently fill her life. No one knows better than I what this means. I had once this disease, and pretty badly — the hunger for imperative duties."

"And you," I said, much interested — "you were cured?"

"Yes; by marriage. It is what you call a heroic remedy. But not all women marry, and Alice has so far been hard, in fact impossible, to please. She has my sympathy because I once did have ambitions for a distinct career. They are lost now in the perfect gratification which I have in seeing the growth and increasing usefulness of my husband's life. It contents me fully, but it might not have done so. I pity profoundly the large-minded woman who, craving a like satisfaction, finds too late that the man in whose life she has merged her own is incapable of living up to her ideals."

"Well," said Mrs. Leigh, "you are no doubt correct, but Alice is Alice, and no one else, and Frederick Vincents are not common, and —"

"Go on, dear. Best to tell your own story."

"Oh, Alice says she can endure it no longer, and now she proposes to — really, Anne, it is awful. She wants to study medicine, and, oh, you do not know Alice. She is so determined. At last I promised to inquire about it. It is too distressing. And what can I do? I am like a baby when she talks to me. She is so obstinate, and then I get tired and say, 'Have it your own way,' and after that we both cry, and in two or three days it is all to be gone over again, just as I think I am done with it. Marry her! If I only could. And now what do you advise?" said Mrs. Leigh, turning to me.

I was a little puzzled, and hesitated. At last I said: "Tell me first, Mrs. Vincent, what do you think of this matter? It is not to be settled by my own views. I do not know Miss Leigh, and you do."

"Yes; but I have tried to put you in possession of her peculiarities. Would you say, let her do as she desires, or would you be positive in refusal? She will yield, but she will hate it."

"Could I see her?" I said.

"Yes; she is dining out, but will be here very soon. She is to call for her mother."

"If, my dear Anne, she knew that we had been discussing her — she is capable, the dear child, of anything."

"Even of a love-affair," said Mrs. Vincent, merrily.

"Of anything else but that. Men are delightful to Alice until they become interested; then, as she says, she becomes disinterested."

"There is some truth in that," cried our hostess. "The moment a man is interested he ceases to be interesting to some women. If the position has in it nothing ridiculous to a woman, then she is either in danger or is a mere coquette."

"I do not profess to comprehend Alice," said Mrs. Leigh. "The boys I can manage, and Maude; but once when Alice was very little she said, 'Mama, was the Centurion a woman?' Of course I said, 'No; and why do you ask so silly a question?' 'Because he just said, "Do this," and "Go," and "Do that," and never gave any reasons; and that is the way you do.' Of course I punished her, but that was useless. Once, after I had put her on bread and water for a day, she told me the Bible said that 'man shall not live by bread alone.' So I told her she had water too. When I came to let her out that evening, she said, 'I 'm so sorry, mama; I did not think about the water, and I forgot I was a girl; the Bible says a man.' Now we never argue."

I caught Mrs. Vincent's eye for a moment. It was intelligent and telegraphic. I began to feel curious about this reasoning child, and the woman evolved out of such a childhood.

"I can see," returned our hostess, "how difficult it must have been to manage a being like that, and one too, as I recall Alice, so affectionate and so sensitive."

"O my dear Anne, sensitive hardly expresses it. My children have been brought up on system, and a part of it has been absolute certainty of punishment. But if I punished Ned, and he needed it pretty often, Alice was in tears for a day, 'And, would I punish her?' And one day she was sure that would hurt Ned worse. Well, at last I took her at her word, and then Ned was in a rage, and declared he would kill himself if I ever struck her again."

"Struck!" said Mrs. Vincent. "But pardon me."

"Oh, they were mere children. I do not at all share your views about education; and then, dear, you have no experience — none."

"That is true," said Mrs. Vincent, quietly. She was vastly tender about all little ones, as some childless women are. Pausing a moment, she added: "Our only excuse for talking so intimately of my dear Alice is because I want Dr. North to understand the person for whom we seek his advice. Few people are as little likely to misunderstand us as he."

"Indeed, Anne, if he can see through Alice, he will be very clever."

"No one," I returned, "can easily apprehend character from mere description, and you seem to me to have, and to have had, a very complex nature to deal with."

"No; she is simple," said Mrs. Vincent, "and, like such people, very direct. Only, — and you

will pardon me, Helen,—Mrs. Leigh and her daughter are people so different that it is not easy for them to agree in opinion. In all lesser matters Alice yields. In larger matters she is at times immovable, and," she added, laughing, "as my dear Mrs. Leigh is also, and always immovable—"

"Oh," cried the mama, interrupting her, "excuse me, dear Anne, but that is because I am systematic, and system can never be cruel, because people know what to expect. I heard Mr. Clayborne say that, and it struck me as very profound."

"Be sure," I replied, not a little amused, "that I shall regard all you say as a confidence. I must know Miss Leigh personally, and better than your talk can make me know her, before I advise you, and even then I may decline to advise, or my advice may be of little use, to her, at least."

"Too true," remarked Mrs. Leigh. "I know her well, and my advice is of very little use."

"I hear the carriage," said Mrs. Vincent. "This very original consultation had better end here. You were at Baden, Helen, were you not?"

"Yes."

"Did you meet the Falconbergs? Vincent is very much attached to them. You know he carried on a suit for the German embassy when Count Falconberg was *Chargé*. Ah, my dear Alice, how late you are! The dinner must have been very pleasant. Where is Edward? My old friend Dr. Owen North, Miss Leigh."

Instantly I knew, as I rose to meet her, that she understood we had been talking of her. I read with ease the language of her face. One has these mysterious cognitions as to certain people, and even the steadying discipline of society had as yet failed to enable her to preserve that entire control of the features which makes its life an easy masquerade. The trace of annoyed surprise was gone as she said cordially: "I feel that I ought to know you. We crossed your path in Europe over and over years ago, and I used to hear mama regretting that we had not met."

"It was my loss," I returned.

"And was the dinner pleasant? Do tell us," said Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes and no. Too long. All our dinners here are too long. I exhausted one of my neighbors. He was rather ponderous. I tried him on a variety of subjects, but at last we hit, by good luck, on the stock-exchange. It must be a queer sight, and when we women are stock-brokers in the year 2000—ah, I should like to see what it will be then. I know all about bulls, and bears, and puts, and shorts, and margins, and—"

"Alice!" said Mrs. Leigh, severely.

"And the other man?" said I.

"Ah, he was really a nice boy of twenty. He confided to me his ambitions. Do you not know, Dr. North, the sort of fresh shrewdness a young fellow like that has sometimes? It is delightful, and such a pleasant belief that he knows the world."

"That is like Alice. She is always losing her heart to some boy in his teens," said the mama.

"She ought to know Mr. St. Clair," cried Mrs. Vincent. "He is in his teens, and always will be. And I must be a witch. Indeed, I uttered no spells, but he always comes just at the moment one wants him, unless you expect him at dinner." And so, amidst her laughing remarks, she presented St. Clair to Miss Alice and her astonished mama.

St. Clair was utterly regardless of the conventional in many ways, and especially as to engagements. He might or might not dine with you if he had promised to do so, and these failures, due very often to facility of forgetfulness, were at times quite deliberate, and to appearance selfish, or at least self-full. He would receive a telegram and leave it unopened for a day, and I have seen the drawer of his desk filled with unopened letters.

Now he was in a long, dark-brown velvet jacket, and a spotless, thin white flannel shirt, with a low collar and a disheveled red necktie. As to his hands, they were always perfectly cared for, white, and delicate. The crown of brown, wilful curls over the merry eyes went well with his picturesque disorder of dress, but I could see that Mrs. Leigh set him down at once as a person not of her world. She was as civilly cool as her daughter was the reverse. He stood a moment by Miss Alice in her evening dress, a rosy athlete, blue-eyed, gay, happy, and picturesque, with long Vandyke beard, soft mustache, and an indefinite, careless grace in all his ways. The woman was, as to dress and outside manner, simply and charmingly conventional. I have no art in describing faces. Hers was of a clear white, but the richly tinted lips showed that this was the natural hue of perfect health. As she stood, I saw that this paleness was not constant. Little isles of color came and went, and seemed to me to wander about cheek and neck, as if to visit one lovely feature after another. Yes, she was handsome; that was clear by the way St. Clair tranquilly regarded her. All beauty of form bewildered him into forgetfulness of surroundings.

As he was presented, St. Clair bowed to the matron, shook Mrs. Vincent by both hands, and then, as I said, turned a quiet gaze of delight on the young woman.

"I think we must have met before," he said.

"Indeed," she exclaimed.

"Yes; I am always sure of that about certain people."

"That is one of St. Clair's fads," I said. "But as to your table-companions. I know one of them. His sole pleasure is in stock-gambling."

"Ah," cried Mrs. Vincent, "I can understand that, and, indeed, all gambling propensities."

"Anne! my dear Anne!" said Mrs. Leigh.

"Yes; I should like to gamble if one did not have to lose, which I should hate, or to win, which would be worse."

"And to me it is incomprehensible," said Miss Alice. "I dislike chance."

"What! the dear god Chance?" said St. Clair. "I wish I could shuffle life every morning like a pack of cards."

She looked at him steadily. He was always in earnest. Then she remarked:

"You like all games of chance?"

"Yes; but I never win. I want to think I shall win, but I never want to win."

"And of course you do sometimes?"

"Yes, it is like making love. I think I want to win, but I do not, and I am dreadfully afraid if I come near to winning."

Miss Alice looked amused and puzzled.

"A rare fancy, I should say. And the money—if you do win? Does it not annoy, embarrass?"

"Oh, I give it away. I prefer to give it back to the man; but I tried that once, and found that it was looked upon as an insult. I had to explain, and it was not very easy."

"I should think not," said I. "I once gambled in stocks indirectly, and with a lucky result. A man lost half of his fortune in X. Y. stock. It fell from 40 to 7 in a month. He became depressed and threatened to kill himself. I did what I could, and assured him that the stock was good and would rise again. I was very young, Miss Leigh, and very sanguine. In a month he came back and said he was himself again, and much obliged for my advice."

"'What advice?' I said.

"'Oh,' he cried, 'you told me the stock was good and would rise, and as I knew you were a friend of the president of the road I determined to act upon your confidence, and so I bought at 7 and 9 all the stock I could afford to carry.'

"Without a word I left him, and, returning with the morning paper, said, 'The stock is 37. Promise me to sell at once.' He said, 'Of course.' Then I made him pledge himself never again to meddle with stocks."

"And he kept his word?" said Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes; and made a dreadful amount of money."

"I like your making him promise not to gamble," said Miss Leigh, gravely. "What a droll story!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Vincent and the mother had been chatting apart, and now the latter rose. "Come, Alice," she said; and then, with the utmost cordiality, "And, Dr. North, let us see you soon, very soon, and often. We are of the same blood, you know. Good evening, Mr. St. Clair; I trust we shall have the pleasure of seeing you again."

St. Clair took no note of the difference in manner to him and to me; I do not think he saw it. He was again absorbed in the study of Alice.

"Oh, with great pleasure," he returned. "And Fred is in the study, Mrs. Vincent, you said? I will join him. Good night."

He went up-stairs, while I descended the staircase with Mrs. Vincent's friends. I put them into their carriage, and went back.

"Shall I need to apologize?" said Mrs. Vincent, when we were again seated.

"Indeed, no. What a remarkable girl! And the mother?"

"Oh, better than she seems. There is much sense back of her views as to system in education, and although positive, cruelly tactless, capable, in a word, of incredible social blunders, she is yet a lady, and, moreover, a kindly, charitable woman. People like her. She is handsome still, as you see. But she is not the mama for Alice."

"I did not like her manner to St. Clair," I said.

"The only defense possible for him is to know him. Imagine the effect of that jacket on Mrs. Leigh! It said Bohemia at once."

"And if so, what must be to her social nerves the idea of Miss—Dr. Alice, in fact? Yes; I shrink from it myself," I continued, "and I am not sure that I am wise."

"At least," returned Mrs. Vincent, "it cannot be here a question of right or wrong. There is no wickedness in it. She abandons no duty. The brothers are old enough not to need her. The mother and she do not agree. I mean that they look at life from diverse points of view. Really, they both love and admire each other. Only on large occasions do they approach a quarrel, and Alice is as respectful then as she is determined."

"Not obstinate. Mrs. Leigh is that, I should say."

"Her worst annoyances are what Fred calls Alice's white mice. She has a curious collection of friends, the socially lame, halt, and blind, who adore her, and to pursue a duty is as much a temptation to Alice as a pleasant bit of wickedness is to some other women. You will like her. You are sure to like her."

"I do already."

"I knew you would. And do make St. Clair call. He never will unless you make him."

"I will try. I can at least leave his card."

"Yes; do. Next week, you know, we are all to take tea at his studio. I am to matronize the party. I want Alice to go, and her mother, but I will see to that. Only he *must* call, and then a few words to Mrs. Leigh will settle it. She does what I like, and likes what I do, and is, therefore, a model to all my friends."

"I have no need of the example, but I wish you had not asked me to meddle in this doctor business."

"Why?"

"I hardly know."

"And yet, that is unusual with you. I mean, not to be clear as to your reasons. I am sorry; I—"

"Please don't—I am always at your service—always. I will find a chance to talk to Miss Alice."

"Pray do; but be careful. I want her to like you. You know I insist on my friends liking one another. And now you must go. I am tired. Fred is up-stairs."

"No; I must go home. Good night."

XVII.

I SAW none of these people for some days. The Leighs were not at home when I called, and my life went on its usual course of busy hours. Then I remembered Mrs. Vincent's request, and dropped in on St. Clair at his studio. Asking him casually if he had called on Mrs. Leigh, he said, "No," and to my surprise, "Would I leave his card?" I said, "Yes; with pleasure," and asked him at what hour was his afternoon tea.

"Jove!" he exclaimed, "I forgot it. I will see Mrs. Vincent. How do people remember things? I want to have that splendid young woman; and the mama, I suppose, is a sad necessity. How lucky that you came in."

"Best to see Mrs. Vincent soon."

"I will."

"Now, at once. Change your dress,"—he was in his blouse—"and I will drop you there. And make haste."

I did see him safely into Mrs. Vincent's house, knowing very well that it was as likely as not that he would have forgotten the whole matter had I not reminded him in time. Then I left my carriage and walked to Mrs. Leigh's. As the door opened I met Miss Leigh in the hall, dressed for the street.

"Oh," she said, "you are caught and must come in. I am in no hurry to go out. I am sorry mama is not at home."

"I am at least fortunate," I said, as we turned back along the hall, "in finding you, and you will please to be a trifle blind while I drop St. Clair's cards on the table. Half a dozen friends are needed to perform for him his social duties. He might call on you daily for a week, and then not for six months."

"One must have to make large allowances for a friend like that," she said, as we entered the drawing-room. "But do you not think that that is a part of the capacity for friendship? I mean knowledge with charity."

"Assuredly. And with all his shortcomings St. Clair is a man to love. What he needs in life is some woman as tender as she is resolute."

"Alas for the woman!"

"No. I presuppose the one essential without which the double life is inconceivable—to me, at least. However, this must be left to fate. Mrs. Vincent will ask your mother and you to his studio next week. We are to see his statues, and to have tea."

"But mama will never go," she returned hastily. "I beg pardon, she is engaged,—I mean there will be some engagement,—and I should like to go. Why do not all of you wear brown velvet coats?"

"And have curly hair, and write verses, and carve statues, and look like young Greek athletes! Ah, Miss Leigh, there are drawbacks—believe me, there are drawbacks. Now a dress-coat would have made this afternoon tea seem so easy and so delightful to a matronly kinswoman of mine."

"You see too much," she cried, laughing. "Yes; so far as mama is concerned, that beautiful, worn velvet jacket was fatal. But perhaps Mrs. Vincent will make mama go. She has a way of smiling mama into or out of anything." Then she paused a little and, coloring, said: "Mama told me last night that she had talked with you and Mrs. Vincent about me. Mama never keeps a secret very long, unless you ask her to tell it, and I was sure that I should hear of it soon or late, for I knew at once the other night that I had been under discussion. Frankly speaking, I did not like it. Now, if you—if you were—were a girl, would you have liked it?"

I watched her with amusement and honest interest.

"Oh, the delightful possibility of being a girl, and of being discussed by you and Mrs. Vincent! I think I could stand it."

"Please do not laugh at me."

"I do not."

"But you do, and I am serious. I am not always to be taken lightly. And men are so apt to insist that a woman must be anything but serious."

"But every sermon has a text. About what are you serious?"

"You know. I—of course mama told me,

and, to be plain, I would rather state my own case, even at the risk of your thinking me a very singular young woman."

"I might answer that to be unusual is not always to be unpleasant."

"That is nicely put and kindly. May I go on?"

"I wish you would. I have heard something of this trouble of yours."

"Oh, it is not my trouble. People — other people — take the rough material of one's views, plans, hopes, and manufacture trouble out of them. But pardon me. I interrupted you. Do you really want me to go on?"

"Pray do." She paused, looked up at me, and then down at her lap, and at last set wide eyes on me for a moment and continued:

"I hesitate because I do not know how much to say. Mrs. Vincent can tell you just what I am, the bad and the good. Oh, I see she has done it already."

"Yes."

"Well, I am twenty-four. I have more than enough means. Also, I have active brains. A certain discontentment with this life of bits and shreds troubles me. I am told that I should amuse myself as others do — with music. I can play, but I have no real talent or love for it. Sketch! I can caricature hatefully well; I loathe it. And at last mama suggests fancy work, and Aunt Selina says, 'The poor, my dear.' If I were free as to the last suggestion, I might find in it a true career, but no young unmarried woman could make of this a life — not mama's daughter, at least. What I need is connected work, something which offers an enlarging life. I do not mean for ambition, but as a definite means of development. You are going to say there is science, study."

"I was," I answered. "You are dreadfully apprehensive as to one's ideas."

"Oh, it was what others have suggested; but mere acquirement of barren knowledge seems to me a poor use to make of life."

"Yes; that is true. I am at one with you there."

"I have thought it all over. I want to study medicine, and practise it too. That is all. You can help me. Be on my side. I — I shall thank you so much. And you will be my friend in this, will you not?" These last sentences were spoken with some excitement, and with a look of earnest anxiety. I knew as she talked that this was not a woman to turn aside from her purposes with ease. And what could I say? I, too, hesitated. She went on again, and now with a pretty girl-like timidity which touched me.

"Perhaps I have said more than I should; I may have asked too much of you. Sometimes I seem to myself to be a strong, effective woman, needing no help, and competent to go my way. And then I find I have troubled mama, and that hurts me, and then I relent, and am like a weak child groping about for help. Are all women like that? I am stopped here, and turned aside there, and told to consult this one or that. It seems so hard to do what is right."

"No one knows that better than I do," I replied. "It is not enough to want to do right. And now, as regards your mother, I am not at all sure what to do or say. Like you, I want to do right, and do not find it easy."

I felt that I did not wish to wound this gentle girl, with her honest longings, and her despair as to the meagerness of mere upper-class life — its failures to satisfy the large mind and larger heart. After an awkward pause I said, "I should like to help you, and I desire in so doing not to hurt you"; and, having so spoken, felt like a fool.

"But you must not mind that. It is not — not as if you had known me for years. Speak as you would to a stranger, a patient."

"You have made it difficult."

"I? How?"

"No matter. I will do as you say. But remember, I may be wrong, may have prejudices."

"Pray, go on."

"I think that every human being, man or woman, is entitled to any career he or she may please to desire. This is a mere human right."

"Oh, thank you."

"Wait a little. Whether the public will use the person or not, is the business of the public. Should you ask if personally I believe that women make as good doctors as men of like education, I say no. Should you ask me if I think it desirable that in the interests of society in general women should follow the same careers as men, I say no."

"And why?"

"That is a serious question, or rather several questions, some of them not easily to be answered. I would rather not discuss them."

"And is this all?"

"No; and you will smile at my sequel. I never saw a woman who did not lose something womanly in acquiring the education of the physician. I hardly put it delicately enough: a charm is lost."

"Oh, but that is of no moment."

"You cannot think that. You would lose the power to know you had lost something. That is the real evil. Others would know it. Men, at least."

"Do you think this really important?"

"Yes, I do."

"Oh, there is mama, and I have not half done."

"Perhaps it is as well, Miss Leigh. You

should ask some one who is not a doctor. Every profession has its prejudices, and I am constantly in fear of mine. But, in fact, as to these, the best of us are like people with cross pet dogs; we may be puzzled to know what to do with them, but we do not knock them on the head."

"Oh, but how a nice frank statement like that comforts one. You will not forget that I have as yet said no word in reply?"

"No. I shall want to hear—I shall very much want to hear."

As I spoke, Mrs. Leigh entered, large, rosy, handsome, and smiling. She was a little blown from the exertion of mounting the stairs.

"Good morning, Dr. North. I am glad to see you—very glad."

"Let me take your cloak, mama," said Miss Alice, as I returned the mother's welcome and added that I was on the wing, and had more than used up my time. Mrs. Leigh was profusely sorry, but rang the bell, and I left them.

For some good or bad reason the servant was not in the hall, and as I went down I was aware that I had left my hat in the drawing-room. As I went up again to reclaim it, I heard Mrs. Leigh's voice in quick, decisive, and rather high tones. I was seized at once with a violent attack of what I may call the cough social. The voice fell a little, and I went in, saying, "I was careless enough to leave my hat, and rash enough to come back after it."

"I am glad you have come back," said Mrs. Leigh. "Do give me five minutes; I have been talking to my daughter."

"I beg of you, mama—Dr. North has an engagement; please not to—"

"It is perfectly useless, Alice. Every one is talking about it. Mrs. Flint asked me if you were going to be a homeopath or a regular."

"Mama!"

"And old Mr. Ashton asked me if he might send for you when he had the gout, and that fool, his son, talked about 'sweet girl graduates.'"

I had to choose swiftly between retreat or a declaration in favor of the mother or the daughter, who stood white and still before us, her hands clasped together in front of her.

"Pardon me," I interposed. "I have really but a moment; and again a pardon, if I say that this is not the best way to meet this question. You have flattered me by asking me to share your counsels. I must have time to think about it. Miss Leigh has been most frank with me, and, my dear Mrs. Leigh, speaking for myself, were I Miss Leigh, nothing would harden me like the ridicule of such women as Mrs. Flint. She is smart—that is the word—and malicious, and so confident that she confuses people who do not know her combination of ill humor and inexactness."

"I did not quite understand her," said Mrs. Leigh. "Do you think she could have meant to make fun of Alice, of us, of me?"

"Oh, I knew of course you would see through her. I hope when Miss Leigh attends that hoary sinner Ashton, she will give him some good old-fashioned dose. May I beg to be called in consultation?"

Miss Leigh smiled. Her hands unlocked. "Thank you," she said. "And do let this matter rest, mama."

"Oh, of course. I wish other people would; but I could not expect Dr. North to agree entirely with Mrs. Flint. She told me—"

"Mama!"

"I think Dr. North ought to know how she talks about him."

"Ah, I knew she would justify my character of her. You have made me happy for the day. Good-by. Good-by, Miss Leigh."

XVIII.

St. Clair, a day later, was in what Vincent called the indefinite mood. When in this state he wandered, or rather drifted, whither the tide of accidental encounter took him. These mental states were apt to be followed by days of impassioned work with the pen or molding-tool. But when idle, he would drop in upon Vincent or Clayborne, meander about among books of law or history, complain with child-like disappointment if their owners could not go out with him, and at last slip away silently to feast his eyes on the colors of the piled-up fruit in the old market-sheds, or to walk for miles in the country, have what he termed a debauch of milk at a farm-house, and return home late at night.

About eleven in the morning he found himself (for it was literally that) in Clayborne's study. The historian looked around. "Take a pipe? Cigars in the case; cigarettes in the drawer; books on the table. I am busy."

The final remark was quite useless. "So am I," returned the poet. And this exasperated Clayborne into attention. He shut a huge folio with such vigor as to disturb the gathered dust of other lands, and said savagely:

"Busy! You don't know what it means."

"My dear fellow," returned St. Clair, "I am so happy to-day. Don't moralize. Be glad some fellow carries his Garden of Eden always with him. No; don't consider it affectation. You are a misery-mill; I am a flower-press. And, really, grumble seems to be your normal diet. Just now you think you are unhappy because some other man has said you make mistakes or come to wrong conclusions. It is a disguised joy. You are not truly unhappy. As for me, I do not care a cent what any man

thinks of my statues or my verses. I simply live. That is joy. I am contented. Why not leave me to my happy follies? North says I have never achieved moral equilibrium, and that 's very fine, I dare say."

"I suppose," said Clayborne, after a moment's deliberation, "that moral equilibrium means serenity of mind."

"Now is n't that a little feeble?" retorted the poet.

"I rather think you are correct," said Clayborne, judicially. "I take it that serenity of mind is acquired, and is a state of content intellectually procured. Whereas you never acquire anything—I mean through experience."

"Quite true, and how nice that is! With you for knowledge, Vincent for a conscience, Mrs. Vincent for a confessor, and North—by George!" he cried, rising, "I wonder if he left a card for me. I asked him to. You ought to see that woman."

"You are like a book without an index," said the host. "What are you after now? What woman?"

"Oh, her figure and serenity! You should see her when her face is at rest, and then when it smiles. And her eyes! Come and take a walk. It 's Miss Leigh I mean."

"Oh, that girl, Mrs. Vincent's latest enthusiasm. My dear boy, take care. I think I see you with Mrs. Leigh for a mother-in-law. You will need no other censor. It would be the thing of all others for you."

"So says Mrs. Vincent. I have several people who attend to my interests and doctor my morals. And you will not walk? Then I think I shall go and call on the Leighs. I should immensely like to model that hand."

"Best tell Mrs. Leigh so," said Clayborne, with a grim smile.

"I think I shall," returned St. Clair, simply. "And now you may demolish that critic; my malediction on him. Good-by."

After this he went away, and on the street bought a lot of roses and went along smelling of them, until of a sudden he was aware of Mrs. Vincent, who said as they met, "I suppose these flowers are for me."

"If you like. I was going to call on Miss Leigh."

"And Mrs. Leigh, I trust," said Mrs. Vincent, demurely.

"And Mrs. Leigh," echoed he, with resignation. "The stem of the rose." Then he added disconnectedly, "Clayborne knows them. I don't like that woman. I did not know it until I got away the other night."

"Oh, she is really nice. Don't nurse prejudices; when they get their growth they become difficulties and embarrassments. And you see —well, I want you to like them. I mean the Leighs."

"I do. Is n't that girl superb? Come with me. If you don't, I will not go at all."

It thus happened that the two found Mrs. Leigh home and alone.

"I met Mr. St. Clair on the way to call on you," said Mrs. Vincent. "And how are you all? And my dear Alice, is she visible?"

"No; she is out—as my Ned says, gone to visit some of her social cripples."

St. Clair looked up. "What are social cripples?"

"Oh—social cripples."

"I think I must be one," said St. Clair. "And perhaps Mrs. Vincent could persuade you to consider my claims. I have some people coming to afternoon tea at my studio."

"I fear that we are engaged," returned Mrs. Leigh. "Really—"

"But you do not know the date yet. How can you be engaged?"

"Oh, we shall be, I am sure."

"Not for *my* tea," said Mrs. Vincent. "This is mine, you know. I permit Mr. St. Clair to lend me his studio. We will talk it over later. I want your advice as to some of the arrangements. And now, about the children." After which there was talk between the two women, while St. Clair fell into a reverie, or with mental disapproval considered the furniture, until, at last, Mrs. Vincent rose, saying, "And now Mr. St. Clair and I must go. I saw your carriage at the door."

"Good-by," said St. Clair, to her amusement and annoyance. She was afraid to leave him, but nevertheless he stayed, and, as they said a word or two, surveyed the pictures. Then, being alone with Mrs. Leigh, who remained standing for a moment, he said:

"Don't you think pictures are very embarrassing things? They are so like acquaintances —so welcome at first, and then after a while one gets tired of them. Now here is this Corot with its ghosts of trees—"

"I never care for Corot," said the hostess; "and as for acquaintances, I—"

"Oh," he interrupted. "Pardon me, you were going to say that an acquaintance is a person with whom we are really not acquainted. Language is such a fraud. It ought all to be made over—and some other things, manners, for instance—"

"I can imagine the need for that sometimes," said Mrs. Leigh, severely. She felt as if some bad boy had exploded a pack of fire-crackers under her august petticoats.

"Oh, I feel it," he went on, laughing. "And if one could arrange an exchange of manners, it would illustrate the idea neatly. Now, if you and I could effect such an exchange."

"Good Heavens! I prefer to keep my own," said she, shocked out of conventional propriety, and amused despite herself.

"But why not? Then I know you would be sure to say, 'Of course I shall come to your tea.' And you will come, I know"; and he looked at her with a waiting, devoted expression which had been but too often serviceable. Even Mrs. Leigh relented a little. "We shall see," she said.

"Oh, you will come," he said. "And to think of it, I once stood near you in Paris, and just as I asked to be presented you went away."

"And where was that, pray?"

"Oh, at the Comte St. Clair's, a far-away kinsman of mine. You know — or do not know — that we were Irish, and came to France long ago. My branch became Huguenots, more 's the pity."

"Indeed. Why a pity?"

"It lacks picturesqueness. Once it had flavor of romance. It has none now. I ought to have been a Catholic."

"And what are you now, may I ask?"

"I am nothing."

"I am sorry to hear it."

"Oh, it has its conveniences. I feel that constantly."

"I trust so, indeed."

As usual, he took little note of irrelevances, but went on: "I often like to fit people with the religion for which they were plainly meant. Really, as Clayborne says, or perhaps it was Vincent, the outward forms of religion are their manners. Some are stately, some common. But I have kept you. I must go."

Mrs. Leigh did not express regret, and he left her, with what reflections I could well imagine when St. Clair, in a mood of amused criticism, related this astonishing interview to Mrs. Vincent and me. Mrs. Vincent shook her fan at him. "She will never come to your tea," she said. "Never."

"Yes, she will. The Count was useful."

"No; you were never more mistaken. She is not the least of a snob. There should be a milder word."

"I should fancy," said I, "that she must be the very ideal of the unexpected. At least, if all I hear be true."

"No and yes," said Mrs. Vincent. "The great world has been of use to her. It is a valuable education to some natures. I often think what she might have been had she remained at home."

"I think I see," said I. "But certainly she is as full of social surprises as it is possible for a decently well-bred woman to be."

"She is like a rocking-chair," cried the poet.

"A what?" we exclaimed, laughing.

"A rocking-chair. My hostess put one in my bedroom last fall. I tried it once, and fell over on my head. If I put a foot on it to lace a boot, it hit me on the nose. It was always doing queer things. If I hung clothes on it, it fell over, and if the window was open, it rocked as if a ghost were making itself comfortable. Then it rocked on my toes, and mashed a sleeve-button, and —"

"Don't," cried Mrs. Vincent, quite helpless with mirth. "I won't have my friends abused." And we went away.

S. Weir Mitchell.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

ROSWELL SMITH.

DIED APRIL 19, 1892.

HERE where I, sitting in my place,
So oft have seen you at the door,
A lad comes with indifferent face
To tell me we shall meet no more.

The Old World pity of slow ships
Was kinder than this flashing speed;
The first short sigh on western lips —
I hear it plainlier than I need.

The paper flutters to the ground.
Cold wastes of ocean scarcely part
Your voiceless mouth that makes no sound,
And silence of my beating heart.

In this first hour, while thought is blank,
I dwell on all that made you dear;
And for the gracious past I thank
Whatever now can feel or hear.

The gentle mode, so subtly leagued
With moral power and mental health,
The courteous patience unfatigued,
The cordial wish to please by stealth!

That lifelong flame which rose and fell
By purest purpose still was fanned;
That stringent will which planned so well —
For others, not for self, it planned.

Vain, vain are words! I sit alone,
And helpless sorrow westward send.
Roar louder, London's central moan,
My world is poorer by a friend.

LONDON, April 20, 1892.

Edmund Gosse.

ROSWELL SMITH.

ONE who is bidden to write for the pages of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE some words in memory of the man whose name stands above this article might well recall the often-quoted inscription in St. Paul's Cathedral, under the name of its architect: "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*" Other memorials of his life, beautiul and enduring, can be pointed out; but it is in this magazine that the fairest and most permanent results of his work will abide. To have borne so large a part in originating and establishing an agency like this would be a sufficient distinction for any man. It is difficult for those who have known something of the history of this magazine from its foundation to separate it, in their thought, from his vigorous personality. We may doubt, indeed, whether this is possible. Roswell Smith gave his life to this magazine; we might almost say that he gave his life for it; the vital force that he imparted to it will not soon be spent.

Roswell Smith was born March 30, 1829, in Lebanon, Connecticut, a small town in the northern part of New London County, of which the cyclopedia knows only that it "contains several villages and has important manufacturing interests." But Lebanon, though beneath the notice of the cyclopedist, is not the least among the thousands of Yankee-land, for out of her came the great war governor of the Revolution, Jonathan Trumbull, one of Washington's most trusted friends, and the man to whom, through Washington's familiar appellative, we owe our national sobriquet of "Brother Jonathan." This was no mean family: one son of Jonathan, Joseph, was a member of the Continental Congress; a younger son, Jonathan, was United States senator, and in his turn governor; and the second Governor Jonathan's son John was the great historical painter. Other notable names besides the Trumbulls are found in the annals of Lebanon; it has been the seed-plot of theology as well as of statesmanship and art; but the patriotic traditions of this one distinguished family must have taken strong hold upon the mind of Roswell Smith: for the historic Trumbull mansion had come into the possession of his father, and was the home of his boyhood.

From his fourteenth to his seventeenth year he served a brief apprenticeship with the publishers of the school-books of his uncle, Roswell C. Smith, in New York; then, having apparently satisfied himself that a little more learning would not be a dangerous thing, he took up the English course in Brown University, and after finishing that course began the study of law in the office of Thomas C. Perkins of Hartford, a most accomplished lawyer. It was about this time that his father, who had become somewhat concerned on account of the frequent changes in his plans of life, repeated to him one day the old adage about the rolling stone. "Well, father," answered the youth, "I don't know that I care to gather moss." That was not what he was after when he turned his steps to what was then the distant West, and in the ambitious young town of Lafayette, Indiana, began the practice of his profession. It was a capital school for the callow lawyer; his conceit was sure to be rudely chastised in that rough Western world; all his conventionalities would be challenged; if he had any convictions, he must fight for them. Roswell Smith always highly valued the experience which he gained in the West. "Every man," he once wrote to one who was looking in that direction, "ought to go to the West and live there a few years of his life at the least. You will like the West, and will have a freedom and a growth you never experienced before." In the life of this community, passing through its formative stages; in the conflict with the lawlessness of the frontier; in the shaping of institutions to meet social exigencies; and in the rapid development of the industrial order, the young man learned much practical wisdom. He was always recurring to this period of his life, and he thought that no man was well equipped for the competitions of the great metropolis unless he knew by actual contact something of the life beyond the Alleghanies.

In 1852 Roswell Smith set up his home in Lafayette, bringing into it Annie, daughter of Henry L. Ellsworth, the first United States Commissioner of Patents, and granddaughter of the illustrious Oliver Ellsworth, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Sixteen years of active life in Indiana, in the practice of law and in real-estate operations, had brought to him a moderate competence; and, disposing of his business in Lafayette, he sailed with his wife and daughter for Europe, purposing on his return to devote himself to

the business of publishing books or newspapers. From his youth he had had the strongest faith in the power and value of the printed word; he recognized in it the principal agency by which public opinion is generated and guided; and the wish to do something for the improvement of society by this agency had long been cherished. During this European tour he fell in with Dr. Holland, whom he had slightly known as a lecturer in the West, and whose ethical quality of mind had a strong attraction for him. Several months of companionship in travel ripened their acquaintance into intimacy. Dr. Holland had just sold his interest in the "Springfield Republican." His very successful "Life of Lincoln" and his other books had brought him a good fortune, and he, too, was looking out for some opportunity to invest his gains, both of capital and of experience, in the service of popular education. I have often heard both Dr. Holland and Roswell Smith allude to the memorable night when, standing upon one of the bridges that span the rushing Rhone at Geneva, Dr. Holland outlined to his friend a project, which he had been maturing, of a monthly magazine devoted to American letters and American art. The emphasis rested upon the adjective: the work was to be done in America, by Americans, for Americans; it was to be a popular educator of the highest grade. Roswell Smith promptly seized upon the project. The two friends soon returned to America, and in connection with the firm of Charles Scribner and Company, who were Dr. Holland's own publishers, they founded the corporation which now bears the name of The Century Co., and began the publication of this magazine. At a later date the "St. Nicholas Magazine for Young Folks," which originated in a suggestion by Roswell Smith, was added by the purchase and consolidation of several lesser periodicals, and the editorial care of it was committed to the competent hands of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge. The changes through which this organization has passed have been made known to the public, and most of these facts concerning the origin of the enterprise are familiar to many; but it seems fitting that some permanent record of the part taken by Roswell Smith in its foundation should appear upon the pages of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

In seeking to gather up for grateful recognition some of the finer qualities of Roswell Smith, my thought first rests upon a certain largeness of conception which characterized all his undertakings. He liked to do great things; he had the courage that is not appalled by difficulties, and the faith that removes mountains. The "St. Nicholas Magazine" was started in the very moment of wide-spread commercial depression. His plans for the extension of the sale of the magazines were bold and enterprising; his ambition was to make them as good as they could be made, and he grudged no outlay for this purpose; his confident expectation was that the best thing would turn out to be the most profitable. His residence in the West had given him large ideas respecting the publisher's field: he thought that the West and the South as well as the North and the East were cardinal points in the publisher's compass. When the magazines had won their footing on this continent he boldly carried them to England; what was good enough for Americans was good enough for Englishmen. This was the first invasion of the British market by the American periodical. The large success of the undertaking opened the way for other publications; and American magazines, now on sale on every bookstand, have exerted an important influence upon English opinion concerning America.

The quality of his mind is illustrated by the project of "The Century Dictionary." This was purely his own. The scheme of owning and publishing a great dictionary of the English language laid hold upon him many years ago. "It is an open question with us"—so he wrote eleven years ago—"whether it is best for us to buy one of the leading dictionaries and build on that, or to organize the scholarship of the English-speaking world and make a new one. There must be one English language, and a common standard of the English tongue." He saw no reason why this should not be published in New York. The purchase of the right to revise and republish "The Imperial Dictionary" in America laid the foundation of this enterprise. It was thought at the outset that a "slight revision" would fit the four volumes of the "Imperial" for the market; but the scope of the work at once began to broaden; and before anything had been realized from the sale of the dictionary, nearly fifty times as much money was expended as had been provided for in the original estimate. In all this his courage never faltered. The ambition to "make it what it ought to be" was far stronger than any financial consideration. His satisfaction in the perfection of the work, his sense of its value to the world, were to him a great reward. It was precisely in such concerns as this that the peculiarity of his mind appeared. The importance of a work like the making of a great dictionary was obvious to him. He could see its relations to all science, to the spread of accurate knowledge in the world. He knew that language is the instrument of thought, the medium of communication, the vehicle of truth; that whatever makes it more precise, more lumi-

nous, more perfect, is a great benefit to all men. How many of the disputes that have disturbed the Church and convulsed the State have grown out of verbal ambiguities. How much of the dogmatism that infects philosophy as well as religion would disappear if men would only study and understand the history of the words they are using. An improved and perfected philology, based upon historical research, which gives us the elements of the words that are in our mouths every day, and shows us how they have come to stand for the ideas which we assign to them, is certainly not less important to civilization than the new chemistry which reveals to us the elements of which physical bodies are composed. And the ambition to carry this work of linguistic exploration and analysis to the very highest perfection, so that the English language may be known in all its roots and branches, and all its terms may be used with the greatest possible precision, was certainly a lofty ambition. The rank which has been assigned to this publication among literary enterprises in this country is well known. It is only important to remember what is said about it, in the preface, by its distinguished editor: "The design originated early in 1882 in a proposal to adapt The Imperial Dictionary to American readers, made by Mr. Roswell Smith, President of The Century Co., who has supported with unfailing faith and the largest liberality the plans of the editors as they have gradually extended far beyond the original limits."

An instance of his large administrative ability is seen in the reform which was made several years ago, at his suggestion, in the method of handling second-class matter by the Post-office Department. Formerly the postage on all periodicals passing through the mails was paid by subscribers; or, if prepaid by publishers, a separate account was made of every copy. Roswell Smith proposed to the authorities that the periodicals be weighed in bulk and prepaid by the publisher. The simplification of the method saves an indefinite amount of petty detail and annoyance to both publisher and subscriber, and doubtless has introduced into the department a considerable economy.

Roswell Smith's mind was not only large in the scope and range of its activity, it was exceedingly fertile. His brain was teeming with new enterprises and new methods; suggestions poured into every department of the business. These were not all practicable; and when they were not, discussion generally revealed the fact to him. His mind was as bountiful as nature herself in producing varieties of ideas; under the natural selection of free debate, he expected the fittest to survive. His friends, in all callings, are indebted to him for many quickening hints. His vital mind tended to fructify every theme that it touched. In my work as a pastor he has often given me useful suggestions, and the most popular contribution that it has been my fortune to make to THE CENTURY, "The Christian League of Connecticut," sprang from a request made by him. "I want you," he said, "to write a kind of a story showing how the Christian people of some town got together and learned how to coöperate in Christian work." The elaboration of the idea was my own, but the idea was his, and justice to him requires this acknowledgment.

To this magazine Mr. Smith's only literary contribution was a brief poem, published in one of the early numbers; but he found pleasure, as did many of his young readers, in two short stories which he wrote for "St. Nicholas."

Mr. Roswell Smith was deeply interested in all the current movements of politics and religion. The failure of the Independents in 1884 to organize a new party he greatly deplored; it seemed to him that the time was ripe for a new grouping of the political elements. The attempt to keep the fires of sectional hatred burning was utterly distasteful to him; he strongly desired that the North and the South should come to a better understanding. The series of papers on "The Great South," published in the magazine under its old name, was suggested by Roswell Smith to Dr. Holland, and it aided, no doubt, in bringing about a better state of feeling. Yet this wish for more amicable relations between the two sections was not due to any lack of interest in the welfare of the Southern negroes, as his work for Berea College amply testifies. This institution, on the borders of the mountain district of Kentucky, in which both sexes and both races are educated together, was one of the special objects of his care; the broad humanity of its foundation, and the directness of its ministry to the neediest human beings, commended it to his sympathy.

Roswell Smith's interest in religion was deep and abiding. His faith was as simple and unquestioning as that of Faraday; his appeal to divine guidance in every matter of importance was as natural and habitual as that of General Gordon. The direct intervention of the divine power in human affairs was to him a living reality. The institutions of religion were his special care. Though of Congregational origin, he was for the greater part of his life a member of the Presbyterian Church, and the Memorial Church of that denomination in New York (now the Madison Avenue church) owes much to his brave financial leadership. He was not, however, the kind of man whom any sect can monopolize: for many years

he was the President of the New York Congregational Club, and he worshiped during the last years of his life with one of the Reformed churches. The wish for a closer and more practical unity among the churches, which found expression in the suggestion about the Christian League, was always in his heart. He was a vice-president, I think, of the American Congress of Churches, which undertook to do something for Christian union in this country; and, as an officer of the American Tract Society, he strove to rejuvenate the life and enlarge the function of that venerable institution. One of the books published by The Century Co., "Parish Problems," revealed Roswell Smith's desire "to do something to help the minister." His motive in undertaking the publication was to make a book in which the people could be shown how to coöperate in the work of the local church. He wished thus to say to the members of the church many things which they greatly need to hear and which the minister cannot say; it was to be a treatise in parish theology, to offset the instruction in pastoral theology which the minister receives in the seminary. This desire to serve the churches found expression in a movement, to which he lent his influence and his personal coöperation, to lift the load from churches which were burdened by debt. Roswell Smith entered upon this work with enthusiasm, and had the satisfaction of seeing a number of churches set free from their encumbrances.

It is not to be supposed that this great publisher was beyond the influence of the motives which usually control men of business. He wanted to succeed in his business. To the expectation of wealth his mind was not inhospitable; but he meant to conduct his business in an honorable way, and, more than this, he was glad to make it tributary to higher interests. If he could see that a given venture was likely to aid the churches, this fact added greatly to its attractiveness. The publication of hymn and service books, in which he has been a leader, was not wholly a matter of business with him; the purification and elevation of the psalmody of church and Sunday-school enlisted his enthusiasm. In the last serious conversation which I had with him, he opened to me a great scheme with which his mind was laboring — to organize the best Biblical scholarship of this country for the translation and publication of a popular edition of the Bible. He proposed to follow mainly the suggestions of the American revisers; perhaps also to make such judicious selection of Biblical material as would better fit the Sacred Scriptures to be read through in families. No man had a deeper reverence for the Holy Book; but he was of the opinion that its value for popular use might be increased by a careful collection of its more nutritious parts. I sought to dissuade him from the enterprise, which he was in no condition of health to undertake; but the bent of his mind appears in the proposition.

It is not, however, in these specific plans that his religious purpose was realized so much as in his deeper intention to make all his work as a publisher serviceable to that kingdom for whose coming he prayed. He desired that the two magazines, especially, should be powerful instruments of righteousness. That the tone of them should always be elevated; that nothing impure or unworthy should be allowed to appear in them; that they should never be permitted to assail or undermine genuine faith or pure morality; that they should pour into the community a constant stream of refining influence,—this was his central purpose, his lofty ambition. The efforts of his editors in this direction he always heartily supported. I know well, from many conversations with him, how deep and serious was this desire. I should do my friend a great disservice if I tried to convey the impression that he was not a keen, far-sighted business man; but I believe that he was something more than this, and that all his thoughts about business were affected and, to some good degree, shaped by the wish and the hope to do something for the improvement of the world in which he lived. He meant to be, and he believed himself to be, a co-worker with God. The issues of the presses that he had set in motion were spreading light and beauty, truth and love, among men; they were helping to make the world better every day. He knew it, and gloried in it. With all the personal satisfaction which he derived from the success of his business ventures was mingled the deeper feeling of thankfulness for the privilege of serving the higher interests of his fellow-men. Roswell Smith was not a flawless character — not many such long remain upon the earth; but the works that follow him bear witness of large thoughts, noble aims, and fruitful labors.

Washington Gladden.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

Roswell Smith, from early manhood a life-member of the American Tract Society, was quickened to a new interest in its affairs when his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Robinson, became editor of its "Illustrated Christian Weekly," which interest culminated at the annual meet-

ing of 1886, when on his motion a committee was appointed "to inquire into the practical workings of the society, and to recommend such changes in its constitution, methods, and management as may seem desirable." Declining to become the chairman, he accepted the position of secretary of the committee. The resolution directed the committee "to make a thorough examination of all the affairs and business of the society," and as executive secretary the burden of the duty and responsibility fell upon him, though the whole was shared by his associates, the Hon. Nathaniel Shipman (chairman), General Wager Swayne, the Rev. Talbot W. Chambers, D. D., Chancellor M'Cracken, the Hon. James White, and Mr. Robert Colby.

Their report was thorough and comprehensive. It introduced vital changes in the constitution and methods of the society. Though not inerrant, after consideration and full discussion in two public meetings, it was in the end adopted June 1, 1887, with few if any dissenting voices. The five subsequent years of practical working have attested in the main the wisdom of the changes then made. At the annual meeting of the same year Roswell Smith was elected a member of the Finance and Executive committees, in which he continued by succeeding elections until his decease.

His peculiar gifts as a publisher, which placed him easily in the front rank of the men in that sphere, added to his desire to make the most of his life for the Lord, and for his fellow-men for Christ's sake, were the prime elements in the quickening which occurred about 1887. The opportunity now brought to him to put his hand to the execution of the plans which he had desired and the society had adopted, came to him as a providential call to service and, if need be, to sacrifice; and thenceforth, whatever were the enactments of his own extensive business, his life was freely given to the interests of the society. His practical knowledge of the publishing business, fertility of suggestion, sound judgment, and large acquaintance with and love for missionary effort made him a most helpful member of the committee.

He was a truly catholic Christian. One of his cherished purposes, to which he gave much thought and personal work, was a plan for close coöperation, or even a union on some general basis, between all the great American undenominational publishing societies. But serious illness overtook him, and of necessity he was constrained to remove his hand from what he hoped would be the means of furthering and demonstrating the unity of all evangelical Christians.

As weariness and weakness in the past two years stealthily crept over him, from time to time he recalled with peculiar delight his association with the men whom he esteemed and loved as members of the committee, and his satisfaction in the retrospect of his work in connection with the society. It is almost needless to add that this view is most cordially reciprocated by the officers and members of the American Tract Society, to which his decease is an irreparable loss.

G. L. Shearer,
Financial Secretary of the American Tract Society.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CLUB.

For six years Roswell Smith was the honored President of the Congregational Club of New York and vicinity. For most of that time he was a member of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, but his membership in that church was determined by his personal relations with its pastor, the Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D. His sympathies were heartily with the Congregational churches, and his gifts for benevolent work chiefly through their missionary boards. Soon after the organization of the club he was elected to its membership, and in 1883 was chosen President. The outlook of the club at that time was not promising. No permanent and desirable place for its meetings had been found, and that, with other facts, had discouraged many of its members. When Mr. Roswell Smith assumed its presidency a new and brighter era began. He brought to the office large practical wisdom, wide knowledge of men, and exceptional opportunities for securing speakers. From the beginning of his administration to its end the Congregational Club offered the best program of any club in New York whose primary object was the discussion of topics of current interest. The platform was always free; speakers were encouraged to give their honest thought, and were not asked whether it coincided with the views of the President or membership. One subject in particular had an especial interest for our President. Some time before his election the following question had been discussed, "Is it possible to do business on Christian principles?" A very prominent banker, who was also a prominent church member, maintained that Christian principles were one thing and business principles another. I have never seen Mr. Roswell Smith more indignant than when referring to that discussion, and he was not satisfied until it had been considered again and he had borne emphatic testimony to his

faith that the only way in which business can be conducted with prospect of permanent success is by a strict adherence to the teachings of Christ.

The publisher of THE CENTURY, of course, had unequaled facilities for securing the participation of eminent authors and public speakers in the discussions of the club, and few, if any, persons whose names were prominent in the pages of THE CENTURY during his presidency of the club failed, at some time, to appear at its meetings. In his intercourse with its members Mr. Roswell Smith was always the urbane Christian gentleman; in his conferences with its officers he was always courteous and considerate. We felt that he gave to us his best thought, and the club had unquestionable evidence that while it honored itself by choosing him as its President, it always had a large place in his heart. In 1889 failing health compelled him to decline reëlection to the office, and while he has seldom been seen at the club since that time, his name has often been mentioned with sincere and reverent regard; and in no organization of which he was a member will his memory be more fondly cherished and his loss more deeply mourned. In all the years of his connection with the Congregational Club, during most of which he was its President, its members will recall not a single act or word that was not courteous and Christian, and its present conspicuous success is universally regarded as very largely due to his wisdom and devotion to its interests.

Amory H. Bradford.

BEREA COLLEGE.

ARCHITECTS' DESIGN FOR LINCOLN HALL, BY BABB, COOK AND WILLARD.

MR. ROSWELL SMITH'S first gift, one thousand dollars, was sent through the American Missionary Association in 1884 for our current expenses. In June of the following year he, with George W. Cable, attended our commencement. He saw our urgent need of a suitable building for class-rooms, library, etc., and remarked that we should begin making bricks. One of our workers mentioned the difficulty of making bricks without straw. Mr. Roswell Smith at once replied, "Put me down for five thousand for straw." We began making bricks that summer, and in the end he put twenty-five thousand dollars into a new building for us. One of the most characteristic letters from the large correspondence had during the progress of the building was written January 7, 1887, in which he says: "I hope the college will get on without calling on me for more money, *but* I shall be ready to respond to calls as fast as may be necessary to keep the work in progress, and I wish you to call on me freely for that end."

When the building was nearly completed we asked him to christen it. He wrote to call it "Lincoln Hall," in memory of the poor white boy of Kentucky who had won the hearts of his countrymen and the highest honors they could give.

After we had been in the building a few months, the following letter was received:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 24, '87.

"MY DEAR MR. DODGE: I am glad to know that the building — Lincoln Hall — meets your needs and gives you so much pleasure. I have a picture of it in my office, and it certainly gives me more pleasure at present than my new house, which I am trying so hard to get into, and can't.

"I have written to Mr. Hartley about the bas-relief of Lincoln, and shall doubtless be able to advise you in that matter within a few days.

"I am very sincerely yours,

"ROSWELL SMITH.

Mr. Roswell Smith wished a bas-relief of Lincoln to be placed in the vestibule of Lin-

coln Hall. His next letter was in reference to that, and is as follows:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 29, '87.

"MY DEAR MR. DODGE: I have purchased from Mr. J. S. Hartley a bronze cast of the Lincoln head, duly framed, and suitable for hanging up indoors in Lincoln Hall. . . . I hope it will reach you before Christmas.

"Will you kindly thank Mr. E. H. Fairchild for his letter of Thanksgiving Day, and tell him that he is unduly alarmed as to my health? As Mr. Lowell said yesterday, in his address on Copyright, 'We are all of us, always, just beginning to live.'

"I am very sincerely yours,

"ROSWELL SMITH."

Besides the new building, we received from him four thousand dollars for current expenses. His last gift and last letter came after the exciting political campaign of four years ago.

"NEW YORK, Dec. 31, '88.

"MY DEAR FELLOW-WORKER FOR CHRIST: I wish you a Happy New Year, and I send you a thousand dollars for your work, which please use (after consulting Pres. Fairchild) 'where it will do the most good,' as the politicians say, and may the Divine Master's blessing go with and attend its use.

"I am yours sincerely,

"ROSWELL SMITH."

Our sympathies are with the family and friends of this good man.

Very truly yours,

P. D. Dodge,

Secretary and Treasurer.

BEREA COLLEGE, KY., April 21, 1892.

FROM THE REV. DR. EDWARD B. COE'S FUNERAL ADDRESS.

IT was a fortunate circumstance, but it was not an accident, that during a visit to Europe, twenty years ago, his thoughts were turned toward the literary project with which, in its subsequent development, his name will long be associated. I say it was not an accident, because, as one who knew him well has stated, "to be identified with a business which had to do with books and writers had always been his ambition." In other words, he was looking for a field of wider and more direct influence and usefulness than that which he had thus far found. Though he was not himself a practised writer, he had a quick sympathy with those who like himself were men of ideas and earnest desire to promote the intellectual as well as the moral life of the community.

The opportunity was precisely that which would best meet his genius and his tastes, and give free play to his peculiar talents. It brought him into intimate relations with intellectual and scholarly men, whom he needed and who needed him. With rare tact and discernment he left them free to do their work in their own way, making innumerable suggestions, but never giving orders, while he inspired them with his own confidence and enthusiasm, and placed at their service his extraordinary executive ability. He had the utmost possible faith in his associates, in himself, in the work which they were together doing, in the public on both sides of the Atlantic, and in the certainty of ultimate success. He never lost heart in the darkest times. He assumed immense responsibilities without hesitation. He worked his way steadily through difficult negotiations. His plans were often startling in their boldness, but his patience and perseverance were equal to his audacity, and the novelty of his methods was sometimes the secret of their success. In his dealings with other men he was high-minded and generous often beyond the strict demands of justice, giving more than he was compelled or asked to give, from a conviction that the Golden Rule may safely be applied to mercantile transactions. There was, if I may judge correctly, something statesmanlike in his conduct of the business interests of which he was at the head, while there was also something romantic in his feeling about them. To his mind The Century Co. was not a concern for making money, but an organization for the advancement of civilization.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Roswell Smith.

BEHIND every successful enterprise one may be sure there is somewhere at work, even if not always prominently in sight, a powerful personality. The personal force — alert, original, full of initiative, insistence, and enthusiasm — which has been from the beginning, in 1870, up to the past year or two of illness, behind the publishing corporation now known as The Century Co. was that of Roswell Smith. Others may express in these pages their impression of the man in the various phases of his aspiration and activity. It is, perhaps, only necessary for the present writer to record here the grief of all associated in business with our late President at his untimely departure, and to say a word regarding especially his relation to THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

We do believe that Roswell Smith came nearer realizing the strictest editorial idea of what the publisher and chief owner of a periodical should be to that periodical than has often been seen in the literary and publishing world. Trusting the persons chosen to take editorial charge in a manner to call out all the energies and abilities of those so generously confided in, he spent no part of his energy in thwarting or

diverting their control, but set all his great strength to the task of enthusiastically coöperating with the plans of the magazine,—making possible, by his appreciation, courage, and loyal and liberal support, enterprises in their way of unprecedented cost and importance.

It was always an idea—always the ideal—that, appealing to his imagination, drew forth his deepest and most active sympathies. It was especially ideas of usefulness, of patriotism, of humanity, which commanded his most practical and zealous activities. The famous War Series of THE CENTURY could not have been carried on with a publisher of a timid and time-serving disposition. The authorized Life of Lincoln was made available to the great mass of the people largely through the liberality and determination of Mr. Roswell Smith. When George Kennan was gathering in long and painful journeys the material for his great work on the Siberian Exile System, his most frequent and most sympathetic correspondent, outside of his own family, was the busy President of The Century Co.

He not only earnestly supported the most costly and wide-reaching plans, but from his direct suggestion came magazine enterprises of breadth and moment. Nor was it only in large matters that his mind was active and helpful. In many details connected with the appearance of the magazine he made improvements: for nothing to him was unimportant that tended in any way to the perfection and good repute of the publications with which The Century Co. was identified. More important than everything else,—in addition to his sympathetic attitude, his suggestiveness, his faculty of invention, the fertility of his resources,—there was for all near him a constant inspiration and spur to highest effort coming from his fervid faith in God and man; his unswerving confidence in the success of generous methods and lofty and beneficent ideas.

To its President The Century Co. was truly an individual, beloved as a favorite child. There was hardly a waking hour of his life, especially after the company entered upon a separate existence, in which he was not pondering on and planning for its enterprises present and to come. When physical infirmity weighed heavily upon him, in the last weeks of his long and heroically endured illness, his failing power was expressed by himself with manly and smiling pathos, when, sitting one day in his old chair in his own office, he said, "My only contribution to The Century Co. now is one of curiosity." He, and all of us, well knew that when such words could be truly spoken the end must indeed be near.

It seems hard that there should not have been for him an old age of rest and satisfaction in witnessing and enjoying the fruits of such devoted labors,—labors which were indeed essentially public in their scope and intention. But, after all, our friend and associate had in his life the reward of clean, congenial, and successful work. He took his pleasure in his labors as they went on; and he had so poured his individuality into the corporate life which was largely his creation that he seemed to see much of his own personal energy and individuality existing along the future in forms of usefulness to mankind.

Roswell Smith had somewhat of the reserve attributed to the New England character, and his mind was concentrated on the principal work of his life with peculiar intensity. Yet collectively and individually his business associates and employees have all and each at various times, and in many an hour of stress and trouble, found in him a kind, sympathetic, and generous friend. There are men of letters in this country whose lives have been made smoother and brighter for his faith in them, and his friendly and substantial encouragement, proffered in all respect and manliness. He has done a good work in many ways; in a sense no one can "take his place"; but the spirit in which he labored will not soon fail of inspiration for his survivors and successors.

It was part of the late President's prevision and care that his large interests should remain within the company, and that the business management should continue in the hands of his trained and chosen associates.

Growth and Change in College Education.

IN an extremely interesting and valuable paper which he published in the February number of "The Educational Review," Mr. Arthur M. Comey showed that the number of male students attending 282 colleges in various parts of the United States had nearly doubled in the decade between 1880 and 1890, though the increase in population during the same period had been only 25 per cent. He showed also in a series of clear and most carefully compiled tables that between 1850 and 1890 the number of male students in these colleges had increased from 8837 to 31,359; that while the increase in population during that period had been 165 per cent., the increase in the number of students had been 254 per cent.; and that the number of students per 100,000 of population had risen from 38.1 in 1850 to 50.3 in 1890.

In making up his tables, Mr. Comey omitted all students in the preparatory courses of many Southern and Western colleges, and all women in the coeducational institutions. He omitted also a few colleges on account of low standard, and all the scientific schools, though he included scientific students in colleges. Had he included the scientific schools, which have been organized almost wholly since 1860, the percentage of increase would have been far greater than appears from his tables. His conclusions are that the "colleges of the country are growing rapidly," that "there is at the same time a decided tendency to raise the standard both for admission and for the courses of study," and that these facts justify "even optimistic views of the future of higher education."

The figures are certainly encouraging, as showing a constantly increasing desire among the youth of the country to pursue their studies beyond the limits of the public schools and seminaries. But what does Mr. Comey mean by the term "higher education"? That there is a wide difference of opinion among professional educators themselves on this point is made evident by an article which President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University has in the same number of "The Educational Review," wherein he takes issue with General Francis A. Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; David S. Jordan, President of the new Stanford University in California; and Professor Goodwin of Harvard, as to what should constitute a liberal education. General Walker had contended that the scientific schools were doing a work "not surpassed, if indeed equaled, by that of the classical colleges,"

and are turning out "better-educated men, in all that the term implies, than the average graduate of the ordinary college." Messrs. Jordan and Goodwin had contended that old ideas as to what constituted a liberal education had passed away, and new ideas, adapted to the demands of the time, had taken their place. The new ideas, briefly summarized, are: not to compel all students to take the same course of study, with Latin and Greek as the basis, but to permit each student to take the course which best suits his tastes and abilities, and to supply for each student the best facilities for pursuing the course of his choice.

It is not our purpose to follow the ramifications of this discussion, or to attempt to decide which method of education can more accurately be pronounced "higher" or "liberal." The great and encouraging facts which Mr. Comey's statistics and the discussion disclose are that the colleges of the country are attracting a steadily increasing number of students, and are making such changes in their methods of instruction as enable them to extend their influence to fields hitherto not occupied by them. Upon one point the disputants are agreed, and that is that the main object of education is to make good citizens. General Walker calls it adding to the "manhood and citizenship of the country," and President Gilman, in a passage which deserves to be put on record as a comprehensive and accurate definition, says of "liberal education":

> In every "liberal" course these elements should be combined: mathematics, ancient and modern languages and literature, science, history, and philosophy. The more [illegible] ... [illegible] ... that a "liberal" education is not to be limited by the period devoted to the college course or a course in technology. It begins in the nursery, it goes on in the domestic circle, it continues through school, college, and university, and ends only with life. All science, all knowledge, all culture, not essential to bread-winning, is "liberal," no matter whether it be acquired in the oldest or youngest university, in the old-fashioned college or the modern school of science. I may go further and say that "liberal" culture may be acquired without the aid of seminaries; scholars may appear in the walks of business, in the solitudes of rural life, on the boards of a theater, in politics, in philanthropy, in exploration; and they cannot be produced by narrow, cramping, or servile training.

All this amounts to saying that the best college course is only a beginning, and that its main purpose, its highest achievement, is to start the student in the right direction. "Culture," says Matthew Arnold, "is reading; but reading with a purpose to guide it, and with system. He does a good work who does anything to help this; indeed, it is the one essential service now to be rendered to education." That is what the college ought to teach first of all, and if the instruction be thoroughly imparted, the foundation of a liberal education is laid. Montaigne said he read books that from them he might learn "how to live and die well." Every student who is taught to read or study with a purpose finds in his books the secret of how to live and die well; that is, learns how to become a good citizen, that most valuable influence in a community. He carries into life a deference to acquired knowledge, a respect for the teachings of experience, which are of incalculable value among a people prone to think that they can solve all problems for themselves, and have no need to profit by the results of similar experiments by the generations that have preceded them.

Especially is this true of the study of political science, to which many of our colleges, following the excellent example of Harvard and Columbia, are devoting increasing attention. In this they are doing the whole country a most useful and greatly needed service: a subject which we shall soon discuss in its bearings on public life.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Pressing Need of Forest Reservation in the Sierra.

NONE too early comes the announcement that the Interior Department has under consideration the establishment of a very extensive forest reservation in California's Sierra Nevada, to the south of the Yosemite National Park, and including the wonderful King's River Cañon described by Mr. John Muir in the November CENTURY.

It will be remembered that by a recent enactment of Congress the President was authorized to withdraw from the offerings of public lands for sale those districts where the preservation of the forests might appear, in his discretion, to be necessary for the security of the supply of water for irrigation and other purposes. Under that act an important addition has been made to the Yellowstone National Park, and, more lately, a territory largely exceeding a million acres in extent has been designated as a reservation in the State of Colorado, the area thus set apart covering much of the higher watershed of the Colorado River. The projected new reservation in California would perhaps be the most notable of all these judicious undertakings, whether the extent of domain be considered, or attention be turned to the varied splendor of the scenery, or to the effect as insuring a permanent yield of lumber according to the efficiency of the system of forestry, or yet to the influence on agriculture in the lowlands. As contemplated, the proposed reservation would include the sources to which the upper San Joaquin Valley, comprising the great counties of Fresno, Tulare, and Kern, must forever look for a supply of water for that irrigation which is necessary to successful agriculture in this land of inadequate rainfall. It would also include those steep declivities on which, if denuded of their restraining vegetation, the melting snows and falling rains would unite to form torrents that would, a little later, take the form of such devastating floods as have but recently taught the Spaniards how Nature revenges herself on those who trifle with her forces.

At present the population of the whole valley region overlooked by the proposed reservation is probably not more than 70,000 in number. Under comprehensive irrigation the land would easily be able to support sev-

eral millions of inhabitants, and all in a high average of rural or urban comfort. Even a cursory inspection of the wealth of those irrigated oases which have been created at intervals along the line of the railway, during the last dozen of years, is enough to carry conviction that the head-gate of the irrigation ditch is the door to a future whose magnificence cannot easily be overdrawn by the liveliest fancy. In the county of Fresno alone there are now about 150,000 acres actually watered by means of canals, and thus brought into an admirable condition of prolific and highly remunerative husbandry. The canals existing would suffice for the irrigation of several times the acreage named, and the counties of Tulare and Kern are ambitious rivals of their neighbor in the matter of profitable agriculture through the vivifying influence of the ditch. Yet all that has been accomplished and the vastly greater results that may be accomplished in the proximate future are imperiled to satisfy the desire of a few men for gain, and by the supineness of the many in the face of dangers that promise disaster to the well-being of their children, if not of themselves.

That the hazards which have accumulated under the policy of indifference are not imaginary is perfectly well known to such persons as have considerable knowledge of the mountains. Not long ago one of the best-informed landed proprietors in the San Joaquin Valley related that he had traveled over about 700 square miles of the King's River watershed, and had rarely seen a tree under thirty years of age. The age of the youngest trees at all commonly noticeable would therefore nearly coincide with the invasion of the mountains by numerous bands of sheep, and with the attendant fires due to negligence or deliberate incendiarism. With no younger growth coming on and with the mature or maturing trees rapidly vanishing in flame, or by natural causes, it is easy to foresee what will soon be the fate of those forests (which are occasionally described as "inexhaustible") under the policy of public inaction. Add to the destructive agencies already at work the uncontrolled operations of lumbermen, who are only now beginning to push their industry on a formidable scale in the part of the Sierra in question, and the disappearance of the forests that stand guard over the welfare of the San Joaquin Valley becomes a supposition whose realization may well be witnessed by men now long past youth. "If the policy heretofore followed," says an unusually well-informed correspondent of the writer, "be much longer continued, we shall have so denuded the rock of our mountain ridges that within half a century all our streams will be torrents for a few brief weeks in spring and dry beds of sand all the rest of the year. Massive reservoirs of masonry will have to be built at vast expense to take the place of the beautiful reservoirs of pine and redwood which nature created."

With reference to the advisability of the projected reservation, the present writer was led of late to make some extended inquiry concerning the opinions held by men of acknowledged enlightenment, of large views, and whose interests in the San Joaquin Valley are of undoubted extent. The result of this inquiry was to disclose a uniform agreement in the idea that there should be an immediate abandonment of the old policy of *laisser-faire*. As fairly representative I quote, by permission, the substance of the reply made by Hon. C. C. Wright, a gentleman known to all Californians as the author of the Wright Irrigation Act, whereby the system of irrigation districts sustained by public taxation has been introduced as one of the most noteworthy parts of the order of the State. Mr. Wright's letter says:

> I think it would be universally admitted that the existing supply of water in the streams, if all conserved, is sufficient to meet present and, very likely, prospective uses, so far as the demands of irrigation go. The paramount importance of comprehensive irrigation is almost, if not quite, unanimously admitted. The interests to be served by the removal of the forests, as compared with those to be secured by comprehensive irrigation in the great valleys of California, are insignificant. So far as additional reservations will secure the use and deter the abuse of forest areas, they ought to be established. I consider Federal control and action as the only practicable means of affording the protection needed.

To the San Joaquin Valley the subject of transportation by water is second in importance only to that of irrigation. Such transportation will, however, soon be listed among the dim recollections of things that were, or that might have been, unless prompt measures shall be taken to restrain the flood-borne detritus from the hills, now laid bare by the hoof of the sheep and by fire. As a sufficient warning of the most practical description, one need only point to the ruined navigation of the Sacramento River, and to the buried farms lining the course of that stream, which were, not so many years ago, the pride of northern California. The whole of that melancholy and calamitous work is the result of causes strictly analogous to the denudation which has made such progress on the sierras that slope toward the valley of the San Joaquin, and which has already had the most injurious effects on the navigation of the river of that name. There is one stretch of thirteen miles where the detritus from the mountains has during the last few years formed bars that divert the water into sloughs leading off from the main channel. On this stretch boats drawing six feet of water had formerly no difficulty in navigating. I am informed by a letter of Mr. H. J. Corcoran, of Stockton (who represents the river navigation interests), that the channel has now a maximum depth of thirteen inches. It is perhaps needless to add that Mr. Corcoran "is in every case in favor of the preservation of the forests."

In the case of the Sacramento River the National Government has interfered to prevent further destruction; but before the interference the damage had reached such an extent that if a practicable remedy be at all applicable it will be attained only by the means of heavy pecuniary expenditure. It is not too late to save the San Joaquin. Little money will be needed for the undoing of the mischief already wrought. And for the future there need be no fear if the plain, common-sense method of precaution be adopted,— the method of maintaining at every point the only means — to wit, forest vegetation — by which the mountains can be prevented from becoming the worst foe, instead of the best friend, of the inhabitants of the valley.

After nearly six continuous years spent in the Sierra, the writer entertains not a shadow of doubt of the truth of what is said by Mr. Emil Newman, of Porterville, Tulare County:

> I, for one, believe that the reservation of forest lands in the mountains, and intelligent legislation in regard to the preservation of the forests, are absolutely necessary in order to prevent this valley from reverting to desert conditions.

George G. Mackenzie.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

With a Rosebud.

THIS fair rosebud, Elsie, see,
Gathered by my hand for thee,
While the morning yet was new,
And its leaves all wet with dew.
It may die — but if for thee,
Who would not the rosebud be?
Shall I tell thee to my thought
Whom its fresh young beauty brought? —
Conscious that in turn to thee
It can bring no thought of me.
By this token know, young maid,
Rosebuds are not all that fade.
Wouldst thou quite believe, if told,
That I was not always old?
Yet the floweret prithee take;
Wear it for the giver's sake.
Though it breathe to thee in sooth,
But of beauty, now, and youth,
When it fades into the sear,
It may then suggest me, dear.

Charles Henry Webb.

To an Old Guitar. 1892.

HER slender fingers, jewel-drest,
Stole softly to and fro,
And in and out among the strings,
To tunes of long ago.

The golden ribbon kissed her throat
Where fain his lips would be —
Oh, how he loved her very breath,
His sweet maid Marjorie!

In velvet drest, with silken hose,
And jewels not a few,
Ah, what a cavalier was he,
In seventeen-ninety-two!

My songs are not so quaintly sweet
As those she sang to him,
My love and I no picture make
Like theirs, with time grown dim.

But music lingers still in thee,
And love is just as strong,
As when sweet Marjorie was young
And tuned thee to her song.

My love and I will pass away
Some day, and then will be
Another hand to touch thy strings,
And find thy melody.

Do you not wonder, old guitar,
Whose hand 't will be, and who
Will sing the sweet love-songs to him
Of nineteen-ninety-two?

I am not sad to think it true
(The present is so sweet),
That Joy and Sorrow must unite
To make thy chords complete.

For what is Sorrow, Pain, or Death
To us whose souls are strong!
Time cannot put an end to thee,
Dear Life, and Love, and Song!

Annie Louise Brakenridge.

Grave Matters.

W'EN dis ol' man comes ter die,
Death is mos' unsightly.
Doan' yo' lay me in no room
Wid de pull-down curtain gloom:
'T ain' de place de dead should stay,
W'en de sperit 's gone away,
Off ter whar hit 's brightly.

'Struct de pa'son 'fo' he 'gins,
Tech de subject tritely;
'Ca'se hit 's gen'ly undastood
I hain't been so pow'ful good;
And fo' him ter shout and groan
'Bout me settin' roun' de frone,
'Low hit won't look rightly.

W'en de fun'al 'gins ter start,
Shove mah box in tightly.
'Member I is in de hearse;
Yo' am comin', but I 's firs'.
Ef de mo'ners grieve and mope,
So 's ter make de hosses lope,
Keep de team up sprightly.

Lowah me slowly in de grave;
Drap de earf down lightly.
Need n't linger long, and, say,
'Spense wid prayer 's de better way;
Don't keer ef nobody sings.
Jes ter know de chu'ch bell rings
'S gwine ter please me might'ly.

Ben King.

Aphorisms for Men and Women.

HE who sues for a woman's favor in the guise of a slave, is apt, the suit won, to appear in his native character of savage.

MANY a woman is unhappy because she has not married the man that she loves. But often she would be infinitely unhappier if she had married him.

FRIENDSHIP frequently ripens into love; but very seldom does love react into friendship. When it does, it is permanent.

MATCHES made in Heaven frequently turn out as if they had been matches made in the other place.

MEN are never such heroes, or such fools, as in the presence of women.

MANY women wish either to tyrannize over men, or to be tyrannized over by them. Thus men, the reverse of despotic, are often constrained to be despots in order to have peace.

MANY a man's love is but gratified egotism; many a woman's love only the confirmation of her vanity.

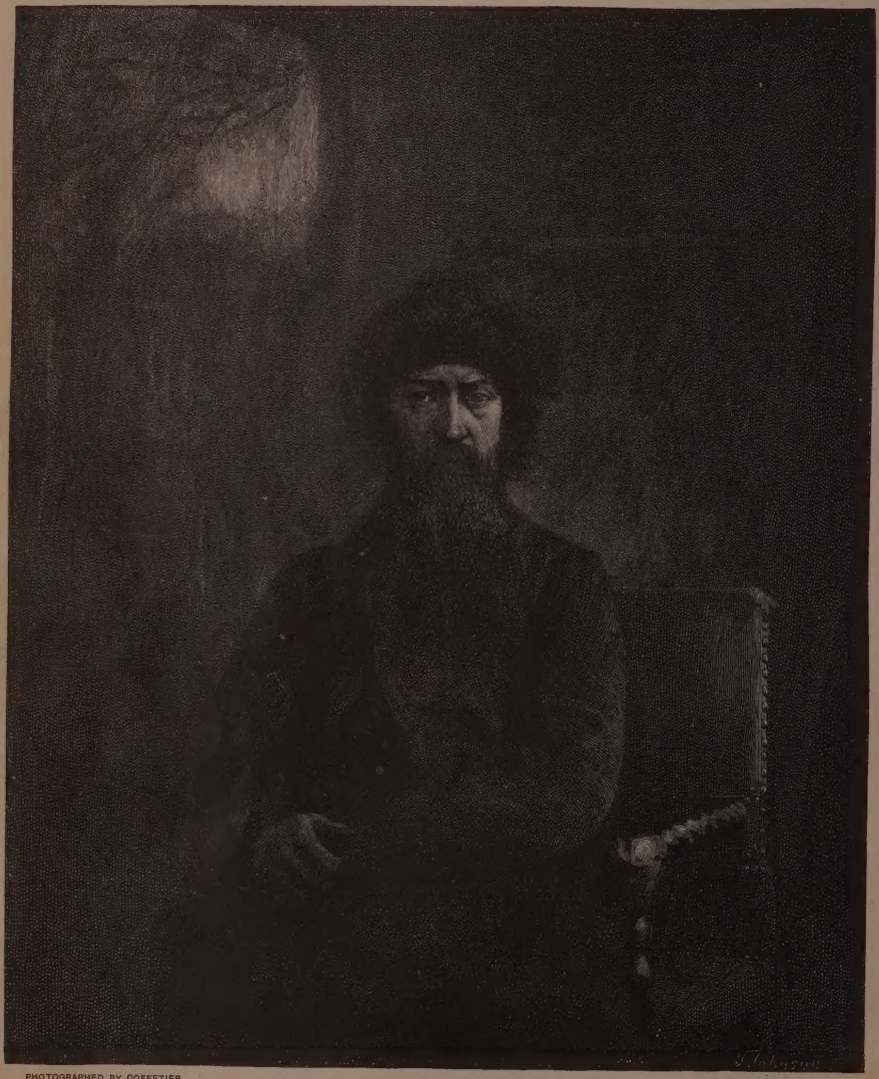
IF tenderness be passion in repose, passion must be tenderness aroused. Tenderness, indeed, is the source and sanctity of the deepest passion.

NO man or woman can be all that he or she should be who has not the qualities of both sexes.

THE one thing a woman cannot forgive in a man is weakness. The one thing a man cannot forgive in a woman is strength.

Junius Henri Browne.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



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DAUBIGNY IN HIS STUDIO.

C Daubigny.